

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS	Edward Whymper
THE GREAT BOER WAR	Arthur Conan Doyle
COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS	G. W. E. Russell
LIFE OF JOHN NICHOLSON	Captain Trotter
MEMOIRS	Dean Hole
LIFE OF GLADSTONE	Herbert W. Paul
THE PSALMS IN HUMAN LIFE	R. E. Prothero
WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY	Richard Jefferies
THE GOLDEN AGE	Kenneth Grahame
REMINISCENCES	Sir Henry Newhall
THE FOREST	Stewart Edwards and W. H. H. H. H.
ADVENTURES OF A MEMSAHIB	Sarah Jeannelle Duncan
IDYLLS OF THE SEA	Frank T. Bullen
SELECTED ESSAYS	Augustus Birrell
LIFE OF LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN	R. Barry O'Brien
THE MAKING OF MODERN EGYPT	Sir Auckland Colvin
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LIFE OF LORD DUFFERIN	Sir Alfred Lyall
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ASTRONOMY FOR AMATEURS	Camille Flammarion
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ROUND THE WORLD ON A WHEEL	J. Foster Fraser
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LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT	Matthew Arnold
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SPURGEON'S SERMONS	

Others to follow



FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON

MY CONFIDENCES

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
ADDRESSED TO MY
DESCENDANTS

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Loc

BY

FREDERICK
LOCKER-LAMPSON



THOMAS NELSON & SONS
LONDON, EDINBURGH, DUBLIN
AND NEW YORK

(By arrangement with Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co)

THIS volume was written by Mr Locker at different periods during the last fifteen years of his life, and was in type at the date of his death, which happened at Rowfant on May 30, 1895

Amongst the short biographical sketches there was included one of the late Lord Tennyson, but Mr Locker, shortly before his death, gave this sketch to the present Lord, who has included it in the biography of his illustrious father

I have added the Appendices, for, though they relate to Mr Locker's great grandfather and grandfather, they describe traits of character as noticeable in Frederick Locker as ever they can have been in John or William

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

LINCOLN'S INN

January 30, 1896

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

I HAVE printed the following pages and directed them to be put into the shape of a published volume because I am anxious (a whimsical, foolish anxiety, some may think, but this I cannot help) that, if any descendant of mine, in days far distant, should chance to inherit, or at all events to show, some portion of my fondness for family records however simple, for ancestral anecdotes however slender, he or she should find something to gratify their humour saved from the fire-grate and the paper mill. I cannot trust my frail cargo of memories to oral tradition. Could I have done so, the world would not have been affronted with even this semblance of publicity. Between me and posterity there stands bold and erect a generation which has not inherited my tastes, which does not share my backward going thoughts. It is, indeed, a most impartial, a most unprejudiced generation. When I point, in my library, to the memoir, still in manuscript, of their grandfather, written in the clerkly hand of a Privy Councillor no less eminent than the late John Wilson Croker, this genera

MY CONFIDENCES

tion eyes the pages suspiciously 'Is it Literature?' it requires, and as I am unable to give the assurance it demands the poor memoir remains unread by them. I cannot show this indifference, nor could I ever have made such a demand, for I feel as if I would give up a good deal to know even as much of my grandfather's great grandfather as I do of my own, who lived in Gray's Inn in 1723 and nursed the scheme of producing an edition of Lord Bacon's works, and I wish I knew more of my grandfather who was shipmate, correspondent, and friend of Nelson. I am not inclined to insist upon the facts that the edition of Lord Bacon never appeared and that my grandfather was not himself the hero of Trafalgar. I am well content to range with humble lives, provided I am allowed my share of humble memories.

However it is useless to quarrel with one's immediate descendants besides I have an immense admiration for mine. But in this little matter I cannot trust them they would make havoc of my hobby. I hardly know which is the more trying to me—their languid endurance of a family story, or their inaccurate repetition of it.

Such being the case my duty to that unknown and shadowy being my fancy depicts, who may hereafter, in his voyage through immensity, reach earth's human shores, and for his season be fond of the things I have been fond of and be interested in his ancestors for no better reason than because they were ancestors, presses somewhat heavily upon me and I have thought it right before I push off these same shores to bury for him

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

a little heap in some place where he may be likely to find it.

I have accordingly selected from my papers the following memoranda, or sketches, which make no pretence to be of general interest. This is a volume which it will be found exceedingly easy to leave alone, an old book-collector like myself thinks none the worse of a volume merely on that account. But as a book-collector I am able clearly to perceive that my best chance of accomplishing my purpose is to bury my treasure in print. A well bound book mocks at Time. How few books are read, and yet how the world is full of them!

At all events, I have now done all I have strength to do—more than most men would think worth doing at all. But if, on some far off day, any honest man or quick witted woman of my stock, either here at home or in some part of the world we have already left off calling New, should chance upon this book of mine, and, seeing within its pages a familiar name, pay its price and carry it home, a little interested, and be pleased to read it indulgently and with the funtest tincture of gratitude, my cold shade (can I answer for it?) will be satisfied, and seek no further reward for his labour whilst alive.

Vesper admonuit, and in the face of what I have just said I will try to gather up a few of these far-away echoes of my vanishing *Atlantis*—the old times, the trials, the compensations. There is an excitement in hunting a recollection, even though it may elude us. There is nothing more agreeable than talking about oneself of all luxuries, it is the most enticing and the cheapest. May those that come after me not resent that I so indulged myself? There is another satisfaction. The little pleasures now looked back upon, seem so passing sweet—and the minor miseries have become altogether amusing.

I never had a good memory. It was always weak, and often treacherous, it is now weaker and more perfidious than ever.

I believe it was at Greenwich Hospital, and in 1821, that the person whom I have known for so many years as *myself* first came into being. I do not know this as a positive fact, but I accept it as the wisest people accept a good many things—on authority. And let me say that I showed my sense thus early in life, and my appreciation of Horace's dictum, in the selection of my parents—for my father was a singularly upright and able man, and had considerable mental energy, my mother, of whom more hereafter, had a remarkable attractiveness.

I have a distinct idea that as a little fellow I was made much of. For some time I was the youngest of the family, as Algernon was more than five years my junior. There were the usual tussles over Noah's Arks and for possession of the rocking horse. I believe I

was a cry baby and mamma's darling There is a humbling tradition that when Edward or Ellen teased me I ran to my mother Whom have I to run to now?

One of my earliest recollections is a large mezzotint engraving which hung in the nursery, Puck on a Toad stool, after Joshua Reynolds This print was said to be the image of me, it is thought like my daughter Maud, who is aged three years and a half

I was pretty, and said what prejudiced people considered *funny, freakish things*, with little, eager glances, so much so that when I was not more than six years old my father, whose family geese were not swans, was struck by it, and took me in the yellow bodied 'charrot,' hung high in air, to De Ville, the craniologist and lamp-maker in the Strand The sage discovered that my 'bump of gaiety and wit' was markedly developed However this may have been, I do not think any record is preserved of my *bons mots* But I was a pretty boy with an inquiring mind I suppose it is not conceded to talk thus, especially as all is so changed Past sixty, I am now a grizzled and discreet old fogey, moreover,

At my back I alwaies hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before me lie
Desarts of vast Eternity

And yet, perhaps because my mind may have aged more slowly than my body, I do not always exhibit that sobriety which is naturally looked for in elderly people Perhaps this levity may be accounted for by a certain rigidity in some of my surroundings (a salutary


environment), but, after all, it is not much more than a meek protest.

When I was approaching fifty I had a more than usually acute attack of dyspepsia. On my partial recovery my aspect was more hungry than before, I had always been pale, but now the pallor was marked.* But my appearance up to the present time has not been repulsive, and for this I thank God †

I mention these trifling details as I wish to be 'an honest chronicler,' and to give a correct idea and faithful account of myself, and I hope that you kind people who have lived with me will again recognise me in these chapters, and not find anything incongruous between that which you may remember of me and that which I have written down here, and that you will be able, as it were, to bind me up in my book. At the same time I ask you to think of me as benevolently as you can, to make excuses for my weaknesses—physical, intellectual, and moral. I know them well—nobody knows them much better than I do, and you cannot read these pages, and between the lines, without discovering most of them. *Liberavi animam meam*. I speak seriously and sorrowfully when I say—

* Last year Alfred Tennyson, speaking of my personal appearance, said 'that I looked like a famished and avaricious Jew.' Now I demur to this. I confess that I have tried to cultivate that fine old gentlemanly vice, but entirely without success. I have never got beyond a timid and pitiful parsimony. It is only fair to add that he also said that in his portrait by Millais, as rendered by Barlow's print he himself was something between 'a prig and a scarecrow.' Now that is perfectly true.

† "Faith after personal appearance, is the greatest blessing as is," as the barmaid said.



Be kind to my Remains, and, oh ! defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend

But to continue I was a well built child, and fairly well grown, nervous, however, and highly sensitive Both as child and boy I had a curious affection, from which my mother and one or two other members of her family have suffered It generally assailed me when I was in repose and alone, indoors and out—a strange sensation, as if invisible or ghostly wheels, or something like them, were rushing round or about me The sighing of the wind in the trees, the droning of bees, or any faint sound, lent itself to and intensified the feeling, whereas a boisterous bluebottle at the window pane at once dispelled it.

It was an uncanny visitation it justified all my phantom terrors But luckily it only lasted a minute or two, it would come and go, and come again However, by rousing myself and speaking aloud, or moving about quickly, I was able to exorcise the fiend At night it once or twice mingled with my dreams, and then it became a nightmare of brimstone horror It proved to be merely a nervous disorder, and I have long since outgrown it

I had a decided objection to ghostly rooms, or to passing down ill lighted passages where bogies might be suspected of lurking, only waiting their opportunity to pounce out I do not remember the time when I was absolutely free from such tremors I always had them, they took substance from the japanned perforated rush light of my nursery, and from a hundred other things I had them *last year*, at dusk, in the spectral gallery at

Cobham I might have them now I could write a succubine chapter, and call it 'Goblinna,' which would surprise you Yet nobody knows this Why, it would astonish my wife! My childhood was embittered by stories of the Press gang, I had panics that some day I should commit a murder and be hanged I dare say most children suffer thus, but, mark you, my misery was not the crime, but the gallows

Besides this, I suffered from nervous exhaustion, cerebral lassitude, and a most delicate stomach I hardly ever did or ate anything unusual without being unpleasantly reminded of it I inherited this infirmity *ab incunabulis* * it lay down with me, and when my mother rocked me, she rocked my discomfort also I slept with it, and no sooner did I open my eyes in the morning than it woke also As I grew this small misery grew and strengthened with me, till it became a large one It was present at my baptism

I was baptised in the drawing room at Greenwich Hospital by my godfather, Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham After the ceremony (for me a novel and possibly exciting one) the Bishop, in his usual stately † manner, as has been described to me, for it is beyond the period of memory, presented me with a handsome Testament illustrated, and bound in dark blue morocco, gilt, and the instant it was placed before me I was

* I hope my children may not inherit this infirmity or any of my regrettable defects of character We do not really hate our foibles and vices till we recognise them in our beloved offspring

† I am told that he was a stately *little* personage It is to him that my father dedicated his *Lectures on the Bible*

incontinently sick over it. In after years I well remember the shame of being shown this precious volume, and that it ever bore the disfigurement of that early catastrophe. Thus my introduction to the sacred writings was not auspicious.

As a consequence of this feebleness I used soon to get weary and restless, and, *à propos* thereof, there is a tradition that when I was about five years old I was promised a delightful row in a wherry (the Thames flowed under our windows). The day for its realisation arrived, we took our seats, the boat put off from shore, but I had not been ten minutes afloat before I turned to my mother 'Mamma, why do people get tired in boats?' This feeling and this sort of sentiment have more or less troubled me through my whole life.

My father was short, clean shaved, had a neat and active figure, and a nose that would have satisfied Mr Walter Shandy himself. I have a lively recollection of his bright eyes, intelligent and homely face,* his blue coat and gilt buttons, also that we children were very distinctly afraid of him. We scuttled away if he came into the room where we were at play, for he was

* There is a portrait of him in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital, but it is of my *Sunday* father. I wish I had one of my *everyday* father. The Lockers were a homely looking race. Uncle John Locker, who was very ugly, used to say that you could not widen the mouth of a Locker without injury to his ears. One day at Malta, at the dinner table, he asked a stranger, who had just landed, to take wine, expressing his pleasure in seeing him there and his obligation in these words 'Yesterday, sir, I was the ugliest man in all Malta.' Tradition says that the man did not resent this speech, so I presume my uncle, with all his impudence, had some social tact.

strict, had a quick, decided manner, and a rather irritable temper. Though benevolent, he seemed a little hard. For instance, if, as any boy might, I knocked down a wineglass, or stumbled over a footstool, he would say, with surprise, 'Can't you navigate, sir?' Or, conversing with visitors he would suddenly wish to refer to some book, and would call me to him, would describe its aspect, shelf, and position on that shelf. He would go through this swiftly, clearly, succinctly, and then send me off headlong to fetch it.* I used to go in a tremor, for I was short sighted, and hardly ever could find his book, and I dreaded the flouts which, I believe were as quickly forgotten by this dear father as they were hastily uttered. He would say and do things, little things, which no woman would have said and done if she had been a man. There was very little of the woman in my father, but—and in this respect he was like most women—he could not tolerate falsehood, cowardice, and low descent. However, perhaps I may be unjust in all this for in John Wilson Croker's manuscript memoir of my father he speaks warmly of his perfect temper. I know he did his best to instil into us a love of truth and a respect for manliness. Perhaps we children tried him perhaps the failure of memory which was so soon to overtake him, may have already begun.

I think my father had a certain inability to make allowance for the shortcomings of those about him.

* No & and then I propose to send my children on an errand and apologise for doing so. They accept the apology but they do not go.

Then he was a rigid moralist, and we know that in most societies such people are square pegs in round holes; but at the same time he was *excellent*,¹ agreeable. He had an alert and versatile intellect, an essentially picturesque mind and eye. A decidedly playful vein ran through his talk, and he was amused with trifles. We children, who reluctantly started for a walk with him, generally returned having much enjoyed it. He was a brisk walker, and I well remember my mother's usual parting injunction 'Don't drag the children.'

My father was an accomplished draughtsman. One of his excellent sketches, the 'Castagno di Cento Cavalli' on Mount Lina, made under the influence of Paul Sandby or Thomas Hearne, hangs in my dressing room at New Haven Court. My father often quoted Johnson, the lines on Levett, and 'Swedish Charles,' Marlborough, and Swift. He shared the Holt Court Sage's affection for tea, quoting Virgil's 'Te veniente die, te decedente canebar,' as he drank it.

Knaves respected my father, and fools thought they did so. He was very humorous up to a certain point, but perhaps he had a foible which is not valued by anybody—he was prone to improve the occasion. Perhaps that was a part of his fun. When I was about twelve or fourteen years old I said something about something or somebody that he did not quite like, and he replied, with a touch of asperity, 'You should never jest on serious subjects.' 'But, papa, if I don't do that, what am I to jest on?'*

* This loses in point, as I have forgotten what the joke was, but the impression of my father's *rigidity* remains.

I am ashamed to think how much nonsense I have talked in my day, but I hope I have not thought nonsensically—that 'I wear not motley in my brain'

My father corresponded with the distinguished clergy of his day Macneile, Melvill, Chalmers, &c. Bishops valued him as a lay adviser I have confidential letters addressed to him by Blomfield, the Sumners, &c. He expanded in the society of intelligent elderly ladies

I hope what I have said here and in other places will not weaken the impression which I have endeavoured to convey I am proud to have had such parents

MY FAMILY

Rowfant, 1883

My dear Children,—I find, from a memoir written by my father in the year 1823, that the family of Locker (said to be of foreign extraction) was seated for several generations at Bromley in Middlesex, where they possessed considerable property until it was forfeited by their devotion to the Stuart cause So late as the beginning of the present century the family chronicle records the birth of a son, *Charles Edward*

Stephen Locker, my great great grandfather, and John Locker, his son, were barristers, commissioners of bankrupts, and clerks to two City companies—offices which in those days were held by barristers My grandfather, Captain William Locker, was born in 1730, in the official house of Leathersellers' Hall, Great St Helen's His father, the aforesaid John Locker, a man of sterling

probity and recognised learning, was educated at Merton College, Oxford, and afterwards occupied chambers at Gray's Inn where once resided Francis Bacon, and the zeal and delight with which John Locke there studied Lord Bacon's writings gave a hint to his future life, for in maturer years he prepared a very fine and complete edition of the philosopher's works, which, at the time of his death, was almost ready for press. His papers passed into the hands of Dr Birch and Mr Mallet, and when, in 1765, the work appeared, my worthy ancestor's labours were amply acknowledged in the preface.

Mr John Locke was one of the original members of the Society of Antiquaries, and he is thus referred to in Johnson's 'Life of Addison' 'It is related that Addison had once a design to make an English dictionary, and that he considered Dr Tillotson a writer of the very highest authority. There was formerly lent me by Mr Locke, clerk of the Leathersellers' Company, who was eminent for curiosity and literature, a collection of examples selected from Tillotson's works, as Locke said, by Addison. It came too late to be of use to me.' I may say here that I am distantly connected with Addison on my mother's side.

John Locke married Elizabeth Stillingfleet, grand daughter of the Bishop of Worcester, the families having been previously related. He died in 1704, and notices of him may be found in Chalmers's 'Biographical Dictionary' and Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes'*

About the time of John Locke's death, and indeed

* Also in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxxiv

afterwards, my family were much indebted to Mrs John Lockers brother, Benjamin Stillingfleet, the philosopher and poet, he showed them no little kindness. This eminent man had graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and, having no profession, spent much of his life between Felbrig* and Piccadilly. Stillingfleet was curiously accomplished and singularly agreeable. He cultivated the society of those learned ladies, Mrs Montague, Mrs Talbot, and Mrs Elizabeth Carter, and always made his appearance at their gatherings in a full suit of dark brown a wig, gilt sword, and buckles, also stockings *of a flush grey*, by which last portion of his attire the notable coterie especially distinguished him. In consequence of this recognition the wits of the time, perhaps rather irreverently, dubbed them the 'Bas Bleu Club,' and it is thus that the phrase 'Blue-stocking' has become a cant term for learned ladies generally. My father's venerable friend, Hannah More,

* Felbrig is a fine place, and now belongs to Mr Kenyon. His accomplished sisters have lately shown me a pane of glass in the window of a room which formerly was called the 'North Parlour,' but which is now used as a store room, on which Benjamin Stillingfleet had scratched the following lines. They are addressed to a Miss Annie (Lammy) Barnes the clergyman's daughter. Some graceless person possibly a rival, had added the word '*Fool*' under Stillingfleet's signature.

Could Lammy look within my breast,
 She'd find her image there unpressed—
 In characters as bright as here
 The letters of her name appear
 And ever, like them shall remain
 Till time shall break my heart in twain.

*B STILLINGFLEET

in her giddy youth, wrote what I have been told is an amusing poem under this title. The volume is at Rowfant. Benjamin Stillingfleet died in 1771, and was buried in St James's Church, where my father raised a monument to his memory.

My grandfather, William Locker, left Merchant Taylors' School to go to sea, had fifty years and more of active service, was severely wounded in a gallant fight when first lieutenant of the 'Experiment' (see the picture, of which I have a duplicate, in Greenwich Hospital commemorating the victory) served with Lord Hawke in the ill-starred 'Royal George' and also under Lord St Vincent at Quiberon. When my grandfather commanded the 'Lowestoffe, a youth of eighteen, one Horatio Nelson (a name to conjure with) was his second lieutenant! Cutlibert, afterwards Lord Collingwood, also served under him in the same vessel.

We know how Claudio had looked on Hero with only a soldier's eye, that liked, but had a rougher task in hand than to drive liking to the name of love. It was so with my grandfather. For some time he had felt a sincere affection for Lucy, the only child of Admiral William Parry but, being devoted to his profession, he had abstained from making any special advances. However, the time came when his ship was paid off, and it ended by his winning the fair Lucy for his wife. Her mother was the daughter of Commodore Charles Brown. Commissioner of the Navy at Chatham. Brown had served as commodore, second in command under Admiral Vernon, at the capture of Porto Bello (1739). It is recorded that when the Spanish governor

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came off to the 'Hampton Court, and tendered his sword to Brown in token of submission, Brown very properly declined to receive it, saying he was 'but second in command,' and he accordingly took him in his boat to Admiral Vernon, to whom the surrender was due. But the Spaniard was obstinate, and declared that if it had not been for the insupportable fire of the commodore he never would have yielded, on which Vernon, turning to Brown, very handsomely presented the sword to him. I still possess this Spanish sword *

At this point I am constrained to give you a little letter, the fair copy of which, I presume, found its way to Lucy's future husband. Maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay' Lucy Parry would seem to have been demure in her letters, but as Lucy Locker she had a gay and airy spirit

1770.

Sir,—It has given me real concern not having it in my power to answer your letter till this day, which is the first I have been able to hold a pen. The favourable sentiments you entertain of me, and your kind wishes, ~~direct~~ ^{direct} have my most sincere thanks, but as I have ^{to a Miss} ~~to a Miss~~ with the best of Parents, who's care

means by which I can make them a proper return for their goodness. Should your wishes meet with their approbation, mine will undoubtedly follow, but if, on the contrary, they disapprove, I must entreat you to think no more of this affair. Perhaps I have been too open in giving you my sentiments so freely, but I can not think of deceiving — (*sic*) to whom I esteem myself so much indebted.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged, humble servant

[*This draft is not signed*]

Captain Locket

In 1792 my grandfather hoisted his flag as Commodore at the Nore, but soon afterwards, his health giving way, he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

Sir John Jervis won his famous victory on February 14 1797, and it is interesting to us to know that, even on that eventful day, he found time to write the following letter to his old friend —

'Victory,' Lagos Bay

February 14 1797

My dear Locket,—I know you will be desirous of a line from me, and though I have not time to give you anything like detail, I cannot resist telling you that your *dear* Commodore Nelson received the swords of the commanders of a first rate and an eighty gun ship of the enemy on their respective quarterdecks.

As you will probably see Mrs Parker, give my love to her, although unknown, and say 'the junction of her husband [afterwards Sir William Parker] with the squadron under his command I must ever consider the

I give the copy of a letter which Lord Nelson wrote to my uncle, John Locker, the day after my grandfather's death

December 27, 1800.

My dear John,—From my heart do I condole with you on the great and irreparable loss we have all sustained in the death of your dear worthy father, a man whom to know was to love, and those who only heard of him, honoured. The greatest consolation to us, his friends that remain, is that he has left a character for honour and honesty which none of us can surpass and very, very few attain. That the posterity of the righteous will prosper we are taught to believe, and on no occasion can it be more truly verified than from my dear, much lamented friend, and that it may be realised in you, your sisters and brothers, is the fervent prayer of,

My dear John,

Your afflicted friend,

NELSON

John Locker, Esq

Also a letter to Emma Lady Hamilton

My dear Lady Hamilton —It is now six o'clock, and I dread the fatigue of this day, being not in the best of spirits, and believe me when I say that I regret that I am not the person to be attended upon at the funeral, for, although I have had my days of glory, I find this world so full of jealousies and envy, that I see but a very faint gleam of future comfort. I shall come to Grosvenor Square on my return from this melancholy procession and hope to find in the smiles of my friends some alleviation for the cold looks of

cruel words of my enemies May God bless you, my dear lady, and

Believe me, ever your unalterable

NELSON

Saturday morn

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My father, Edward Hawke Locker, included a graphic sketch of my grandfather in his 'Memoirs of Naval Commanders,' of which that good man, the late Charles Knight, selected a portion for his 'Half hours with the Best Authors' The sketch is excellent, it is well worth reading, indeed, it is literature *

William IV and Queen Adelaide would sometimes come down to Greenwich Hospital, for Sunday divine service, if the day happened to be the anniversary of any important naval victory On one of these Sundays, perhaps about 1833, the royal party visited the Painted Hall, attended by that distinguished seaman, Sir Richard Keats, the Governor The King stopped before the portrait of Captain William Locker, and, turning to Sir Richard, said, 'There's the best man I ever knew' It was known that many years before, when the King was Prince William Henry, my grandfather had had the temerity to reprove him for swearing, at which accomplishment his Majesty was first rate, even for an admiral

I say again, there is no doubt my grandfather was a very lovable man as well as a gallant seaman

My father was the youngest son of Captain William Locker He left Eton to become a clerk in the Navy

Office, thence he was soon promoted to be Under-Secretary to the Board of Control for the Affairs of India, and afterwards to the Board of Naval Inquiry. In 1804 he was appointed *Civil* Secretary to the Fleet, under Admiral Viscount Exmouth, in the East Indies, and thence, in the same capacity, to the Mediterranean.

In 1813 my father, in company with Lord John Russell (afterwards Earl Russell), made a rather memorable tour in Spain, of which he published an account, illustrated with his own excellent sketches. This tour had a special interest, as the Peninsular War was then at its height, and my father was the bearer of important despatches from Lord William Bentinck to the Duke of Wellington.

In May, 1814, my father was charged with another interesting mission, this time in H M S 'Curaçoa,' Captain Towers, to Elba, where Napoleon had just arrived from Frejus after his abdication, and he published in that noteworthy magazine, 'The Plain English man' (vol. iii p. 475), an account of his interview with the ex Emperor at Porto Ferrajo.*

Porto Ferrajo May 8, 1814.

We had scarcely anchored when Captain Usher came on board from the 'Undaunted,' to welcome our arrival, and we were soon surrounded with other boats from the shore. After some time spent in mutual inquiries, Captain Usher pointed out to us Napoleon at a distance amusing himself in a boat, and he left us to announce

* See also a paper in the *Century Magazine* for March 1893 which gives Admiral Sir Thomas Usher's account of Napoleon at Elba, in which Mr. E. H. Locker is mentioned.

who we were. He soon returned in company with Colonel Niel Campbell, the British Commissioner appointed to attend the Emperor from Fontainebleau, who brought a message from the ex Emperor, inviting us to visit him on shore.

We landed immediately, and Colonel Campbell accompanied us to the Hôtel de Ville, which serves for the temporary residence of Napoleon. On the way he pointed out to us a house at a little distance which is sitting up as his future residence. Nothing can be more mean and ill furnished than his present abode. The apartment into which we were shown was small, with no other furniture than two or three chairs.

Count Bertrand, who still retains the office of Grand Marechal du Palais, received us with much politeness, and prepossessed us with his pleasing address. We were also introduced to some of the inferior officers of the Household. The Count soon quitted us to announce our arrival to his imperial master, who at the moment was waiting in a little room within. Our curiosity was now raised to a degree of intensity. We were separated by only a door from the once *great Napoleon*, the boast of France, the scourge of Europe! Presently the door opened, the man entered, and, with a slight bow, came forward to receive us, and with much apparent good humour.

The Grand Marechal presented us in form, and we were received very graciously. Napoleon inquired as to the length of our passage from Genoa, the name and force of the frigate, and asked a few other trifling questions. He then looked towards me, as though ready to receive my communication. I then delivered to him . . .

I next presented to him a copy of the Convention for the cessation of hostilities, which had been signed at Paris on the 23rd April after his departure. He read it eagerly, and I watched his countenance with great anxiety as the several articles passed under his eye. During this time his features betrayed considerable emotion, and when he came to that passage which denoted that the French frontier was now to be restricted within the limits which existed in 1792, he looked up with an expression of much surprise, repeating 1792 with great emphasis. He made no other comment sufficiently loud to be audible. While Napoleon was thus occupied, of course every eye was fixed intently upon him.

The address and appearance of Buonaparte were certainly attractive, more especially when we consider the circumstances under which we saw him. He was dressed in a plain uniform of green faced with red, waistcoat and breeches also green, with Hessian boots and spurs. A silver cross of the Legion of Honour hung at his breast, with another small Order which I could not make out. He is short and somewhat fat; his height, as he stood facing me, apparently not more than five feet five or six inches. His hair is black, and cut quite short. He is rather bald, and wears no whiskers. His complexion is a clear brown, without any colour in the cheeks, but though sallow, his appearance is quite healthy. He takes much snuff, and moves with quickness. His features are well formed, and I should call the head altogether handsome, if it were not too large for his body, and the neck too short. His general aspect has more an air of *bonhomie* than I expected. There was a tranquil serenity in his look, which exhibited no traces of the anxiety he must have

lately suffered His smile is very pleasing, and his voice not disagreeable, excepting his laugh, which is singularly discordant, almost a *neigh* I imagine his face must have been more handsome before he acquired his present *embonpoint*, and this also deducts a good deal from the gracefulness of his figure, to which, what ever elegance it might once have possessed, it has now no pretensions It has more the appearance of feminine softness than of muscular activity His person in general appeared perfectly cleanly, his hand white and delicate, and his limbs have that roundness of form which does not become a man, and especially a soldier

After some pause, he renewed the conversation by asking for news. I gave him all the public intelligence which had reached Genoa previous to my departure, avoiding as much as possible such details as might bring back painful recollections. He expressed great sense of Captain Usher's attention to him during his passage from Fréjus, as well as since his arrival at Porto Ferrajo I stated that one of our cruisers would be allowed to convey the Princess Pauline to Elba This seemed to please him exceedingly, and he spoke of it with much sense of acknowledgment He showed great anxiety for his sister's recovery, whom he stated to be in very delicate health

Napoleon spoke of the extreme difficulty of the English language, saying that though he had at length acquired the power of reading it readily, he could never overcome the harsh pronunciation I asked him if he understood it when spoken He said, 'Only some times,' and bid me speak a few sentences deliberately, saying as I went on, 'Ah! that I comprehend well enough,' and immediately gave the interpretation in French, but he added, 'When you speak to each other

I am soon bewildered—your words are all confusion and discord to my ear,’ and shook his head, saying, ‘*Ma foi, c’est une langue barbare*’

In the course of my replies to his inquiries concerning the present state of affairs on the Continent I referred more than once to the peculiar situation of the Neapolitan territories, and was struck with the apparent indifference with which he treated the subject, seeming disinclined to talk of Murat, about whom, independent of relationship, he could not but really entertain much interest, on account of his proximity to Elba

After this a long silence followed, during which he appeared to be lost in reverie. He then suddenly recollected himself, and, after speaking apart to Colonel Campbell for two or three minutes, he came forward and asked us to dine with him, which of course we accepted, although we had already dispatched our dinner before we entered the Port. It was now past six o’clock. Dinner was immediately served in an adjoining room of somewhat larger dimensions, tawdrily fitted up with looking-glasses &c., and a sort of throne erected at one end of the apartment. The guests consisted of the Austrian Commissioner, Baron Koller, Colonel Campbell, Captain Towers, Captain Usher, Count Bertrand, General Drouot, and myself. The dinner was very good, but not in any manner remarkable. The service was of silver made very light, being a part of his camp equipage. The coffee service was of Sevres china, and the whole was marked with the imperial crown and the letter ‘N’ beneath. Buona parte ate with a good appetite, almost wholly in silence, while the Grand Maréchal was very attentive to his guests. When the dishes were removed, Napoleon began to talk freely, and put us all at our ease by the

readiness with which he engaged in conversation. Like all other men of eminent ability, his manner was plain and unaffected. His inquiries were chiefly directed to continental intelligence. When I came to speak of Spain, his countenance showed much surprise on learning that Ferdinand VII., on returning from his long captivity in France, had shown spirit enough to halt at Valencia, with a resolution to refuse the acceptance of the new Constitution established by the Cortes. As he was accompanied by the Duke of San Carlos, he was doubtless well informed of the democratic views of the *Liberales* in that assembly, and I mentioned that General Llo,* on his arrival at Valencia, had openly declared his resolution to support the king in his prerogative.

Napoleon did not seem to have heard even the name of this officer, and asked what I considered the general disposition of the troops in the South of Spain. In answer to this I observed that hitherto the Spanish army had expressed the fullest determination to support the new Constitution, but that of course Llo had ascertained the disposition of his own troops before he ventured to take the part of the king. On which Buona parte remarked that unless Ferdinand secured the army generally, he would bring inevitable destruction on his own head, that he should conciliate no other class of his subjects—the mass of the people were not worth his attention, all his power must depend on the troops. This observation was quite consistent with the maxim upon which he himself had uniformly acted, and to this alone he owes his extraordinary elevation. He never seems to have looked to the people for his support, and Colonel Campbell told me that not long since Napoleon

* Lately executed

explicitly avowed this maxim in answer to the urgent solicitations of his Ministers, when the Allies passed the French frontiers. Their entreaties were received with his usual obstinacy, and he replied 'Non, jamais je ne ferai ma cour à la nation.'

He next asked me what arrangement the Allied Sovereigns designed for Beauharnois (late Viceroy of Italy), and if I knew where he then was. Of their ultimate intentions I could say nothing, beyond what was contained in the Treaty of Abdication, by an article of which they engage to give him a suitable establishment *out of France*. I informed him of the armistice just signed with the Viceroy of Mantua by General Bellegarde, which has established tranquillity for the present in the North of Italy. The surrender of Genoa did not seem to surprise him, but he seemed very little disposed to talk of anything in which Murat's co-operation with Lord William Bentinck's forces was at all concerned.

I found he had heard no particulars of the battle of Toulouse, nor of the sortie from Bayonne, with which I now acquainted him. He expressed great concern at the unnecessary bloodshed which had ensued for want of proper intelligence of the cessation of hostilities at Paris, by which all this slaughter might have been spared.

The Emperor then mentioned that, in his impatience for some intelligence, he had opened a communication with Piombino on the opposite coast and hoped soon to obtain through that channel some regular tidings of public occurrences. He jested, with much apparent good humour about his present humble dominions, comparing them with the empire he had just lost, talked of obtaining the sovereignty of the little islands of Pianosa and Monte Cristo in addition to that of

Elba, and seemed pleased to learn from Captain Towers that there was good water to be found on both of them.

We spoke of the difficulties which occurred at Genoa, and others of the Italian ports, in consequence of the alarm which had been excited by the plague at Malta, and as there was a vessel now in the port just arrived from thence, I said his communications would be greatly interrupted unless he could furnish me with some written documents to authenticate the healthy state of this island. He immediately acquiesced in this proposal and directed General Drouot to prepare the requisite certificate of health. The conversation then turned on the Barbary States. He expressed great anxiety respecting them, lest some attempt should be made upon him by the Tunisian or Algerine corsairs in the present weak state of the island. He said that he looked for his safety entirely to the protection of the British cruisers, and hoped that the 'Undaunted' would not be withdrawn from Elba.

We sat some time after dinner, though little wine was drunk, and scarcely any by Napoleon himself. Ice and coffee were then served and soon after he rose from the table, and we all followed him into the 'Audience Chamber' (as I found the next apartment is designated). Here a circle was formed, and he renewed the conversation for a short time saying something to each person, as though he were once more holding his *levee* in the Palace of the Tuilleries.

I took the occasion of some inquiries about our ship to inform him of my intention to quit Elba the next evening, or the following morning, on my return to Genoa, and requested that I might be allowed to bear any of his commissions for the Continent. In return

In 1819 my father was appointed Secretary, and not very long afterwards Civil Commissioner, of Greenwich Hospital. One of his many interests there was the foundation and formation of the Royal Naval Gallery.

My father was the intimate friend of several distinguished people. As regards one of them I quote John Gibson Lockhart's own words 'He was an old and dear friend of Scott.' You will find the account of his balloon adventure, with other small matters concerning him, at page 62.

In 1832 he commenced a biographical history of the Navy, especially as connected with the gallery at Greenwich Hospital, but failing health warned him to curtail the work to one volume quarto. My father died in 1849, and was buried in Iver churchyard.*

This is a very meagre account of my dear father. He was able, attractive, and high minded, and he did many things that showed him to be so. I have not space to enlarge on his fine qualities, but that he had them you may take my word for it.

Churches of Scotland and England. Mr. Boucher visited Edinburgh, and all arrangements were made, but at the last moment the scheme was frustrated.—EDITOR.

* There is an inscription to my father under the second bay of the arcading on the south side of the Dean's Cloisters Windsor Castle. It was put up in 1850 by the Rev. E. Canning and it runs as follows: Sacred to the memory of EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER, Esq., late one of the Commissioners of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich who resided from 1814 to 1820 within the precincts of these Cloisters and to whose active benevolence and persevering exertions during that short period the inhabitants of this town are indebted for the establishment of the Savings Bank, Dispensary, and National School. He died October 21, 1849 and was buried at Iver. Edward and Ellen were born in the Cloisters.

ments more than by any intellectual and logical conviction. She was not what is called 'a superior person'. Early in her married life she became acquainted with Mrs Shore, a warm hearted, friendly matron. However, this Mrs Shore, though in her own way peculiarly fond of the world, held strong Evangelical views. I think she placed religion on a false basis, and her 'religiosity' had a baneful influence on my mother, and weakened her influence for real good. Strange to say, my father was also slightly infected by it. It was a point with Mrs Shore that dancing and playing at cards were not compatible with salvation. She had very decided opinions, and, as we used to say in the City, she was well 'posted up' in the designs of Providence. I lay many of the miseries of my early school time at Mrs Shore's door, but still there was a good deal for which I alone was responsible.

There is no power on earth to compare with the power of religion, but it comes to us in various guises. In those days there were no peculiar Ritualistic genuflections, *introits*, *ciboriums*, *monstrances* were unknown, there was none of that *snuffing after incense* now so common. The High Church party were as unlike that of to day as it is possible to imagine, but still religion was a great force.

'Length begets loathing.' I well remember the sultry Sunday evenings when my mother would carry me off to an ugly little pepper-boxed temple, with its tin kettle bell, where we simmered through Mr Shepherd's long-winded pastorals. The mean cramped, white-painted pew, the faint and unpleasant odour of Mr

Oh ! what my man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !

We thus made up our minds that our cousin was altogether a better *mussel* man than Christian, and that his wife, though partial to fine garments, was halting in grammar. He had fallen in love and married shortly after his ordination, hence the following lyric (a first ecclesiastic) of that date. You will see that, like his quill, he was a bit of a goose. I only give the first and last stanzas —

Love is but a gentle creature,
Innocence in every feature
Flora, kiss the boy !

Sweetly smiling, faintly flushing
Then to hide her own cheek's blushing,
Flora kissed the boy !

Useful efforts were made to get him a living, and at last, much to our surprise, one was secured. Then, with a wider sphere of uselessness, began other troubles — meddling parishioners and malevolent churchwardens — troubles in which our mother took a lively, but at the same time a highly critical, interest. She told us everything that happened, and whenever a poem could be squeezed out, a joke cut, or a caricature drawn, she was always ready to applaud.

A family jest loses its zest when the domestic cork is withdrawn, so I will cut mine short with a light and flitting poem composed before I was twenty. It is not so ribald as some — it comprehends several of our poor gibes, and it had the merit of giving my mother irresponsible delight. I hope my juniors are not imitating

of people whose minds were in suspense on the subject, and who indulged in etymological reasoning about *αἰών* and its derivatives—almost as if they suspected such people of a desire to deprive them of their just rights and natural privileges. This belief and this feeling have long existed.* My mother suffered much anxiety from the thought that perhaps some of those whom she most dearly loved were in danger, at times she was very unhappy. She plied us with tracts, and hung texts over our bed heads. Daily and for years the question, worked on perforated card in coloured worsted, 'Do you ever pray?' was present to me. Surely, if the half-articulate cries of poor suffering creatures are prayers to the ears of Heaven, few of us are altogether prayerless. During early middle life my mother went very far indeed, for she believed that only a few people would be saved, that the road to everlasting punishment was extremely broad and very crowded, yet, wonderful to say, she did not seem dissatisfied that her children should increase in number. I believe she consoled her benevolent self, in an illogical way, with the idea that her acquaintances—Mrs A's, or Mrs B's, or Mrs C's—numerous broods would probably be all lost, and that the necessary average would thus be kept up. What made it most

* To preach long loud and damnation is the way to become popular. We run after a man who damns us and we again run after him to save us. Selden says this and Selden was a good man and a Ssex man. A dignitary of the Greek Church ventured to question this dogma and the historian who records the event gravely remarks: His congregation, justly incensed tore their bishop to pieces.

mortal I met was a simpering lass, reading a comic paper, and pushing her charge in a perambulator of the period.* The season was adverse to cricket, but there lay the stretch of turf on which, day after day, the renowned Felix (Mr Wanostrocht) used to educate his band of little pupils in bowling and fielding, and his famous cut to point. The old houses on either hill seemed many degrees smaller and meaner; there was nothing palatial about anything. Even the Ranger's Lodge, with its legendary royalty and homely pomp, was not the pile of memory—it had a shrunken aspect, as if the rooms might be dark, not to say poky. But it was early spring—the east wind was raging in Chesterfield Walk, and everything seemed blighted.

These anecdotes connected with my parents, and these few lines about Greenwich and its park, are a page of that interesting story book called 'Auld Lang Syne,' which records and recalls the fragrance of pleasant summer—ay, and pleasant winter—days, days that seem more engaging as they fade into the forgotten. 'Le meilleur ami a avoir, c'est le passe.'

My father was circumspect, and, in a sort of way, a straitlaced and proper person, yet in the course of his life he did one or two things which seem foreign to that character. I do not know who was the human being who, more daring than the original navigator of Horace, first ventured into the upper air, but my father was the

* There is nothing more beautiful in nature than a woman with a child in her arms. An experienced nurse dandling a baby is a pretty sight. Conceive if Raphael had had to deal with the crambulator!

second Englishman who did so. In the year 1802 he paid a considerable sum of money to go up in a balloon with Garnerin, to the imminent peril of his neck, and on May 1, 1821, he went to see the Cato Street conspirators hanged—to the more than imminent peril of their necks. I give his account of it.

‘You will be surprised to hear that I witnessed the execution of the conspirators this morning before Newgate. Yesterday I entertained the scheme from a desire to see how such men would behave. I was in a window right facing them, and saw the whole. It was an awful sight.

‘These wretches died quite regardless of religion, and firm to the last.

‘Ings gave a shout to the populace when he mounted the platform, and Brunt nodded and smiled, first at some of his friends, and then at his coffin—the five coffins being placed in a row. None of them spoke, and the others showed no fear. When all were tied up the drop fell, and they died easily. After hanging about twenty minutes they were cut down and placed one by one in their shells. A surgeon (masked) coming forward and cutting off in a minute the head of each in succession, not a drop of blood followed, owing to the strangulation. The executioner held up the heads successively, saying, ‘This is the head of Arthur Thistlewood a traitor,’ &c. They were all removed by nine o’clock.

‘The populace was quiet, but cheered them on their first appearance, and hooted the surgeon each time he came on the scaffold to take off the heads. There was no quartering &c. Mr Cotton, the clergyman, tried in vain to engage their attention. Davison, the black,

alone made him a bow on first coming up the ladder I am very glad I went.*

As regards the balloon ascent In those days it was by no means so ordinary an affair as it is now, so I think my father's exploit was more adventurous, and his curiosity more rational, than at first it might appear. He was not vain of the feat and even at the time seems to have wished to escape notoriety, for in the 'Annual Register' for 1802 it is stated that he made the ascent under the pseudonym of Brown. That large family has much to answer for. The conclusion was not the least interesting part of the adventure. The balloon alighted in a field near a high road in Essex, the aeronauts were in difficulties, and made signals to a passing post-chaise. It at once stopped the occupants leaped out and ran across the field to render assistance. One of them was a young cavalry officer returning from foreign service just landed at Harwich on his way to London. Then there was a sudden recognition and exclamations 'What Edward? William? The officer was my father's eldest brother, just arrived from India. They had not seen each other for years!

I give here a copy of a characteristic letter from my mother Eleanor Mary Elizabeth Boucher, written when she was about twenty. You must remember that she was the simple daughter of a quiet country parson of the last century, writing to her mother, whom I can just recollect as a severe old lady, and whose black bombazine embraces I was sufficiently dutiful not to resent.

* For another view of this transaction see the appendix to *George Borrow & Rosamond Aye*, p. 353. EDITOR

Harley Street September 3, 1814.

My dearest Mama,—My first letter from hence must surely be to you, and most happy am I to say that I arrived quite safe here last night between seven and eight o'clock. I will begin with my history from the beginning and go on regularly

Thursday evening, M A [her half sister, older] departed for Sorrell on horseback, escorted by Thompson Wright and Guthrie *à pied*. We proposed if seats were vacant in the traveller [stage-coach?] to travel all night, and arrive in London as yesterday morning, but alas! all were full. But at the very moment a returning *chay* passed by. This we seized, and it conveyed M A, T, and I to Leicester, where we slept till half past four, when we sorted our *carcasses* in the post coach. Tommy was the quintessence of civility all along, but long before we arrived at Seagrave * I felt a painful aversion to him—why, then I knew not, but I thought him old maidish, self sufficient and arrogant to me, though all attention. I do not commonly take dislikes, but so it was. Well at Seagrave it grew desperate, for he was so dreadfully officious and talked and gave his opinion on all subjects so like a man of forty, that I completed my aversion. G, save this failing, liked him, and thought as he grew older he might improve. It went against my stomach to be even civil, and I fully expected he would spite me when we were travelling together. However, to divert my mind after parting with my dear M A, I condescended to talk to him, and we started politics. I found he was a hideous democrat. He abused in most scurrilous terms all the first men in Church,

* Robert Burton, who wrote *The Anatomy of Melon Koly*, held the living of Seagrave till his death in 1640.

State, and Law, and even dared to speak harshly of Mr Park [her and my father's friend, afterwards Judge Park] All this I could not bear I was, however, very cool, and gave him very severe reproofs, so much so that I thought he must hate me I looked dreadfully grave and majestic, and whenever he thought he had said a clever thing, and laughed heartily, I turned graver still, and sometimes, indeed full five minutes after, I would ask what amused him In short, the whole way a smile never illuminated my countenance, and I hoped I had humbled him, but you will hear On our arrival at Islington he got a coach and we departed, bag and baggage, for Harley Street In the coach I begged we might settle accounts My share was 6/ After this I began to thank him for his attention to me, which, I must confess, was very great, and I never should have done without, toad though he was

Well, the polite manner I was obliged to assume on the occasion made him presumptuous he dared to seize my hand by main force, and, notwithstanding my frowns and entreaties, the monster—kissed it!

I was angry, and lofter than ever Well just before we arrived he had the impudence to ask and to endeavour for a kiss This I successfully resisted, and by way of punishment coolly wished him 'good bye,' but still, should you ever see him, thank him for his civilities to me, and in the journey he was very respectful He is a *backslider*! and gave his opinion about people above him in so decided and pert a manner that I cannot bear him, but he was too much satisfied with himself to see my contempt for him

Butler and footman came to hand me out These, with the grand hall, must have knocked him down However, I left him, for Mr and Mrs Foreman met

me in the hall. The latter gave me a kiss, former longed, I saw, but *wisely* was by. However, both received me most kindly. As far as I can judge at present, my dear mother may make herself happy about Ellen, for I see every prospect of the greatest kindness. They enquired particularly about you all, and asked several questions about Elizabeth. I retired rather early. My apartment is *magnifique*, &c. Dearest Mama keep up your spirits. A thousand thanks to my dear Mary for her letter, 'twas indeed an unexpected pleasure. God bless you all! I would not send this scrawl, but you will expect it.

Ever your loving daughter,

ELEANOR MARY ELIZABETH BOUCHER

To Mrs Boucher,
Coledale Hall, Carlisle

Mr and Mrs Foreman were on the wing for Paris, and took my mother with them. She returned thence with a short waist, a full skirt, and puffed sleeves, and, being very fascinating, my father at once fell a victim to her charms. They were married on February 28, 1815, after a six weeks' acquaintance.

My mother had many and deep sorrows: the death of two of her sons in the army in India, then my father's long anxious, and melancholy illness and death, and lastly, the death of Bertha, who was all in all to her. This tragedy* occurred in July 1853, and was a terrible shock to my mother, for immediately afterwards she had a stroke of paralysis, by which her mental powers and faculty of speech were permanently affected. However,

* Bertha Locker was burnt to death whilst on a visit to Paris. She was then twenty two years of age.

she partially recovered, and lingered on till March 1861. She died at Exeter, and is buried at Iwer in Buckinghamshire. She had more than once expressed a wish that when she died she should be laid among the very poor, and her wish was remembered. During the last two or three years of her life, when at Edinburgh and elsewhere, she found comfort in visiting the cemeteries, some of which are beautiful. She went to one or other of them almost daily, to meditate, in devout submission to the Divine will. She had a filial trust in God. I have some of her letters written at this time, which are singularly touching. Mighty is the power of motherhood, and yet few of us seem to realise that we can never have but one mother!

While we are yet together we cannot help behaving as if we were never to be separated, and, as a consequence, there are thoughts which torment us as we sit by a lonely hearth, thinking, with a yearning pain, of the dear ones that are gone. Our faults rise in remorseless judgment against us, that while they were yet with us we did so little for them. And where is the atonement? My dear father and mother! I am cut to the heart when, through these long, dim years, I again seem to see your kind faces, and think of your great virtues, your much affliction, your manifold chagrins, your heavy sorrows, your tragical afflictions, and then of the small comfort I must have been to you *

* She was very generous. She said after I was grown up, 'Fred, you have never spoken to me in a way a son should not speak to his mother' It was her 'yet never heard I once hard speech from thee' (December, 1883)

had deposited Bella and Arthur in Audley Square, after escorting them to the Catholic chapel, but how to speak of Mr and Mrs Locker and their children in terms sufficiently high is difficult. To begin with their rooms* They are lodged on a first floor, with bedrooms above, in one of the wings of the Hospital, overlooking the river, which is, as you may recollect, a moving panorama of shipping of every variety, seen to the greatest possible advantage. On a deep crimson coloured paper (just the tint you like) in the drawing room and dining room are hung a choice collection of drawings and paintings, the intermediate room being a library, filled up with books, in oak shelves, in a style and manner most enjoyable and comfortable. He is about my age and size, and, I may add to you (but far, far behind do I tread in his steps), of somewhat the same character. His whole soul is energy and vivacity, cased in a body quick and active. He is secretary* to the establishment of the Hospital, which gives an influence of which he avails himself for the best purpose, and the changes he has effected and the visible good he has done speak volumes in his praise. That he is a man of admirable taste and a lover of art every thing about him proves. Upon all subjects he can speak much and well, and his acquaintance is, at the same time, general and select. His situation as secretary to admirals on foreign stations has given him knowledge of the world, and nothing has passed before him unobserved.

* If you wish to see a school in perfection, follow him

* My father was afterwards appointed one of the Commissioners,

The dining room had a paper almost similar to that in the drawing room, and there hung our oil pictures—portraits of Lockers and Stillingfleets and Parrys, of Nelson, Exmouth, St Vincent, Barrington, Captains Pole* and Sir William Montague, John W Croker, and Lord Prudhoe. There were one or two naval fights, there was also an admirable picture, by Hogarth, of David and Mrs Garrick. This picture is so lifelike that as little children we were afraid of it, so much so that my mother persuaded my father to sell it to George IV. Garrick is seated at a writing table in the act of composition,† gazing up, rapt, smiling and absorbed, and Mrs Garrick has stolen behind him, and is in the act of twitching the pen out of his fingers. Most of these oil pictures are either at Rowfant or Newhaven Court.

It was a Philistine age, but this apartment was furnished in excellent taste. I especially remember a Reisner marqueterie table, also an ancient buhl chest of drawers, and an old lac screen, scarlet with glass panels.

A long gallery ran through a good portion of the apartment, it was embellished by a very pretty pair of marble statues after the antique.

There were two staircases to the mezzanine, which, as I have said, contained the servants' quarters and the

* Sir Charles Pole of Aldenham Abbey. His daughter, who inherited Aldenham, married Mr William Stuart. There is a good picture of my grandfather, in uniform at Aldenham, it is by a well known painter, Gilbert Charles Stuart. Old Boswell, my grandfather's shipmate and body servant, is said to have pronounced this portrait a success, 'particklar ille buttons.'

† Garrick is writing the prologue to Foote's comedy of *Taste*.

kitchen, &c., also the nursery (known as 'Powder'em Castle') Its three small windows were close to the ceiling—two of them long and narrow, the third, a very small oval, not quite so high, so, though the room fronted both river and square, there was no look out Well do I remember the bliss of being held up to the oval, and my first sight of sky and ships There was a closet by the door, deep and roomy, where toys were kept, and lost, to turn up again after what to us appeared long years of deprivation My mother was Sabbatarian—strictly so—and these toys were generally locked up on Sunday, though now and then some were reluctantly permitted to us, on account of the hardness of our young hearts Missionary Lotto had not then been introduced I remember a rent in the old faded and patched Turkey carpet, which I did my best to enlarge I have already mentioned a large mezzotint engraving of Puck seated on a toadstool, which hung on the wall, and beside this, in a recess under one of the long narrow windows, stood a pair of common white plaster casts, after Canova, of almost naked children, for which I had a deep admiration I think they must have been very pretty They were about eighteen inches high, seated on low pedestals, with one leg drawn up One was 'Reading,' and the other was 'Writing' * I should have said that on the principal floor, besides the three sitting rooms, already described, there

* I have just been looking at the first edition of Lamb's 'Album Verses,' and am pleased to see a pretty little woodcut of 'Writing' which decorates the title-page It is pleasant to think that Lamb and I at any rate had one taste in common (1891)

were six bedrooms and a schoolroom (called the 'skullery')

The apartment was reached by a private stone staircase from Queen Anne's Square, into which square three of our bedrooms looked

I have here given a prosaic, almost an upholsterer's, account of this apartment, yet to me it is an abode of memory and sentiment, quickened and glorified by affection. It is mysterious and shadowy, and yet it seems very real. Sometimes I see the magic words 'Greenwich Hospital' in the newspapers, but what is said never carries any significance with it. Greenwich has become a mere suburb of London, like Peckham or Holloway.

It is a question whether Greenwich Hospital ever existed as I fancy it did, and, if so, whether it has not all faded away. Sometimes I feel that I might go down to Greenwich and still find it there!

I must say yet a few more words about my much beloved Greenwich Hospital. Early attachments remain *ever faithful and dear*, and I have faint visitings of nostalgia when I think of my home there*—the snug little nest where my affections were fledged, the squares and colonnades that were the playground of my boyhood, the terrace, the 'five-foot walk,' and the abound

* 'Four ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing,
How little a thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears!

pensioners congregated This reminds me of the pensioners' wards, which, as children, we visited with fearful joy, but at the same time with a half realised disgust—a desire to hold our button noses The odour abides with me yet I remember the figure-head of Anson's ship, the old 'Centurion,' in the Anson Ward, and my father's excellent verses thereon, which I give here

'LINES

ON

The Lion Figure-head

OF

H M S 'CENTURION,

NOW IN THE

ANSON WARD,

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY AN OLD SEAMAN

'Introduction

'On a visit of King William IV to Greenwich Hospital His Majesty went into the Anson Ward to look at the lion head of the "Centurion" man-of-war, in which ship Lord Anson sailed round the world in 1740-44 This relic had stood for many years in front of an inn at Goodwood, Sussex, from whence His Majesty caused it to be removed, first to Windsor Castle, and since to Greenwich One of the old men who stood near the King had written some lines on the

THE 'CENTURION'S' FIGURE-HEAD 77

occasion, but, as he did not presume to offer them to His Majesty, we now present them to our friends as a testimony of his loyalty

'THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CENTURION"'

'What cheer, my messmates? Ah! you stare indeed
But I'm a Lion of true English breed,
A vet'ran sailer past my hundredth year,
And I well deserve a berth in Greenwich pier,
For I with Anson sailed the world around,
I run to my post, and ever faithful found
Astride the bow I plough'd the foaming deep
(Drench'd with the surge), and watch'd the dolphins leap.
In fight or flood I led my Commodore
Through perils drear and seas untrod before
With him I brav'd the battle and the blast
And mock'd at fear while others stood aghast
Proof against famine, pestilence, and pain,
Death o'er my head still shook his dart in vain
While many a comrade found a seaman's grave
Beneath the dark unfathomable wave

My chief was brave and wise but lov'd the pelf
He always took the *Lion's* share himself
When he dispos'd prize money or ransom,
To me, at least, such conduct was unhandsome;
For Laita's burning ruins could have told
His dear bought plunder of Peruvian gold,
And when at length we took the rich galleon
He gave me neither dollar nor doubloon.
Yet I ne'er growl'd, like discontented sailors,
Eager to share that lane of English sailors,
I at well deserved, when our long voyage was o'er,
A kinder fate than to be turned adrift
That I was the wretch that tore me from my ship,
Launch'd as we were together from the ship.

How many dismal years have roll'd away
Since I was doom'd to premature decay
In utmost need, without a friend on earth,
I roved on the hang's-belly way for a berth,

not forgetting the quaint forms, and music as quaint, of the drummer and fifer who at sunset during the summer months marched round the Grand Quadrangle. The four grass plots of this emplacement were held very sacred—a pensioner sentry with a powerful voice was stationed in the middle to warn off the holiday makers. I can hear him now, as he bawled to the townspeople and cockneys, 'Git off the grass there, will yer! git off the grass!' *A propos* of this, at least forty years ago I was crossing from the Opera house corner of the Haymarket to Cockspur Street when a Greenwich pensioner, in his three-cornered hat and knee-breeches, attempting to do so, was driven back by a carriage, and was within an ace of being run over. On seeing this, a man who was passing, and who evidently remembered how he had been snubbed at the Hospital, yelled out, 'Yah! get off the grass there!' I felt pretty sure I was the only bystander who understood and enjoyed the full force of the sarcasm. Then there was the union jack that waved drowsily over the Governor's quarters, but which now and again would fight madly with the frantic north westers, and which vividly recalled to our tender minds the terrible tradition of a certain old pensioner who, on being sent to free the flag that had got entangled, was cruelly caught up by it and hurled head long over the parapet to his death. I must not omit the dismal Isle of Dogs, at that time with hardly a habitation on it, Gallows Point and the neighbouring marshes, mysterious wastes, whose shores were fortified with black mud, and the carcasses of drowned dogs, hideously swollen, among the ooze. I have a dim

remembrance of the body of a pirate being pointed out to me, gibbeted on the edge of the horizon in his rusty chains—but perhaps in this I deceive myself, or was deceived. Then there were strawberry feasts and ‘Chrys’ mas tides, bonfires and birthday keepings—hot elder wine and such wassail—each new pleasure a bright little bead to string on memory.

Then came, as I grew older, sculling and sailing where the anything, but silver streaming Thames flowed on and widened past Woolwich to Irtish and its broad estuary. There was also the long looked forward to annual regatta for Greenwich watermen, to which, weeks beforehand, my father’s old friends, Lord Prudhoe and Captain Orlando Felix, were seriously invited from London, and to which, as a matter of course, they often came, and cricket on Blackheath also Greenwich Fair (with its merry go-rounds, three throws a penny, the iniquities of Mr Punch, and a learned dog that could shuffle and cut)—a sanctuary for ill manners, and altogether a less holy gathering.

Beauty was there—but beauty in disgrace.

Also Greenwich Park! Well do I remember my frolics there—hunt the handkerchief with the dryads of the grove, hoydens with wind-blown skirts and rebel curls, and all their laughing graces, so hard to be entirely approved of. Pleasant is the balm of recollection!

The Painted Hall was always an interest, my father having had so much to do with its foundation and formation. I can recollect sitting to Mr Briggs, the

Academician, for my portrait in the large picture of George III presenting a diamond hilted sword to Lord Howe * I am perched on the poop in a crimson tunic

Lord Prudhoe was of a playful disposition though a sailor, he pretended that he did not know a ship's stem from her stern, he talked of commanding a 'Patagonian line of battle brig' He was tall and fair, and wore his hat just a little bit on one side

Captain Orlando Felix (afterwards General Orlando Felix) was short and slight, and rather an exquisite, who went in for doing the correct thing He composed verses

Felix was also jocular, and, in spite of an attractive stammer, would pretend to be a showman in Wombwell's menagerie He made us all laugh with such nonsense as the following —

'Walk up ladies and gentlemen Walk up, and see my most extrornary little hanimal, the Manshoot Monkey, which came to this country on the bottom crust of a twopenny loaf, the crumb of which served him for his prowision during his voyage. There was two of these extrornary little hanimals King George had one, and I had t'other, but hisn died, and he comes to me and he says, says he, "I say, Tom, give us your monkey" "No," says I, "King George, no! I'll see you blest first, for you sees as how I gets my livin' thereboy "'

* I have a handsome sword that Admiral Howe gave my grandfather, and which is at his (Lord Howe's) side in Briggs's picture. The Howe family still possess their splendid 'presentation sword.' The peer who now owns it does not keep it at his side he always keeps it at his banker's

paddy (rice in the husk), and in consequence half her stock became stone-blind. Hens are about the most wayward of created creatures. Sometimes nothing on earth will persuade them to sit, pluck out their under feathers, and whip them with stinging-nettles—do what you will, it is of no use. Again, at other times they are so broody that you may kick them off the empty nest, and they are on it again before your back is turned, they refuse to be disturbed. Ellen had many such monomaniacs to contend with. Then there were pestilences—successions of such pip, roup, gapes, and an obscure disease called bumblefoot. These destroyed what the paddy had spared, the white booted and all. Poor Ellen!

Father Thames flowed on the other side of our wall. There watermen, jacks in the water, mudlarks, and other nondescripts congregated and loafed, leaning against posts, with their hands in the pockets of their stiff and tarred trousers, smoking when they could, and using the energetic language of imprecation when they could not. During the pestilences the poor child, shedding tears as big as decanter-stoppers, would go round the yard, gather up her dead, and fling them over the wall. She collected them many times, but threw them over only twice, for the second time she did so these men of Belial, when they saw the corpses coming shouted to each other 'I say, look out! Here they comes again! I'm blowed, &c.

All this seemed funny enough to us boys, yet I fear it will not seem so to any one else, however, I give future possible generations of Locker the chance of a smile or

a yawn But what is the use of appealing to posterity? No circumstance or story is the same after a lapse of time, even the tellers are not the same interpreters

Last, but not least, certainly biggest, I must not forget Argus, a huge black and white Newfoundland dog He was the *flos canum*, whose affections we faithfully returned The faithful beast entered into all our sports He was very fond of looking on at battledore and shuttlecock He might have described us as Luath did his playmates

The young anes rantin' thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them
That I, for joy, hae barkit wi' them

A butcher's dog in the town, and the cats in Cats' Square, were his only ill wishers Like his namesake of the 'Odyssey, he fawned with his tail and laid down his ears when approached by those he loved, and probably the ancient Argus, when he came out of Ionian waters, had exactly the same curious and thorough way of shaking himself that our Argus had when he came ashore from the Thames he wrung himself dry, gradually, from nose to tail After our sports he would lie with his eyes half closed, snapping lazily at the flies, or fall asleep at his enormous length on the hearthrug, and dream Many were the phantom Toms he hunted there

In those days Dr Coke, R N, was chaplain of the Hospital—a Churchman of the tawny port wine school, an ecclesiastic, and nothing more, one of those perverse divines who prefer absolute unbelief to spurious orthodoxy He was a kindly but choleric old boy,

Once on a time I was mad about domesticated animals, and now the taste has almost died out of me, my owls are but the languidest dregs of it. I was also devoted to squirts, pea shooting, and bows and arrows—in fact, to everything that propelled, and to an enormously heavy rifle, a reluctant weapon, into which you pounded a greased bullet. I wonder I never slaughtered anybody. The laundry garden was the scene of most of my exploits.

These are my reminiscences, with which the reader, if ever *he* has been a boy, will be able to sympathise.

At last, one day, all at once I found myself grown up, a curly headed youth, occupied with and arranging my costume to the exigencies of the hour. Then there were picnics in the neighbourhood, *coketteerings* in Greenwich Park, flirtations on the river, our home returning lit by the rising moon and the risen stars, 'Moony tides swelling to roll us ashore. strawberry junkets at Mottingham Moat, where the grass grew so green and all the orchard trees had whitewashed stems, dances on Blackheath, at which certain Custs, Legges, Newdigates, Rogerses, Hislops, were prominent, and for all of whom we had a regard, dances in the Artillery mess room at Woolwich, posy sending, verse making,* and all the requisite equipments of chivalry. An idyllic time! Yes, for there was a certain Miss Adelaide Amy Trefusis, of Ferrer's Court, St Mary

* It was about this time that I developed a taste for poetry—for Campbell's odes and Cowper's short poems, the *Rejected Addresses*, Swift's *Baucis and Philemon* &c. and Goldsmith's 'Retaliation' and 'Haunch of Venison'.

Cry This young lady—she was not nineteen—was gently born, and neatly connected with the ancient family of Dorell, who, I believe, are still pleased to pronounce their name Dorell. But I must not thus linger over the prelude to a melancholy story. Well do I remember Miss Tresvius—her sapphire glances, her dimpling smile, her winning English face—and my first introduction. I stood before her a rude, unfinished creature, awkward and sheepish, struck dumb by triumphant and ravishing beauty. * *Mine eyes were not in fault, for she was beautiful, not tall, she was just as high as my heart*

There are tragic intervals in all our young lives; at any rate, so it seems at the time, whatever it may seem afterwards. I was in love, that May-day of the heart, when hope is at its highest †. I had been looking forward to meeting her at a ball, a garrison 'hop'. I had nourished myself with the brightest anticipations. I felt that this ball would be the crisis of my career, perhaps of my very existence. You must remember I was very young. I was only eighteen. I arranged to go, though the doing so would entail a serious personal sacrifice, but I rejoiced to make such a sacrifice. Hobbledehoyes, as well as men, vainly struggle in the meshes of their destiny, for, though I set out, I was delayed—agonising entanglements, maddening obstacles, held me back, Heaven and earth declined to interfere,

* * Love taught me shame and shame with love at strife,

Soon taught the sweet values of life

† Francis Bacon said, Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad

and the powers of darkness prevailed. I was so late that, as I stood at the front entrance, tore off my coat, and flung it in the face of the astonished doorkeeper, I beheld Miss Trefusis over the heads of the arriving and departing guests. She was descending the steps towards the banqueting-chamber, to the music of '*Le Remede contre le Sommeil*'. My absence had not troubled her. She had been speedily accommodated with military consolation, for she was on the scarlet-and-gold arm of my rival—an old man of about five and thirty! She appeared to be replying in an animated manner to his idiotic remarks. Of course she looked beautiful. The sight of her innocent happiness in being so lovely was torture to me. *She never cared for me!* I tried hard, but I was not able to approach her—'*she never cared!*' Then, all at once I felt giddy, faint, with sharp internal discomfort. It nearly doubled me up. It was the result of harassment and prolonged perturbation of spirit. I dragged myself into the crowded supper room, where, above the babblement and *brouhaha*, was a confounded rattle of crockery, a sardonic clatter of knives and forks. I crawled to a chair. I drew into a corner. There was an unwieldy waiter. '*Quick!*' said I, '*get me some brandy, quick!*' He was deliberate. I thought he would never go, and then I made up my mind he would never come back. When he returned, it was with negus. Poor wretch! he became tiresome with his unfruitful, undesired attentions. '*Try a leetle mossal o' biled fowl,*' &c. I remember everything. He was old. He had eyes bleared and mournful, weak legs, white cotton stockings, and a joyless smile. I

should have pitied him, if he would only have allowed me to do so, if he would but have relieved me of his presence, however he hung over me,* and half poisoned me with the odour of onions, and all the time my internal discomfort went on to the falsetto of fiddles and the slight of champagne corks

I do not know why I describe all this, it is not from thinking I can interest you. 'Ask my pen It governs me, I govern not it,' it impels me. Who dares to say that those people are the happiest who have their troubles in the morning of their days? I am still conscious of those onions!

By this time I had become completely hemmed in by the feasters and philanderers. Miss Trefusis may have been within a few yards of me, but, for aught it availed me, she might have been at Jericho. The whole affair was a very carnival of mockery. I could not escape from my corner. My chance was gone, and, as it turned out, for ever! Beautiful Amy! what has become of you now, now that I can no longer sun myself in your blue eyes? And what—what has become of me—of me as I was when I did so?

She was fair, with fair hair. She wore a frock with a black velvet body and fluffy muslin skirt. She was adorable. If she ever violated our conventionalities, it was done charmingly, triumphantly. I used to wonder that saucy words could ever come out of so sweet a mouth. They say that Pity is akin to Love, though only a Poor Relation, but Amy did not even pity me.

* 'Ce gros butor de valet! who picked up Mademoiselle de Briel's glove

There is a remedy for everything except Death (Death itself is a remedy), so the bitterness of this disappointment has long passed away, it belongs to a far-off period—part of a former state of existence. Love's torments have become a tender souvenir, but even now I think of her. In memory I still gaze upon her, and with a pensiveness that is inseparable from retrospect *Lost was she—lost! nor could the sufferer say that in the act of preference he had been unjustly dealt with, but the maid was gone!*

Women have been my worst and best educators

You see my morbid feelings and malaise were ever present, though more concealed than they had been, and took the keen edge off my social enjoyments*. At last my boating and ball playing youth was at an end the scenes of my life changed from Greenwich Hospital to London—'London, that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forthgrogen, and more kindly love have I to that place than any other on Yerth'†—

Famum et opes, strepitumque Romæ

I became a coxcomb and an Admiralty clerk, having lodgings in Southampton Street, Jermyn Street, and afterwards in Bury Street, till I married, but I am anticipating

1893 —My two sons will soon be young men, and I do not wish them worse luck than to win the friendship of two chaste, intelligent, and fairly young married

* 'As there gleams in the thyrsus that Bacchanals bear,
Thro' the bloom of a garland the point of a spear

† Claudian's 'Testament of Love

women, and if my sons fall in love with these ladies, so much the better, say I

The society and influence of such women are more valuable to a very young man in forming his character than the experience of men and all the pedantry of books.

SCHOOLDAYS

I will now go back to the winter of 1826-27 when I was between five and six and paid a long visit to my dear Aunt Mary. A childless woman with a motherly heart, who was 'born under a charitable star' she lived a life of affection and beneficence at Carlisle with her mother, Mrs Boucher and a short distance from another very ancient female relative, whose name I forget, but who had a prehistoric reputation for great beauty, and passed a humdrum hidden away existence in a house all by herself, like a shy old tench year after year growing fatter and sleepier in its stagnant pool.

I can remember that we indulged in the comfortable joyance of tea and crumpets, the inclination for which still remains with me. They made me very happy. However, although I was a great darling and could freely appreciate translations from the ingenious M. Charles Perrault these kind folk did not fail to discover that I was slow at book learning, but I was not the less beloved on that account.

On my return home my own people also found out, notwithstanding my golden curls and bump of gaiety,*

* I have a kind letter that my father wrote me dated January 1829. Yesterday I dined with Mr Croker at Kensington Palace.

almost eight. He is now at my side as I write this melancholy report *

As far as my memory serves me, I have a child's impression that Miss Griffin had all the qualities of a kitchen poker, *except its occasional warmth*, that her deportment was frigid, and that she had a kick even in her caress, was severely Calvinistic, and had a proper sense of the importance of veracity. At that time the first (the doctrine) was a terror to me, and my preternaturally keen instinct for self-preservation made me regard the last as an impossible virtue. I am more reasonable now.

I remained about a year with Miss Griffin and was then (1830) sent to Mr Barnett of Yatchley, in Hampshire, a clergyman who took five or six pupils. There is a passing allusion to this Orbilius of the birch in the fourth, sixth, and ninth stanzas of my lyric, 'The Jester's Moral.'

My brother Edward had been with him and Henry and Robert Cust, George Windham, and two sons of Sumner Bishop of Winchester, were my schoolfellows.

I hated, feared and almost despised Mr Barnett, but I loved his wife—as far as I had capacity for such a feeling. My heart goes out to her with a tender recollection as I write this. I believe she was a sensible and motherly woman, but she had wretched health, and I think that even she at last, rather gave me up as a not satisfactory little boy. Old Barnett used to grin at me despitefully as he drew his switch out of his desk. Even in those moments of supreme terror I remember I was curiously interested in the quantity of gold in his gums.

It is painful to remember, it is impossible to forget, that I used to steal Mrs Barnett's jams and pickles, I

well acquainted with the raw head and cross bones feeling. Even then a mystery and a burden oppressed me, my companions seemed phantoms, time, space, everything, was a phantom. And yet I realised my isolation^s—that I was myself, and could not be any other than myself. I used to wonder—as others have wondered—when everybody had left a room, when the room is empty, what became of that room. Even when one is grown up one cannot help thinking oneself the pivot on which everything turns. Surely, we say, there will be a difference when we slip away. Piccadilly will not be quite so crowded, surely we shall take something with us.

The sense of tears in mortal things and of the transitory nature of everything took, and has ever since kept, possession of me. The Veiled Figure with his reversed torch was a presence, though a fitful one and a shadowy.

It must not be supposed that these ideas passed distinctly through my young mind, but the effect of them was such as I have attempted to describe.

I had never heard of Moschus, but the little child even then would have been able to appreciate the heart piercing pathos of that passage where the poor heathen contrasts the revival of the woods and fields after seeming death with the sleep of man that knows no waking.

Ah me the mallows, dead in the gardens drear !
 Ah, the green parsley, the thriving tufts of dill !—
 These again shall rise shall live in the coming year

But we men in our pride, we in wisdom and strength—
 We, if once we die, dead in the womb of earth
 Sleep the sleep that wakes not—sleep of infinite length,

And yet there was a mocking spirit in my sad thoughts And you, my dear son, or son's son, who may kindly read these pages, must understand that, with all this morbidity and inclination for reverie, I was in some ways an exceptionally lively little boy, interested in many things. The child was father of the man in his appreciation of jest and whim and nonsense, and yet in having an imperfect sense of the ridiculous.

But to return. I remember Mr Barnett had two horses, called *Dactyl* and *Centum*. I used to think how odd it was to give such senseless names to animals with the same number of feet, but I suppose the names meant more than I knew of. However, I was afraid to ask. I do not think I cared much for the Sumners. Windham was the eldest brother of the present Lord Leconfield, everybody liked Windham. Harry Cust was a daring boy. You will be able to appreciate the tether of his audacity when I tell you that he once made old Barnett an apple pie bed! I do not remember if he was severely punished for this. I was the youngest of all.

We much affected a wheelwright's shop, with its pig sties and straw beehives—a drunken looking row, there rusty iron, tin pots, naves of wheels, and ancient litter lay about, also a grindstone, and there was a sawpit, where we hunted the stag beetle. All these were owned by one Barlow, an insecterite Baptist, whose Christian name was Isaac, he had two sons, Moses and Aaron.*

Iight or ten years ago I was staying with Sir Edward Hamley at the Staff College, and we walked over to

* See my poem, "The Jester's Moral."

Yateley The schoolhouse had been pulled down, modest daisies and buttercups were springing where erst the gaudy Kaddermunster had flowered, but still there were the tree-girt meadows, the deeply rutted lanes and abounding hedgerows, the cress set rivulets where minnows darted, and a hazel copse where millions of primroses grew unmolested. This last was the spot where old Barnett had employed *me* to cut his switches, but where also were sounds and sights still pleasant to remember, for it was there that I used to hear the blackcap warble with sweet but inward melody,

And thro' the hazels th' ck, cpy
The hatching thristle's shining eye

I missed the gipsy encampment and the village pound, but there were the same old footpaths through the same old fields. With difficulty I identified two neighbouring patches of straw thatched and whitewashed cottages which lay nestled in little gardens with sweetbriar hedges, and there the frugal bee still improved her hour. While I was looking about me, upon whom should I come but Aaron Barlow himself, still a hale man, but ingloriously mute, and bent with toil. To my young eyes he had seemed oldish half a century before. I think I was a trifle interesting to him. How far more interesting was he to me!

It was curious how that sight of Yateley Common brought back in afternoon of little-boyhood. I had been moulding clay and making little bricks and after I had put them in the sun to dry I remember I read a chapter of 'Sandford and Merton'. The surrounding

landscape, the birds in the near orchard answering each other in their songs, the four Russian sailors in Spitzbergen, the row of little bricks, and my own feelings, all united and mixed, were vivid as if it had been yesterday.

We used to angle for little coarse fish at a neighbouring watermill. This sport was about the only pursuit that brought Mr Barnett and me pleasantly together. The rod he then brandished had no terrors. I remember the panting, pulsing of the machinery, the huge cobwebs made white with floating meal, the dripping wheel, the river banks, willow fringed, and the leap of the fish. Sometimes we heard the 'View halloo!' and fell in with Sir John Cope's hounds. Our pets were high shouldered hawks and lop-eared rabbits, pigeons, and that disappointing little animal, the guinea pig. Then there was the usual bird catching and bird nesting but I never could make up my mind to rob a bird's nest.

I recall the village shop, kept by one of the church wardens, where mops, cheese, gunpowder, ribbons, mouse-traps, and bullseyes were sold. How well do I remember the little thirteenth century church—white stone and stucco, and a wooden tower, the high sided square pew and faded red curtains and cushions, the damp-smelling books of devotion, the music,* consisting of one or two preposterous wind instruments—a concert divided against itself, but nothing could degrade the clear child voices. 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll not

* In Church hymns the holiest metaphors of the Hebrew psalms and the most insupportable dogmas of the Athanasian Creed are squeezed into the strictest metres of English rhythm, to make them go gaily to the ears as in 'Crown thy New'.

want' In the churebyard a sheep or two were nibblin among the ill kept graves; there were tombstones wit uncouthly cut 'Hic jacets' and prophetic 'Resurgams milestones on life's highway, slowly passing into gree obhteration, and therefore venerable, bard by was pool where the swift dragon fly glanced.

Since I left Yateley School the bell of that littl church has tolled for more than one generation : peasant worshippers who had gone on patiently toiling

Till the bell, which not in vain
Had summoned them to weekly prayer,
Called them, one by one, again
To the church, and left them there

I am sure Mr Barnett was an absurd man, and tha his ignorance was encyclopædic. Years afterwards, whe I may have been about eighteen, he came to see m father at Greenwich, and I was amazed to think th person before me, old and *gauche*, and with a pui pitatory grin, was that formidable savage who ha once exercised so terrible a sway. We talked of pa days, and as he was rather jocose, I ventured to say still felt the tingling of the hazel switches. The mise able creature pretended that he had no recollection : the circumstance. 'It is strange, my dear young frien but I have entirely forgotten it' 'Perhaps *you* ha forgotten it, sir, but then, as somebody else said, "ye were at the other end of the switch" '* I never behe him after that day. When he walked out of my father library he walked out of my life.

* Perhaps my child's imagination may have distorted some the facts stated in these last pages. Perhaps—but who cares?

From Mr Barnett's I was sent, on March 21, 1831, to Mr Elwell, of Clapham Common, not a stone's throw from the unloved Miss Griffin. Elwell was a kindly Calvinist, he wore a queer peruke, and in consequence was always called 'Old Rum Wig'. We were ill looked after, his wife seeming to think that salvation depended more upon predestination than soap. Dean Bradley my schoolfellow there, tells me that Elwell subsided into the Irvingite faith and bankruptcy, that he migrated somewhere and lived and died.

Elwell, like Miss Griffin, was the *protégé* of a Mrs Shore,* who also dwelt at Clapham and domineered. His school consisted of some fourteen or more boys, and among them was the Dean of Westminster, as I have just said, also George Grove (now Sir George, an authority in music), and two sons of Sir Andrew Agnew. It was at Elwell's that I began to care for athletic games. We played at prisoner's base † in the lean strip of a playground at the rear of the house. I was considered formidable in a football scrimmage against the wall, and there was cricket once a week on the Common.

It was there that I bought 'parliament,' 'tom trot,' and 'ginger pop' of an old warrior with one eye and a *drôle de nez*, whose barrow of 'goodies' was our basis of such supplies. I sometimes think my chronic indigestion may have come out of that barrow!

As time went on I showed a further aptitude for games, and consequently became a more self-respecting

* See p. 45

† A pastime referred to by Shakespeare. Spenser, Dekker

person, and began to get quit of, or at any rate to control, my morbid feelings

I had not been a year at Elwell's before my father and mother grew dissatisfied with my progress—as well they might be—and sent me (in 1832) to the Rev Mr Wight, vicar of Drearyboro', who advertised in 'The Record,' a Low Church newspaper I have rather a misty recollection of this period of my life. However, I well remember the deadly temperature of my bedroom—freezing and cheerless—the thin blankets, and scant white dimity hangings, the wintry sheets—

The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma.—

and the water that turned to ice in my jug. In those days there were no hot water cans. Hot water as a cosmetic rarely came my way. Talk of one's golden youth! At Wight's, as at Barnett's I was a wretched little boy—shivery and chilblainy.

At this point I cannot help observing how little my father and mother seem to have known of the people to whose care they confided me. Mr and Mrs Wight they never even saw, and small blame to them, for they had gone to Italy for my father's health. It is different now—at least my own experience makes me think so and feel strongly on the subject. Only the other day I was describing to a friend the sort of qualities I thought absolutely necessary in a tutor for her son, and she replied pretty much in the words of Madame de Staël 'Ma chère, si je trouve votre homme je l'épouse.'

Mr Wight was a simple and kindly little man. My only recollection of Mrs Wight is that she was remote

from beautiful, and not quite aware of the distance, and that she had a rat trap of a temper—at least, so said my fellow pupil. But now I think on it, she may have suffered from bad health, and therefore was to be pitied.

I found Drearyboro a very dull place—

A little sleepy lazy town
Beg it by damped mead and down

I knew no boys of my own age, and my sole recreation was gardening for which I had no vocation. I used to sow pumpkin seeds and almost immediately afterwards dig them up to see how they were getting on—and yet somehow they *did* get on.

Not very far from the house was a curiously shaped grass field, intersected by a stream and enclosed by high hedges and a little copse. It was called 'The Half acre.' This field stimulated the fancy. I think if I could see it now I should recognise that it had a mediæval look. I used to fancy that perhaps some day or other I might go there and find St. George still fighting the dragon.

My dissipation was an occasional clerical meeting where Biblical prophecy and the Apocalyptic number 666 were frantically discussed by a knot of what I now think must have been presumptuous jackasses, and in a way that then occasioned me cold, clammy terrors. I still suffer from their sinister predictions.

I did not carry away much classical accomplishment from Drearyboro, but it was there that I mastered certain pedigrees in Genesis and the names of the mountains and rivers. There also I made my first acquaintance with the cuts in 'Tom Hood's Comic

Annual,' they were then issued in sheets, and were indeed a revelation. I have always been true to this my early love.

There was only one other pupil. He was seven years older than myself, but I remember we both were desperately in love with the same lady—Miss Eleanor Orkney, a beautiful maiden, whose father lived in the town. I recall my high flown admiration and reverence for her, and the shock of first seeing my schoolfellow kiss her. I wrung my hands. I am wiser now. By Jupiter! she was lovely. But think kindly of the infatuated young man, my rival, for though he patiently endured any amount of ill treatment from that girl, she said he was a schoolboy—and so they parted. He afterwards came out as a Wrangler, and is now a dean. What has become of the young lady? If she is not dead, she is an old, old woman. The fuller recollection of these philanderings comes back to me as I write—*especially the kissing of Nell!*

I have said that as a child I suffered from religious tremors. It was about this time that I was more acutely persecuted by them. Thanks to early teaching and a constitutional melancholy, I was deeply impressed with a sense of my extreme wickedness and utterly lost condition, and as, alack! I have never done anything to justify a change of opinion, the impression has never left me, and I fear never will. The Biblical discussions at Wight's, founded on the works of 'blind' Frere, H. Rarles, Cooper ('Crisis'), &c., made my hair stand on end. It was the same, and yet different, with the creed and controversy of St. Athanasius, which once set

*Christians cutting each other's throats over a diphthong
I listened and trembled, but still I rejoiced in the
resonant rhetoric and lyric splendour The Christian
religion as usually taught is a cruel religion.*

*A moment's time, a narrow space,
Divides me from that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell*

Surely this is too bad of Dr Wesley I left Wights
on December 20, 1832

In the summer of 1888 I revisited Drearyboro, and, under the guidance of Mr Good, a leading tradesman in the town, paid a visit to the fine church, and afterwards to the homely vicarage, where, nearly sixty years before, I had lived as Mr Wight's pupil I bought a photograph (now at Newhaven Court) which shows the lattice of my little bedroom, and I peered in at the window of the sitting room, where I had conned my tasks. I also called on John Lanton, the church clerk, who had blacked the Vicar's boots for forty years, and as a boy had worked in his garden—now a neglected precinct, full of burdocks, rubbish, and broken bottles Dogs and fowls had established rights of way through the fences Lanton was six years my senior, kindly and pious He remembered me as a thin faced delicate looking boy, and he also well remembered my school fellow's flirtation, and told me its issue. Mr Good spoke most highly of Mr Wight, but he was less enthusiastic about Mrs. Wight He pointed out to me a curious and interesting epitaph on the Vicar's monumental tablet, which the worthy man had composed

deadly poor, for there were the remains of thick worsted bell ropes in his bed chamber, and grinning gossip whispered that when he hadn't any tobacco, he would cut off a piece of bell rope, put it into his pipe, and smoke it. His position was shrouded in mystery, he remained, high and dry, up at the schoolhouse during the holidays. The only circumstance that I know to the credit of the Bully was, that he bought some mustard and cress (with another boy's money), and the day before the school broke up sowed "Gums" in gigantic characters under Gums's bedroom window. He would not have ventured to do this if it had not been his last half at the school. Yes, the Bully was an arrant coward. And now I will tell you why I have wasted so much of your time upon him. Remember, dear children I am about to deal with a very serious subject, and I do so with all reverence. Pray remember this.

'There was a certain small apartment at the corner of the schoolroom which from time immemorial had been called the "Powdering Room," where the biggest boys washed their hands and brushed their hair. It was a darkish room, and one afternoon, when as a fag I chanced to be alone there, blacking boots, the Bully came up abruptly, and said, with a fright in his face "I say, you fellow, look here, I say I hope I haven't sinned against the Holy Ghost." This was all he said. He then grasped me by the arm—which had a Wellington boot on it—glared at me, and as I was taken aback, and did not instantly reply, gave me a vicious kick, which sent me flying.

'I afterwards found that there were a good many little boys to whom the poor wretch had, at some time or other, put the same question (and probably given the same kick), trying as it were to get comfort out of each. His name was ——'

It is remarkable how systems have changed as regards the treatment of boys. Burneys was not a cheap school while there I cost my father 100/ a year—a large sum of money fifty years ago—and yet we were ill looked after and poorly fed. There were no cubicles, some of us slept two in a bed. We had tea, or milk and water, and huge hunches of bread spread with butter, for breakfast for dinner, rice pudding and currant dumpling ('stuckjaw') on alternate days, served on an unsavoury smelling pewter platter, and before our meat, then our beef or mutton, served on the same plate as the pudding, and washed down with inferior 'swipes' in tin mugs all this inaugurated by a lengthy Latin thanksgiving that could hardly be described as a transient act of adoration. The food was coarse in quality, and the washing arrangements, to make the best of them, were unpleasant. The system of punishment was a mistaken one not much caning, and less flogging, but it was very often, 'Locker, copy out the Ten Commandments ten times, or, for a neglected lesson or word forgotten, to write out, perhaps during the best part of a summer afternoon, that particular word a thousand times. I was not a royal captive, but, like Arthur, I could have said, 'So I were out of prison, and kept sheep, I should be as merry as the day is long.'

clever at fives and fairly good at cricket, if I spelt abominably and could not construe a line of Latin? All their Oxford or Cambridge, Church or Bar aspirations and intentions, were abandoned. With some difficulty, and after considerable delay, on September 18, 1837, they obtained for me a high stool as junior clerk in a colonial broker's * counting house in Mincing Lane, where it seemed to be understood that I was, not speedily perhaps, but solidly and assuredly, to achieve my fortune. I did not receive pay, I was to 'learn the business' I had to go to the Custom House and docks, was initiated into the mystery of invoices, warrants, and bills of lading. It was part of my duty to attend 'rummage' sales. Armed with a catalogue, I made a pretence of valuing cotton, rice, turmeric, indigo, shellac, and cochineal, to say nothing of salt water, damaged sugars, &c.; but in reality I learnt next to nothing. The recollection of it all is disagreeable and humiliating, for I turned out as inefficient at commerce as at everything else; besides, it was there that I gradually developed an unpleasant turn for quizzing, *l'esprit moqueur*—in itself

* What trivial circumstances linger in the memory, to the exclusion of that which is important! It is nigh fifty years since I paid this worthy gentleman a visit, and the following is all that I remember of it. I played at billiards with his boys, and while so engaged we were summoned to family prayer. The youngest son and I, with great reluctance, obeyed the mandate, the game the while being continued by the elder ones. The solemn function was held in a room immediately adjoining, and while we were on our knees we heard the delightful click of the shining ivory balls. I recall that after a very rapid click, click, my little fellow worshipper turned, and whispered to me, eagerly but gravely: 'I think that was a cannon' *Basta!* this is poor rubbish to set down here.

fatal to success in life—together with certain would be-fine-gentlemen proclivities. I gave a good deal of my mind to the cut of my trousers. I was pensively sarcastic, but my wit was empty—a sneeze of the mind. I made fun of the clerks, and even of the kindly partners—and a duffer had no right to do that. Small wonder that my father was advised to remove me, which he did in December, 1838.

I have a lively recollection of Mincing Lane, for it was there that my real education began. It was a new world every fresh acquaintance an event and every incident a discovery. The clerks were like clerks in all offices there was the literary, and there was the sporting, there was the facetious and the ambitious, the clerk with a theatrical turn, and the unsatisfactory clerk. This last was a profligate dunce, a 'Trebonius,' who spelt sugar with two *g*'s, and about whom there was a mystery. He used to make excursions to 'the West End,' and to us City birds this stepping westward seemed to be a kind of heavenly destiny. He was understood to spend the bulk of his leisure in places where, I fear, impropriety met with but slight discouragement. In fact he enjoyed the reputation of having run a mop through every one of the Ten Commandments, which alone made him interesting. Lastly there was the industrious clerk, whose writing was 'copper plate.' He was curiously dexterous he could design and execute a 'spread-eagle' composed entirely of pen flourishes. He was specially interested in me because my name was *not* Cocker. The only clerk whom I can remember by name was Mr. Kindred, a valuable clerk. 'his head was an anthill of units and

tens,' and his ears were stopped with cotton not of the finest quality! Mr Kindred soon left us, for he had started a business for umbrellas. He owned the two large establishments dealing in those useful articles in Regent Street and Burlington Arcade, as you may still see by the trade legend over the windows. Mr Kindred was very kind to me, and in return I tormented him by practical joking. I remember filling his umbrella (his own, not a portion of his stock in trade) with foolscap torn quite small, arranged in such a way that, when he afterwards opened it in the street, the paper descended in a white shower over his, at that moment, uncalculating head. Mr Kindred had a thoroughly domestic bias, was uxorious withal. He made me the recipient of the most curious confidences. I can still call to mind his pale face, depressed and half-strangled manner, and rather superfine vocabulary.

Kindred is gone. He died quite lately, but, 'obedient to the Heavenly Will, his wife keeps on the business still.' Poor Mr Kindred! I wonder while you were yet alive, whether you ever thought of the F. L. of those days, an F. L. of whom I am ashamed.

From June 13th to 19th 1840 Ellen and I joined the Hon. W. Cust, a Commissioner of Customs, and his family, old friends, in a cruise, in the Custom House cutter 'Vigilant,'* to the coast of France and Belgium, where I was very sea sick. Between August 13 and October 14 of the same year, I made a tour, partly walking, in France, Switzerland, and Italy, with John

* In 1842 Thomas Carlyle made such a cruise, in the same craft, and possibly with a similar result.

Weare (a worthless fellow) into the country, drove him down to Elstree in his gig ('gigmanity'), and there murdered him under circumstances of great horror and peculiar atrocity. As he passed Tyburn Gate he bought a sack, in which he intended to put Weare after he had killed him. Weare cutting his jokes, sat comfortably on the sack as they drove. Thus, as we know, the object of the purchase was fulfilled.

I remember hearing Mr J W Croker give my father and his guests a detailed account of this murder, and he quoted a Catnach ballad which ran

They cut his throat from ear to ear
His brains they battered in
His name was Mr William Weare
And he lived in Lyons Inn

Years afterwards I heard that this was written by Croker. It is said that Croker wrote the review of 'Endymion' in the 'Quarterly'. I would rather have written the ballad.

Wondrous social and other changes will have taken place when my great-grandson writes *his* recollections. He will then tell you that the Archbishop of Canterbury may occasionally be seen in Piccadilly on the roof of an omnibus, that Devonshire House, kept by one Cavenish, has been converted into a dry goods store on the American plan—indeed, so completely will our fine old feudal system have been uprooted that a tramway will actually have taken possession of patrician Pall Mall and the classic ascent of St James's!

The change will soon be here, indeed, it is already

grinning fortress Mr Garter always walked to and from the office. If he chanced to be late, he explained that, for the sake of other pedestrians, he had been detained on his way kicking pieces of orange peel off the pavement and into the gutter.

The eccentric philanthropist did not make himself generally agreeable, but he was always kind to me. However, I fear I was not always grateful. During the last few weeks of my service with him nearly the whole of my clerical work was the copying out of a long, long statement of his official service and clerical grievances—his defence when his enemies should openly assail him. He would stay on at the office till eight at night, 'religiously toiling,' or, like Ajax in his tent, raging against those who were preparing to attack him. He was very eccentric.

Poor Mr Garter has been dead nigh half a century. I did not see him for the last two or three years of his life, but he had a friend who was at his bedside the day before he died. Stricken down with paralysis, the stern old man lay utterly helpless, unable to speak, or even to move, but conscious. There was an expression in his eyes as if he desired something. His friend pressed his hand, and then tears came into the old man's eyes—tears that he could not wipe away.

I and my fellow-clerks were ordinary fellows enough, and we recognised it. We were poor, some of us with a gloveless, an unbrushed poverty. Our messenger was a very tall, burly, and blustering fellow, called Joe Webb, who been butler to an Under Secretary of State, and who, naturally enough, despised us. We had no very exalted opinion of ourselves, *nous autres*, but he

During the time I was in Lord Haddington's office, where his patronage was arranged, the list of the Navy was very much overcrowded. There were mates rising forty years, nay, fifty, and lieutenants, poor fellows! who would never see sixty five again. Naturally these men were very much dissatisfied, and were constantly pleading for recognition, promotion, or employment, but as there were next to no vacancies, we could only give them a stereotyped reply. Indeed, many of them had grown so rusty that they were quite unfit for active service afloat. Among the most persevering, and I should think the rustiest, was a certain Lieutenant William Chesson. Regularly, once a week, this poor fellow wrote to Lord Haddington an official letter, which at last became an official joke. With Lord Haddington, as with all your true humorists, a small jest went a good long way. The dear old boy used to carefully refold these eloquent documents, and write 'Pressing,' or 'Immediate,' or both, on the outside, or 'This is important,' or 'Let me see Mr. Locker *at once* about this,' &c. On the strength of these notes, one day I wrote Lord Haddington a rhyming epistle, supposed to come from that ovoidized and irrepressible manner, which sent his Lordship into ecstasies. As far as I can remember it ran as follows —

TO THE EARL OF HADDINGTON, & T, &c

I humbly beg but once again, Right Honourable Lord,
To crave your grace, and place my case before you and the
Board
Your Lordship knows I've written prose, but here's a rhym-
ing fl,
And though it is a verse to you, don't be averse to it.

Your Lordship knows my griefs and woes—that I commenced the service

In Captain Noah's bark (the Ark)—I ended it with Jervis (St Vincent),

I've seen blood spilled and people killed, but none can dare to say
That Billy Chesson ever ran, or tried to run, away

Your answers to my humble prayers, my Lord, are always worded
Most cautiously They 'own receipt, and say 'you are recorded,
To be considered, borne in mind—with those already noted—
As vacancies occur, in course, by officers promoted'

Excuse my lay, I beg to say it is not to annoy meant,
But if, my Lord, you can't reward, please give me some employment.
I'll serve your Lordship whilst aboard ship with all my best endeavour,

And never more presume to bore your Lordship—no, not never

It is my fate to have a mate and thirteen little Chessons,
Their cost, my Lord, for bed and board my income daily lessens,
So look with pity on my ditty, or William Chesson may
Be often found, in duty bound, to ever humbly pray

Lord Haddington was a high bred gentleman of the old school, he was very courteous and kindly. He had been Canning's friend. He was an old man, and has been dead these many years—perhaps he is now forgotten

'But I'll remember thee, Glencarn,
And a' that thou hast done for me'

The fact of my having been appointed to Lord Haddington's private office, and afterwards selected to be deputy reader and precis writer, and without any serious catastrophe following, makes me suppose I must somehow have shown a slight departmental capacity, at any rate, I like to think so. I was many years in the Admiralty my service extended through the reign of

three successive chief clerks. It is not necessary to record their names, they were best known by their official sobriquets of 'Barabbas,' 'Judas,' and 'Ananias.' Chief clerks are usually detested by their juniors, especially graceless juniors, and, justly or not, each of these was execrated in turn. I doubt not but that they were thoroughly worthy men and valuable public servants, still, there was an impression not reasoned out, that their nicknames were altogether appropriate.

One of the seniors at the Admiralty, whom I will call Hogan, was a festive but stupid fellow. To borrow one of his own homely similes, he had no more care for poetry, or literature generally, than 'a cow has for a clean shirt,' and he had no ear for music, though any amount of length of that organ for his asinine indulgences. Hogan had known Tom Campbell, they had often met at a dining club—the Crown, called in ridicule the 'Five-shilling Club,' in Regent Street. He told me that Tom had a weak head, and would sometimes take too much wine, that on one occasion, after dinner, Campbell rose from his chair, and staggered towards the door, there were some providential pillars that supported the roof of the dining room, and, having reached these with difficulty, he clung to one of them desperately, fearing to go farther, and afraid to return—and that he remained there! 'And,' said I, who worshipped Campbell with all a young verseman's enthusiasm, 'what did *you* do?' 'Oh!' says Hogan, 'we left him where he was, but every now and again, you know, we would flick a walnut at him!' He also told me—and this was interesting—that Campbell, who

was a fastidious writer, once took a six mile walk to his printer (and six back again) to see a *comma* changed into a semicolon

The first Lord Lytton had never met Campbell—had always avoided him, understanding that he was tiresome, but one day, meeting him at the house of a friend, he found him extraordinarily humorous.

Tom rehearsed to him a highly dramatic, farcical, and outrageous dialogue, in which Tom's mortal enemy, Longman, the Potentate of Paternoster Row, was interviewed as to the copyright of the Sacred Writings, the end of it all was that Longman, though greedy for a bargain, made up his terrestrial mind to have nothing on earth to do with the work in question

Campbell, when he did himself justice, is known to have been an interesting converser—he rarely left you without having made some observation that was singularly suggestive, and which haunted the memory. Let us remember that it was Campbell who said—

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die

But the graceless Hogan kenned nothing of this, he was only able to tell me that Campbell was a feeble little fellow, that he spoke with a broad Scottish accent, that he wore a wig. Poor Campbell! Poor Hogan! Hogan knew even less about Campbell than Crabbe appeared to Moore to have known about Burke.

We knew Albert Smith. I remember dining with Dwaris, in Bolton Street, to meet Smith and the two Alfreds, d Orsay and Mandeville. We had wines of the

choicest *cru*, and a *plat* of which Dwarris was reasonably proud, and of which d Orsay approved. D Orsay (an Alcibiades of not really such very high life), as far as my recollection serves me, was quite simple and natural, and talked his broken English to 'Smeeth' and the rest of us very prettily. After dinner Albert Smith gave us that excellent legend, 'My Lord Tomnoddy', he sang it very well. Mandeville has a sort of wit—the *à propos* of the moment, he is a capital mimic. He used to personate the great Duke of Wellington, and talk like him, in spite of his stammer.

To realise its primitive condition, you must know that when I first joined the Admiralty it had no electric telegraph, there were only semaphores to the Ports—small structures built on an elevation, out of which sprang a mast with movable arms. These were clumsy and imperfect means of communication for at night and in misty weather they were useless. However, the semaphores are sweet in my memory, for do not they recall the worthy naval officer who directed their working?

Lieutenant Squib, R.N., was tall and thin, elderly and brush-headed, with a long nose, sparkling eyes, shaven face, and very bushy eyebrows, which projected like the antennæ of some insect. He always wore navy blue, and a tall hat with a staring nap. Lieutenant Squib had a joyous aspect and the temperament of a boon companion, indigent but content, with a halo on impecuniosity, the luck on which he ought to have been down (but was not) being the natural consequence of slender pay and a quiverful of bouncing daughters.

However, the Lieutenant's was no haggard existence, and he would enter your presence radiant, but with a certain sinuosity of manner—a turn and a twist*—and with the airiest of bows, it was a salutation of his own conception—at least, I never saw any other quite like it. He would enter, rubbing his cheerful hands together, perhaps to announce some regrettable disaster, domestic or other. I remember on one occasion it was to tell us of his having just had a desperate physical encounter with a malignant turncock, who had cut off his water supply—‘and on the very morning, too—now, isn't it a curious coincidence?—you know,’ when Mrs Squib was presenting him with another daughter—Number nine, or ten, or eleven. We always spoke of her as ‘The Fruitful Vine.’ Lieutenant Squib was delightful.

There were people destitute of imagination, and as ill conditioned as the turncock, who were indifferent to Lieutenant Squib. If he was a trifle vain, his vanity was a weakness, but it was an attractive weakness. He would don his regimentals on all possible occasions. He attended every Levee, and so many Drawing Rooms in succession, where he had no particular business, that at last his old messmate, William the Fourth, called out, ‘Hullo, Squib! What! you here again?’ This was one of the Lieutenant's interesting recollections.

Notwithstanding a disparity of years, Lieutenant Squib, R.N., was very friendly with some of the junior clerks, whom he treated with a jocose homage, and they, on their side, were affable and condescending, freely supplying him with pens and sealing wax, and

* Like a sentimental harlequin.

drawing him out. They set traps, into which the simple Lieutenant invariably walked. It was to their greedy ears that he confided the ins and outs of his domestic affairs—his triumphs, his chagrins, Mrs Squib's prowess, and the admiration that her offspring inspired in the circles which they glorified.

There had been a dance at Deptford Victualling Yard, where a certain Viscount Lochinvar of Glenscar and the Isles, or some such rolling title, a tipsy mate, R.N., a heavy fellow, had danced the whole night through with sprightly Julia Squib, waltzing her after supper 'in a way that was exceedingly painful to Mrs Squib. The flirtation went on for months, and we had interesting intelligence of it through all its stages. The noble admirer continued to be particular in his attentions, the lady surrendered her affections, the pair became engaged. It was fairy Titania and a certain Athenian weaver, more or less, over again, then suddenly he altogether disappeared, and when, at last, Lieutenant Squib, R.N., ran him to earth at the old Hummums—it was on a Sunday afternoon—he found him in bed in a dirty flannel jacket, tipsy, and quite insensible to the feelings natural to a nobleman. In spite of the grievous disappointment, Lieutenant Squib continued to the bitter end to roll off the titles of this disreputable person. Now you have had enough of poor Lieutenant Squib, R.N., so well here bid him a very kindly good bye.

Then there was Harry, our special messenger, who answered the bell, sealed the letters, perfumed the duns, and turned up in a white waistcoat and white tie when

has also taught me that to live comfortably with mankind one must not expect too much from them. Don Quixote loved Sancho, and Sancho was what is called devoted to his master, but still, when the knight was dying, the honest fellow ate and drank, and cherished his little carcase, and Don Quixote, if he could have known of it, would not have complained. I can understand the distraction that 'Melancholy' Burton got out of the ribald talk of the Oxford 'bargees,' I can also understand the pastime that the poet Cowper found in the simple chat and spiritual difficulties of gentle Mary of the Knitting Needles.

Whilst at the Admiralty I served under Lord Hadington Sir James Graham, and Sir Charles Wood, and I will here give a brief sketch of the duties I performed, they were not unimportant.

As deputy reader to the assembled Board I read the principal despatches, and often had to decipher the telegrams. During the Inkermann fight, and afterwards during the Sepoy mutiny, when all England was held in painful suspense, this was no small responsibility, for on occasions—Sundays, for instance—I was often alone, had to act on my own judgment, and communicate with any Cabinet Minister who chanced to be in London and to whom I could get access. On ordinary occasions it was my duty to reach the office by 8 15 A.M. Arrived there, I found in a chamber contiguous to the board room, on a large round table, the post of that morning, just come in. It was an immense heap, so large that I never
 fine tapestry hanging. They get their importance from their association

attacked it without feeling it was utterly impossible that on *that* morning I could ever get through it, but somehow the irksome *corvée* was accomplished in about two hours. I literally tore through it. I placed the letters in separate packets, to be conveyed to the different departments—the more important ones for individual members of the Board—and afterwards, as far as time allowed, I mastered these more important letters. I should add that, among many other duties, I kept a *folio* book, posted up to the hour, which showed the station of every ship in the navy. Then the Board assembled, and the letters were read and discussed. Some hours later my duties were usually concluded for the day—that was about 3 P.M. When I was not deputy reader to the Board I was their deputy precis writer. I made a short abstract of all the papers which came before them, so that any member could at once see what business had been transacted during his absence.

I was appointed to these duties by Sir James Graham, a very powerful administrator, with an Olympian look that none durst gainsay. He was a portent—at least an Admiralty portent. Sir Charles Wood was a very able public servant, and of the quickest apprehension.

In course of time I was promoted by seniority to the second class among the clerks, and from increased rank was obliged to return to a department. In my case it was to the Pension branch, where the work was regulated by precedent. Soon after this my health gave way, and I retired. However, I am anticipating.

The official part of *my* career was not a success. I

had few clerical triumphs—only one or two that I can call to mind, and when you hear how very pitiful they were, you will be the better able to appreciate what I have just been saying.

Scene The Admiralty board room, embellished with elaborate carvings by Grinling Gibbons. The portrait of Lord Nelson lackadaisically regarding us. The council is assembled. Picture to yourself Sir Charles Wood enthroned, surrounded by his satellites—'sea-dogs' with tightly spliced pigtails and wide 'slops'. Lyons is at Balclava, and Napier sharpening his cutlass in the Baltic. I am reading their despatches. Suddenly Sir Charles throws a leg over the arm of his chair, and turns to me in his quick way. 'Go to my room, Locker,' says he, 'and bring me the map of the Dardanelles, you'll find it on the round table.' I obey the command. The round table is covered with maps, but there is no chart of the Dardanelles, so I reluctantly return to say, with bated breath, that I cannot find it. 'Not find it?' exclaims Sir Charles with a 'humph'. 'It's there, if you'll only look, it is on the round table,' by the fireplace, in the corner, close to the door. Sir Charles was cruelly precise. Away I again went, and going, poor wretch that I was, I felt perfectly certain I should come back without the Dardanelles. And yet I went, I even lingered. On my return from this, my second unfruitful errand, Sir Charles jumps to his feet, hurries out of the room, and is back again before the first Sea Lord could pass the word, 'All hands to the fore's'l,' and in his fist is a *map of the Piræus!* which he shakes at me reproachfully, amid the (also reproachful) silence

of his 'old salts' of colleagues, in whose eyes glimmers a cold dismissal as they mentally misthead me. There the matter ended. No, it did not quite end there, for Admiral Sir David Milne, G.C.B., to whom I shall always feel grateful—but only a tempered gratitude—observed, *sotto voce*, to his neighbour, 'He'd asked for the Dardanelles!' Sir Charles did not hear this remark, or I am sure he would have done me full justice. No one had the temerity to tell him of his mistake.

People who know official life will comprehend what a snub this was to a sick, shy, sensitive young clerk on his promotion. I never wholly recovered from it. Though the pangs of the past are seldom more than a memory, even now, when I am languid and not feeling my best, the old despairing feeling comes back. Why was I born? Why was not I strangled at nurse? &c. If success in official life depends on comprehending it, I do not think anybody's career promised worse than mine did at that time. But enough of these empty lamentations.

You are thinking that what I have described was not altogether a triumph. I am coming to my triumphs presently, Sir Charles figures in one of them.

On a certain morning I found a slip of paper on my précis book on which Sir Charles had written these pregnant words 'Extracts very creditable to the clerk.' I showed the precious little scrap to Algernon West, who happened to be in the room when the book came back from the Board. At that time he was a very ambitious young fellow and he gazed at it with keen but not unkindly envy—nothing ignoble in it—

and exclaimed, 'I only wish he had said the same about me.' Now, West is really the most successful Civil Servant on the permanent staff of the service—at least, I know no one who is more so. Everybody is the son of his own works, and the resolution to get on rarely fails to be its own fulfilment.

My other success was connected with a quarrel between a captain-superintendent of one of the naval yards and his storekeeper. I was deputed to make a piece of the correspondence. There were ridiculous circumstances, and I got interested in it. I afterwards heard that one or two members of the Board were so much amused by my paper that they said it was as good as a play. I am not sure that they ever knew who drew it up.

VI MARRIAGE

Dr Johnson has asserted that ill health makes every man a scoundrel. In 1849 I was especially scoundrelly, suffering from acute nervous depression. However, it was only the *hæm. Dyspepsia*, that beldame who waits upon grief and anxiety, and had always more or less tormented me. She now took entire possession of my being. I writhed in her accursed embraces. I was in that worst of prisons, the dungeon of myself and all my desire was *libera me ab homine malo, a meipso*. Coleridge all his life suffered from severe internal discomfort, and took opium to allay it. When he died his body was examined, and nothing was found to account for these pains. The doctors attributed it to what is called

nervous sympathy. Perhaps mine is a similar case. I hope his people were kind to him about it.

So ill was I that on May 23 I got long leave of absence from the office, and fled to the Continent. At Paris, one of my letters of introduction was to Lady Charlotte Bruce at 29 Rue de Varennes a grand old mansion, *entre cour et jardin* in the Faubourg St. Germain. I had not seen Lady Charlotte very often before I became much struck with her virtues and many charms, her humility, her deep feeling, and her gift of repartee. I saw a great deal of her in Paris. She was my beneficent angel, and when she left for England I followed her in spirit. I corresponded with her, and this continued when I returned to London at the end of August. At that time she was in Scotland, and then in the North of England.

Early in March 1850 when Lady Charlotte came back to London, we took a walk together in Hyde Park. It was a short walk, but it was one of the happiest that I have ever taken, for it was then that I proposed to her, and, in spite of the warning of the Sage of Bolt Court and all I could say, she accepted me.

This is how it came about. We had seated ourselves on a bench, and neither spoke. I took her hand. 'This is the prettiest hand in all the world,' said I. 'I happen to know of one that's quite as pretty,' said she. Another silence. Perhaps I was incredulous, but when she put the other pretty hand into mine I knew that we both were very happy.

In the first days of May she returned to Paris. I followed her in June, and we were married on July 4.

Lord and Lady Gray of Gray, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, my kinsman, George Cayley, Dick Edwards, and others, were at my wedding. After the ceremony we drove to St German, Mr Thomas Erskine, of Linlithen, lending us his house. 'Dear Tom!' he was a most lovable person. But, alas! with a genius for goodness he had not a single redeeming vice, holy in all his ways, and with the aspect of one who sorrowed for his suffering fellow creatures, his simplest greeting was a benediction. I have had many delightful walks and talks with Mr Erskine. Yet his views were nebulous, like an angel, he spoke from a cloud, but also in a cloud. However, he did me good, and I am deeply grateful. He a little resembled his excellent friend, the Rev F D Maurice, in this much, that *Viriliter age expectans Dominum* was the law of both their lives. Mr Erskine was able to appreciate very different people, among others, Carlyle and Jowett, the Rev Norman Macleod, Lord Rutherford, and Sterling of Keir. Indeed, his was a piety that many were able to apprehend, though but few could attain unto. He lived in the hearts of his friends, and when he died his funeral was a real apotheosis.

We gave his body to the earth
And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long

From St German we went to Scotland. The wedding tour ended, we returned to London, and set up our transitory Penates in King Street, St James's, then in Albion Street, and then in Belgrave Street, but we soon bought the lease of 19 Chester Street.

We used to stay at Frogmore with the Duchess of Kent. She liked whist, she would play a card, and take a transitory nap, and we were quite happy to wait till she woke and picked up the trick, which she did with dignity and very deftly. She was very kind. She used to pity me for having to inhale the 'fogues' (fogs) of London. I have a grateful remembrance of this exalted and benevolent lady.

While at Frogmore I very occasionally saw the Queen's children, and Her Majesty once or twice. The Queen had a warm regard for Charlotte, rejoiced in her humour, honoured her by giving her her books, and commanded us to those select Courts which she decreed in the earlier years of her widowhood. I never felt much at my ease with Royalty, and I never shall, but I will tell you a funny little story of the Court. Sir George Cowper an excellent administrator but an elderly valitudinarian had charge of the Duchess of Kent's purse and the management and control of her household. One day little Prince Arthur questioned him. Sir George, are you the "Sir George" who killed the dragon?

We were bidden to Windsor. Lord Palmerston was there, and the Prince Consort told that striking anecdote of the sleeping Windsor sentry and St Paul's clock striking thirteen. This is all I can call to mind of that entertainment. I afterwards met Lord Palmerston at Lady William Russell's. He was not remarkably attractive—less so than Lord Granville, and, I should suppose than Lord Melbourne who I have always been told was especially so.

through this string of names? Before fifty years have passed some of them will convey no idea to any one. Even now most of them are *les disparus*. However, they made their little fizz in the generation that, they accompanied to oblivion. The people I should have best liked to know—namely, Balzac, Béranger, Musset, A. Dumas, G. Sand, and Heine—I did not even see. They were all, for some reason or other, *mises à l'écart*. Rachel Félix I saw several times on the stage in 'Phèdre' and 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' also in 'Camille,' that wonderful scene with the soldier. Can I ever forget her thrilling tones and fateful gaze? Then, what a debt do not I owe to Ravel ('Le Caporal et la Payse'), and even more to Grassot, and others!

I think it was in London that I first made the acquaintance of Mr and Mrs. Browning, at 13 Dorset Street, Portman Square. I afterwards met them in Paris. He used to come to the Rue de Lille to read John Keats's poetry to Lady Elgin. The good fellow never read his own. I knew but little of his wife, she died comparatively early. I never saw her in society, but at her own fireside she struck me as very pleasing and exceedingly sympathetic. Her physique was peculiar—curls like the pendent ears of a water-spaniel, and poor little hands—so thin that when she welcomed you she gave you something like the foot of a young bird; the Hand that made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes, and we forgot any physical shortcomings—they were entirely lost sight of in what I may call her incomparable sweet

impression—the *et ego in Arcadia rixi*—Changed as I hear Rome now is—the Papal Principality shrunk to Vatican and garden—I presume it still possesses its leaping fountains, its ruined temples and shattered porticos, the weird desolation of the Campagna, the scattered tombs, the stretch of Claudian aqueduct, the baths of Caracalla thick with ilex and myrtle, the Coliseum, and the Basilica of St. Peter. I recall the musical functions at the Gesu, the Masses of Pier Luigi da Palestrina, the Corso de Barberi, the startling pastime of 'morra the 'novena of the Pifferari, also the much garlic and little soap of the noisy Piazza Navona. Eleanor still has the blue majolica plate that I bought of Saturnino Innocenti, and which Mr Gladstone greatly admired. But, body of Itacchus! where are Padre Garrucci and his *serio* Beppo of the Spanish Steps, Nabucco, our cook (a sort of Leporello—fancy having a cook called Nebuchadnezzar!), and, above all, where is the needlewoman, Lucia Fedeli, Lucia *del biondo crin*? Rome is more agreeably to be remembered by its Campagna than its cookery, by its women than its wine.

For a portion of the time that I was in Rome I filled the high office of warden to the Episcopal church immediately outside the Porta del Popolo.

We made the acquaintance, in some instances the friendship of many people more or less pleasant and notable of Mariano Fortuny, Friedrich Overbeck, and T. R. Tilton, painters, also of John Gibson, Miss Hosmer, and W. W. Story, sculptors. Story's fair daughter is referred to in the last couplet of my

mediocre rhyme on Thackeray's admirable absurdity, 'The Rose and the Ring' 'And you see there's a nice little *Story*' Then there were J J Ampere and Franz 'Abbe' Liszt The 'Canonico' unhesitatingly told me that Mozart was the most extraordinary musical genius that the world had ever seen There was something magnetic in the Abbé Liszt, he was a *poseur*, but I think this was his real opinion We knew Rosa, the amiable antiquary, and Cardinal Antonelli and di Luca, also Don Michele, il Duca di Sermoneta, a man who combined the wit and 'Pyrrhonism' of Poggio Bracciolini with the moral force of an ancient Roman A geographical society had been started at Turin, and when asked to join, he replied in excellent English, 'No, I don't believe in geography' He was very grimly humorous He made me a design for a brooch, which Castellani carried out We were acquainted with Princess Corsini, Prince Massimo, Princess Rospigliosi, Prince Doria Pamphili We also knew Mrs. Gaskell (novelist), the Gladstones,* Cardwells, Clarendons, and others of mark who chanced to be in Rome

I made Landor's acquaintance at the Villa Gherardesca, Ilesole. He was well known in Florence as 'il vecchio con quel bel canino' (giallo), also for the eccentricity of his opinions and the turbulence of his behaviour He lived by himself, and solitude may have rendered him savage His little villa was poor and bare, but there was enough for the exigencies of con-

* Just then Mr Gladstone was enthusiastic about *Les Abbe's*, though he incurred upon it eloquently, his judgment was faulty

withstanding all this, I was fond of Kirkup, and often went to see him. He discoursed delightfully about Italy and art, of Landor, the poet, and Blake, the painter, of Lady Orford and Lady Catherine Fleming, madams whom he knew, and of others, Cleopatra and Mrs. Jordan, whom he would have liked to meet.

We used to stroll and talk in the Boboli gardens or on the terraces of San Miniato. We were good friends. When I left for England we corresponded fitfully, but I never returned to Florence, never saw Kirkup again, and now that city of enchantment knows him no more.*

Several of the English we had met in Italy were friends of Arthur Stanley, and on our return to London we renewed our acquaintance, and made new ones at the Deanery and elsewhere. Among them have been Tyndall, Owen, Charles Kingsley, Huxley, J. G. Lockhart, the poet Barnes, A. Kinglake, W. H. Brookfield, Ralph Osborne, Lord Acton, Spedding (the admirable Spedding, who drew all good and great men unto him, but to converse with whom, in consequence of his deliberate utterance, required an ampler leisure than even I, who am neither good nor great, found always practi-

* I liked Kirkup almost as much as, many years afterwards, I both loved and revered a very different man—the Reverend Dr. James Martineau. Many a time and oft have I walked through the forest from Pothuermurchas to the Folchar to sit at his feet and rejoice in his sane and elevating spirituality. But why should I mention these two men on the same page? Perhaps from perversity. I might as well have compared Northcote, the painter and converser, with poet priest Keble. I wish Kirkup could have known Dr. Martineau, whom it was a privilege to know and is a pleasure to remember.

cable), also Herbert Spencer, the Grotes, Hayward, the Leckys, M Arnold, J A Froude, Millais (who etched my portrait),* Fonblanque (a sickly looking Mephistopheles), and Dr Lushington. Dr Lushington lived to be nearly ninety years old. He told me that as a boy he had seen a man whose father was present at the execution of Charles I. I must not forget my good friends L. Oliphant, H. Aide, and Leslie Stephen. I have had pleasant talk with many of the eminent Englishmen and Englishwomen of my day. I never had speech with Disraeli, though I once received a letter and a message from him†. His novels possess originality rare and peculiar, but as novels they are not of a very high order, and, in spite of their exquisite qualities and a wit and irony—I say it advisedly—worthy of Voltaire, I question their having a prolonged vitality. His philosophy of life was of the shallowest, and it is curious that a man who seemed to believe in nothing particular should have been so piously believed in by his spouse and his party. But I knew nothing of Benjamin Disraeli, so you must not allow your estimate of him to be influenced by aught that I say here‡. I

* This was doing me high honour, for Millais, by his vigorous execution, is a worthy follower of Franz Hals. There are points where he almost surpasses the great Dutchman, but he wants charm, and I do not see in his faces that passing look, that exquisitely evanescent expression which appears about to change even as we gaze. This I have seen in Hals's portraits. I have seen it in Hogarth's.

† Disraeli's father and mine were cordially acquainted.

‡ When I was about eighteen, my sister Ellen and I paid a flying visit to Boulogne, travelling by, I think, the 'Harlequin' or 'Magnet' steamer, which started from below London Bridge, and

he has been to me in Victoria Street I liked him on both occasions, but from what I hear he could hardly have been a comfortable man to abide with. He collected Oriental china and *bric-a-brac*, and had a congregation of queer creatures—a raven, and marmots or wombats, &c.—all in the garden behind his house I believe he once kept a gorilla. He was much self absorbed. I never quite appreciated his pictures. 'Sister Helen' is his only poem that much impresses me, and it is not far from being repulsive. However, I suppose he draws inspirations from a world of his own. His pictures and his poems help each other. I like his poems least, but then I seldom see his pictures. I have a regard for his brother and his sister.

From what I say here it must not be supposed that I have not a high opinion, either as poet or painter, of this distinguished man, for he not only raised the quality of painting and changed its direction, but remarkable painters were content to learn from him. He brought us a new message in his poetry, but, with all his ornate ability and technical skill, for me it has little charm, and what is poetry—or painting either—without charm? I think he might have remembered Sidney's 'Look into thy heart, and write!' His 'I grudge Wordsworth every vote he gets' is significant.

Thanks to the friendship of that kind fellow, W—— A——, in 1865 I was elected a director of the Heart and Hand Insurance Company, that brotherhood which protects prudent people from the thrifless cruelty of Vulcan, and I am still on the direction. There are twelve of us, we meet every Tuesday at one o'clock.

The fee is three pounds, and if a director is not in the room—if the whole of his body is not in the room—when the clock strikes one, he loses his fee. You, my dear children, who have so profound a knowledge of human nature, may be quite sure that very few of the directors arrive after that hour. We are perhaps the most punctual twelve men in all England. Our zeal is remarkable. Is it because we are able to recognise that a good thing should never be neglected unless a better offers itself?

Our society is an ancient one—it was founded in the reign of Dutch William, and there is a tradition that Daniel Defoe was a member of the board. Dear little Wag if this be true of the ingenious author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' instead of meeting Tuesday, ought we not to meet Friday?

The board has a tacit understanding—an unwritten law of etiquette, that the subject of our fees should *never* be brought prominently forward. If ever there is a question on the subject, say, for instance, the increase of their amount—and that is anything but uninteresting—it is kept entirely in the background, it is merged in the general question—the welfare of the society. We are so sensitive on this point—at least, I am—and indeed on everything that regards our appointments, that I am sure it would be considered in the highest degree indecorous, not to say indelicate, in any director to chink the coin in taking his fee (3/) out of the little canvas bag of fees that always lies on the centre of the board room table. I have never chinked the sovereigns.

I ought to say that at the end of the year the fees of the absentee directors are divided among the entire body. One would therefore suppose that those who are least regular would be most popular, and doubtless they really are so, yet there is a formulated opinion kept up as to the great virtue of the directors who are the most regular attendants. As proof of this we used to have a certain old Mr G—— P——, who had attended fifty three Tuesdays in one particular twelvemonth. I do not know how he managed it. He was a very opulent person, and it was whispered, now and then when he got home at night he would lie down on his drawing room carpet and roll in his accumulated fees. He died years ago, but he is still spoken of in our board room as the most valuable and single-minded servant and friend that the society has ever had.

Our directors, as individuals, are exceedingly tough. Not long ago one of them, who must be between seventy and eighty, climbed upon his dining room table to investigate an escape of gas. He had the temerity to do so with a lighted candle—remember, he is one of the most experienced members of our Fire Board. You may imagine what followed. There was a terrific explosion, our esteemed director was blown across the chamber, through the doorway, and into the passage, where his head crashed into a glazed case of stuffed birds. This was on a Sunday evening and yet on the Tuesday morning following our exceedingly tough director made his appearance at the board looking as if nothing particular had occurred! Indeed, the concussion seemed somehow to have vivified our respected col-

league's mental constitution. It woke him up. He brought with him a claim for compensation for damages sustained, which, it is needless to say, was cheerfully recognised and promptly settled.

1893.—I am pleased to mention another matter, this time personal to myself. It is the unvarying consideration and kindness that I have met with from my co-directors, also from the staff, ever since I joined—that was twenty-eight years ago. Yes, for twenty-eight long years we directors for the time being (an elected twelve) have one day in every week, been transacting business at a large green baize table in the centre of a room where the portraits of many former directors still gaze down upon us.

I have seen so many changes since I first took my seat there, and so many men have come and gone, that I now begin to look at the portraits silent as they are, with a feeling that perhaps we, and not the pictures, are the shadows.

'You admire that picture,' said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a 'Last Supper' in the refectory of the convent. The figures are as large as life. 'I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years, and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many have come and gone in that time—that, when I look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at that table—silent as they are, I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows.' *

* Note to *Pogers's Italy*. A Funeral.

MY MOTHER IN LAW

I must go back to relate my lamentable misadventure with Lady Elgin. I will begin by saying that the ethics of oaths has always had an interest for me. I devoted a page to it in 'Patchwork' (1879), to which I venture to refer you.

Although I am no better than I should be, I have never been much of a swearer, indeed, malediction offends my sense of the propriety of things. Quite lately, however—I suppose from a natural irritability, aggravated by failing nerve power and a young, very volatile, and irrepressible family of needless noise makers—I have sworn more than my wont. I mostly do it under my breath. Now, I should be glad to know what this swearing means, and what responsibility it carries with it. Is cursing a mere protest against things as they are, as compared with things as they ought to be? Is it a foible? Is it a sign of a deteriorated moral condition? Is it a recognition?*

I hope that during all these years the spiritual part of my nature has not been quite starved. I want to go

* People of the present day do not know what mouth filling swearing means. We know how the British army in Flanders swore in my Uncle Toby's time and the sons of George III. all of them swore lustily—but I think the Duke of Cumberland was the only scion of royalty who habitually swore when conversing with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There was a good deal of execration when I was a boy.

Curiously enough in a bookcase at Frogmore there used to be a copy of Matthew Twogood's remarks on the 'Profane and Absurd Use of the Monosyllable Damn' (1746).

on growing. I should like to know whether this under one's breath Billingsgate is a good *sign* or a positively bad one. It may be a foible, but surely it implies a recognition. Perhaps, like a good many other things, it is not altogether one or the other.

Elizabeth Countess of Flyn was my mother-in-law. She was gifted, had many virtues, and a few oddities. She had a passion for cold air.

In 1850 not very long after my marriage, she honoured me with a visit at 19 Chester Street. You know that through all my life I have been more or less of a valetudinarian, a shivery animal. I have also been a person of gentle manners. Well, one unlucky winter afternoon on returning from the Admiralty I found my home desolate—cold, empty, and comfortless, the drawing room was nearly pitch-dark, and very cheerless, for the fire had been allowed to go out, and though the curtains were drawn, a window was wide open. All this depressed me, and constrained me to heave a wholly languid and only half audible malediction. I had an unlighted flat candlestick in my hand, and my first act was to drop out the candle. This produced another, a more audible imprecation. I rapped out a good round oath—an oath as round as possible. However having picked up and replaced the candle, I continued to grope my way to the writing table for a match, but in doing so I stumbled badly over an abominable footstool, and dropped candlestick, candle, and extinguisher, with a clatter on the carpet. This completely demoralised me. I broke into a storm of execration long deep, and prolonged, but not launched at any

thing in particular I again essayed to find the table, but, stretching forth my hand in the darkness, I laid it, not on the lucifers, but can you conceive it?—on the upturned face of my respected mother-in-law, who all this time had been lying prostrate on the sofa. I do not know if she had been asleep—that I shall never know—but I should think not, for she said, in the most wide-awake, mellifluous tones of her very pleasing voice, ‘Is that you, dear Mr Locker?’ This was all she said, she *never* said anything more. Heaven bless her!

POETRY—A CONFESSION

There are not so many moments in our lives when we live entirely in the present and contentedly. We have far too many unfulfilled longings, disappointment treads too closely upon the heels of joy. But I recall my first fine careless rapture when that kind fellow, Thackeray, as editor of the ‘Cornhill Magazine,’ sent me a proof of my verses ‘On a Human Skull.’ His daughters brought it to me. The flood of author’s ecstasy has never since risen in me to the high water mark of that moment. I also remember the first time I saw ‘London Lyrics,’ open at the title-page, in a conspicuous part of the window of a Piccadilly bookseller, but in that case it was a mixed feeling—the display was so painfully personal.

Adieu, ma Lyre, adieu, fillettes,
 Jadis mes douces amourettes

There is 'surpassing melody and an unapproachable distinction in 'Lycidas,' perhaps it is the finest poem in the language, but there is a something in parts of it that to my ignorance sounds like pedantry, and I could well have spared the censorious Pilot of the Galilean lake. I admire Dryden's genial power, his sonorous and splendid diction, his manliness, and what Johnson calls his 'unexpectedness' He is a glorious fellow. How delightful are his translations from Chaucer and Boccaccio! But in 'Alexander's Feast' he makes Alexander a great fool. Heaven pardon me! I do not care much for Spenser. I admire not a little of Gray, and a good deal of Pope. The felicity of Pope's language and the energy seem to be the outcome of a vivid imagination. Read his portraits of Addison and Buckingham, his compliments to Cornbury, Walpole, and Bolingbroke (great Dryden's friend before!) Read the 'Rape of the Lock.'

It is Wordsworth's meditative rapture, spiritual passion, sane imagination and serenity, his power of bringing the infinite into everyday life, that enthral me, but, for myself, all Wordsworth's best could be collected into a thin volume. I care little for his 'Ladania.'

It almost puts one out of conceit of the saving gift of *Imagination* that Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, who do not appear to have had a spark of it, should have written such magnificent poetry. However, I am indebted to Wordsworth for these four lines on his doomed charming hunter —

Hardly he'd 'till fearful 'twas a may gaze
 & saw his last of a bones in some cave,

Start at the prospect of that very thing (said, Ciceronian),
On which so oft he prattled when a boy

Alfred Tennyson has an exquisite grace, glorified by subtle harmonies. He is far more versatile than Wordsworth. He has a more varied diction. He can give poetic expression to playful as well as to philosophic thought, he also has an eye for Nature. and I admire what Petronius might have called his 'careful luck.' A consummate artist, he is splendidly equipped. My selections from Alfred would make a much thicker volume than Wordsworth's, but would it be more precious?

Burns is one of the Immortals. What a fortunate thing for us that he was not educated (let us say at Eton and Balliol). There are many of Burns's poems (humorous and pathetic) which are superb. I can say much the same of short passages of Byron, though he is not a writer to be judged by selections. I could make a thin volume of either Burns or Byron, but the personality of Byron, apart from his persuasive rhetoric, inspires me with anything but regard. The region in which he usually moves is alien to my sympathies. I rank Byron with the very greatest, but he does not reach the cloistered sanctuaries of my heart. I grudge him the position I am constrained to give him.

Several of Cowper's short poems are inimitable. He writes so very like a gentleman.

I have read 'Rosalind and Helen,' and I have read 'Sally in our Alley,' and I prefer 'Sally.' I would rather have created the headlong drollery of the 'Lay of St. Nicholas' than written the 'Bride of Abydos,' and I

would much rather have written 'The Solitary Reaper,' or

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more,

than all the four *

I immensely admire about eight or ten pages of Keats, the young Marcellus of our tongue. He instructs us by means of delight. He sees as scarcely any other poet ever saw, the kinship of truth and beauty, as a young lady once remarked of him to me, 'He is enchantingly sensuous.' I dare say Keats liked little Jessica for saying 'I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.' Keats was a boy when he died, but he had the 'divine particula auræ.'

I care less for Shelley, who, for a great poet, seems to me to want substance (if Keats had lived, perhaps we should now be thinking that he also wanted it), and not more for Coleridge or Arnold, though there are admirable pieces in all of them. I am very fond of Hood, who is strongest on his whimsical side.

I greatly admire Coleridge's 'Youth and Age,' Arnold's 'Dover Beach' and 'Urania,' and have not we Andrew Lang's 'St Andrews'? I like a few short pieces and passages of Mrs Browning, and several minute but perfect poems of William Barnes. Austin Dobson has written some admirable little poems.

Three or four of Moore's melodies and verses leave little to be desired, and I can take up, and read, and like, Southey's 'Ode on the Death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.'

* This is an ille comparison. I make it merely to show you how much I admire Dr. Barham at his best.

a larger thing indifferently so There used to be a meritorious tragic actor who made a large income by his profession, he could also dance his fingers on a table to remind one of Taghioni Where is that tragedian now? He is forgotten But not so his imitation, at least, not by any one who had once seen a performance so consummate We all know that Taghioni was at the very head of her profession, and yet, while poor Roscius was imitating her with his two fingers you were almost deceived into thinking you were admiring the *ballerina*, whose chasteness of sentiment entirely secured her from Sallust's reproach, '*Saltabat melius quam necesse est probæ*'

I greatly appreciate a few pages of Browning he has intellectual momentum and a subtle and spiritual energy, he is hopeful and makes others hope But Browning crushes me, as Shelley has too extravagant an imagination, and dwells in too rarefied an atmosphere, so is Browning too—— (I must leave it to you, my dear children, to here insert any words you think most appropriate and most kindly to Browning, even though it be at your father's expense)

Perhaps as a writer he makes an excessive demand on the intellectual vigour of his reader I hope this is the case, as if so, the fault is mine, not Browning's Poor poet! his hearth is desolate, so in age he still pursues that old, old coon, Society Can it be that the fairest of his lyric offspring are strangled in his white ties?

* Having said all this about poetry, and knowing, as I do, how difficult it is to write, and how easy it is not to write, and aspiring, as I do, to be something of a child

Yes, there is still a good deal of human nature in mankind, and the genius is much like other folk. But he has a peculiar organisation, and a bent that is irresistible, he is more dependent than the ordinary man on the incense that comforts his immortal part—he must have it, or he withers. Then, it is a misfortune for a poet that he should be compelled to capitalise his emotions, which often leaves the poor fellow with barely sufficient for even the conventional exigencies of everyday life. The poet is strong, but he is helpless, he may have a remarkable talent for expressing himself, and yet he may be vain and self-tormenting, he may have a delicate ear for metre and measure, and yet be irritable and capricious, he may even possess original thoughts and an extraordinary power of selecting and marshalling them, and yet be self-absorbed and very absurd.

On this small matter speak I may,
For, gifted less I'm weak as they

How admirably do our poets depict the virtues of domestic life—the heroic devotion of a husband to his wife, the self-denying solicitude of a father for his offspring! And yet, after all, with them it may be little more than affection in the abstract—not seldom the poet finds the absence of his adored one a positive boon.

The man of imagination enjoys the luxury of affection, but often as a fine art only, he shrinks from the sacrifices that go with the real thing. As I have said elsewhere, it is irksome for a poet to be always amiable to the same human being.

Read their biographies, and you will be struck by the manner in which many of our geniuses have put their comfortable trust in the ministering raven, have requited devotion with a perennial exaction, and sacrifice with a persistent dependence—neither of which cost them anything.

It is possibly an advantage for a genius, after his death, to have been disreputable. Think of Byron, Shelley, E. Poe, de Musset, even Goldsmith. There is, and always will be, an exceptional interest in them. Southey was far too reputable a man for curiosity to centre on him.

I believe that our best poets of this generation, the foolish fellows, have scrupulously paid their washing bills—they have washing bills—and have not paid too much attention to their neighbours' wives.

The poet is vastly imposing in his laurel crown, with his ringing garments about him, but be not surprised if, in the everyday concerns of life, when you get close to him, you find he is ordinary enough, and rarely so really agreeable as when encountered in homely cloth or a morocco jacket.

Genius, and the prestige that it brings with it, are impalpable essences, of little avail in our commonplace affairs. Put your poet into Parliament, or make him a peer, and he is mured—you will at once see the incongruity. But seek him out at odd times, and in his accustomed haunts, and 'he'll murmur to the running brooks a music sweeter than their own.'

To some up all, what right have you to be disappointed that the man of imagination, who produces

such beautiful verses, who has been so bountifully endowed on one side of his nature, should not be altogether superior? Rather be grateful for what he has done for you. Take my word for it that Sterne and Coleridge, and Campbell and Burns, were very seriously handicapped. It is curious that the very defects and foibles of some geniuses, like Steele, Goldsmith, Lamb and Edward Fitzgerald, endear them to us.

Nur Lumpen sind bescheiden I have met with not a few poets who were very delightful companions, but they were inferior poets. Poor fellows! let us hope that hereafter they may find a compensating Vale of Tempe of their own. Some day I will give you a list of poems for which I have a sneaking kindness, but which the literary world ignores.

BRIC-À-BRAC

There was a time in my life when I was much taken up with art. Thanks to my father, I had always more or less lived in its atmosphere, but the taste waxed really active within me after my first marriage, and this was only natural. Bees do love their hives, and birds their nests, so, by the same instinct of Nature, I hungered for the *Lares Urbani*. I wished to adorn our dwelling, and collecting became my amiable madness. I bought ancient furniture, Louis Seize gimcracks, china, and curiosities, also a few pieces of old silver—enough for decorative purposes—and I still have most of them. My tables smile with silver. The result was that my

apartment was thought interesting, the affinity between the man and his dwelling place was recognised. But its greatest attractions were the guests who from time to time found themselves under my roof. Nearly all were agreeable. There was no assumption, so there was no restraint, some talked, and the more silent took part in the conversation by their sympathy. It is a feat to talk agreeably, but it is a rarer merit to be attractively silent.

This curio-hunting brought me into communication with all sorts of people possessed with a kindred taste—the *cognatants*. I rank, of the British Museum, Robinson, of the Kensington Museum, & Castellani, of Rome, D'Azeglio, the Italian Minister Bahr, Felix Slade, John Malcolm, and William Mitchell (not a few of them old and valued friends), besides a host of others too numerous to mention. Among them, several of the de Rothschilds, Thiers, the Duc d'Aumale, Persigny, and other foreigners.

There are certain characteristics common to the whole of the collecting tribe—a tribe a good many of whom, I must own, are tolerably tiresome. They may be dullish fellows, but they are unmistakable. I think I could pick out your genuine collector from a crowd of any number of non-collecting beings.

Then there are collectors and collectors. I once met a divine who had a craze for the halters with which the more notorious malefactors had been hanged, and only a week ago another enthusiast showed me, with infinite glee, and as a great curiosity too—as something in fact, to be piously preserved—a copy

of the 'Times' newspaper of January 23, 1882, which contains a word that a malicious compositor had interpolated in a report of a speech, which some people might consider indelicate *Parvum parva decent* This was hardly decent, but it was a treasure

You see, some collectors are less ambitious—do not fly so high as others 'mais tous les goûts sont respectables'

Mr Matt Dawson, the trainer, has a small piece of a chestnut horse's skin framed and glazed, a portion of the hide of the once famous racer, Eclipse I think that may be considered a justifiable relic, it hangs underneath the picture which represents him to have been a heavily built animal—anything but a smasher

It is not a misfortune to be born with a feeling for association I seem nearer to Shakespeare when I have his volume of 'Sonnets' (edition 1609) open before me I am nearer to Titian when I have one of his masterly sketches in my hand This enjoyment is not given to everybody Tennyson would not give a dam (a very small Indian copper coin) for a letter in Acam's hand writing, except from curiosity to know in what characters Adam had expressed himself The influence of the associating principle is exemplified in the constant Penelope, when she shed tears over the bow of Ulysses

Believe me, there is exhilaration in collecting I would call it a perennial joy, if it were not so often pierced by despair

My friends were mad about it, however, I hope with some discrimination As regards myself, I had little money, but what with an abounding energy, chopping

any rate, Stars shook his head over my dish. However, just then he happened to know where to 'place it' He had a customer who wanted a reptile dish—'which isn't everybody's money, you know' Stars gave me in exchange a very ugly majolica tazza, lusted, signed in full by Maestro Giorgio, and with the magic date of 1623, which I afterwards resold for nearly forty pounds

You see I had a good deal of worry about my dish, and yet, after all, I sincerely believe that it was an inferior but genuine work of the famous potter I hope its present possessor is of the same mind So much for Bernard Palissy and Co

Art is a mighty mother, but at present we English people have little filial feeling We cover our walls with pictures that narrow the soul, instead of expanding it—'des platitudes bourgeoises des misères sans valeur et sans goût,' which make one despair for poor humanity The fact is we do not care for fine art, and not generally for fine literature.

As a nation we are richer than any, and yet our most important possessions are gradually leaving the country, whether it be in the shape of a Rubens a Botticelli, a choice Caxton, or a unique Shakespeare quarto They find a home in Paris, or Berlin, or Chicago

As I drive past the houses of palatial London I often think that, if their excellent and eminently practical occupants had really cared for rare and choice drawings, I should have secured none of mine Many and many a time, even with my slender purse, I have outbid, unwittingly outbid, the British Museum. The unfortunate Museum is helpless, the Government is selfish and

absorbed, the House of Commons is distracted, and the public are ignorant and indifferent

It has been said that music thrives only where the grape ripens, and that Britons judge of it by the eye, as they do of painting by the ear. Now, of all the windy gospels that are preached, none is more empty and tiresome than that which pretends to explain the cause of our apathy and to provide a remedy. A nation's taste must grow up gradually. You cannot build it up, you might as well try to build up a forest tree like the huge oak at Gunton —

Three centuries he grows and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays

We are a rude people, but just now house decoration attracts a great deal of attention, applied art has become a cult—it has its literature. Formerly any attempt to make an ordinary dwelling artistically pretty was thought eccentric, and therefore ridiculous, and was most uncommon. Now people ruin themselves to be fantastical. All houses should have their character stamped upon them by the people who inhabit them. This comes gradually, insensibly.

One of the most curious instances of a man stamping his individuality on his house was that of my old crony, Allardyce. He had been an athlete, and was vain of his thews and sinews, so while in Rome he commissioned McDonald to take his full length portrait in marble, colossal size, as Hercules, and therefore without a stitch of clothing, except a baby lion's skin fastened athwart his shoulders—a garment barely wider than the

garment of our first parents. However, to make up for this startling nudity, he was armed with a tremendous club. It was a striking portrait, for McDonald was excellent at a likeness. The first object that greeted the coy visitor on entering Allardyce's house was his lordship erect in the hall, in a decidedly threatening attitude, keeping watch and ward over the great-coats and umbrellas. A delicious *senex*, Allardyce was very eccentric. He had all sorts of likes and dislikes. He went to church, but his devout spirit was easily disturbed. He could not say his prayers satisfactorily in a gallery pew. At the hotel in Paris he did not approve of the way in which the firewood was cut, so he bought himself a hatchet. Then he hated baronets. He always knew when there was a baronet in the room.

As time went on, my passion for *bibels* grew cooler. Aiming higher, I gradually secured a few typical drawings by the great masters of the Renaissance, and three or four little oil pictures which have been appreciated at Burlington House, also two or three fine illuminations and some rare sixteenth-century engravings. But, as I have already said, collectors with long purses crowded into the market, up went the prices, my innocent pleasures and pious excitements came to an end, my chance was gone, and I was obliged to retire from the unequal conflict. However, it was necessary to do something, so I turned to old books—little volumes of poetry and the drama from about 1590 to 1610. I haunted the secondhand bookshops in many a by street of London, and studied the catalogues, giving out my heart in usury to such pastime. I was often unsuccess

ful, at other times my success was qualified, for I had to pay ruinous prices. But sometimes I have been lucky, and these shabby looking little fellows now form a limited but curiously rare and highly interesting library of imaginative literature—a dukedom large enough for poor me.

Old poetry has also risen in value. What I once could secure for five pounds now costs five-and-twenty. Moreover, such books are rarely to be met with, so I am abandoning this pursuit also, and, having nothing to fall back upon except a wife and children, if I live three or four years longer I shall print my catalogue,* perhaps preparatory to selling the collection, then will I gather my virtuous old cloak about me, and beat a final retreat from the auction room.

Mr Bedford, the famous bookbinder, was an old and valued acquaintance of mine, a rare friend to the book collecting race. A good deal of common sense (and uncommon sense) and uncommon kindness lay funded in his little carcase †

* It is now (1887) completed, but it is a failure as regards my original intention. I had hoped to make it a *catalogue raisonné*, and to give some amusing and curious information respecting many of the books—their vicissitudes, and how they came to me. This would have been interesting to my children and would not have offended the public, but health and its accompanying despondency was the obstacle. I began to revive when the work was almost through the press, but then it was too late. I do not like to look too curiously into this catalogue. I fear it may be full of small errors. All such books are

† My friend Mitchell has lately confided to me that Bedford, not long ago, said to him that I was ‘cuttingly cynical,’ that I ‘shrivelled him up’ with my ‘sarcastic remarks.’ This only shows how people may be misunderstood, for I was never in Bedford’s company without having a real desire to please him.

picked up, in the shape of a thin folio from the Pynson Press, the imprint 'Lond In vico vulgaceto Flete Streete, 1510'—a beautiful specimen It was quite perfect, and of curious rarity My man described how, after much manœuvring, he had secured the prize for the small sum of one sovereign, that a little while afterwards, happening to take down his Pynson, he perceived it was 'infected with worms—alive with them' This filled him with apprehension that they might defile his whole library, which, I should say in passing was composed of modern and very ordinary volumes—'Only books to read, sir, as the late Mr Lilly used incisively to put it 'But, said Horneck, with a cunning look, 'I took prompt and effectual measures to prevent *that* I buried the Pynson—I put him underground, sir Perhaps you don't know that garden mould is a remarkable punfier' 'What an excellent idea!' said I This new method of treating a valuable book interested me exceedingly 'And was it effectual?' 'Yes,' replied he, with increasing animation, 'I stopt all chance of the danger spreading' 'Well,' continued I, 'and how long did you keep him buried?' 'Oh, he's still there!' 'Still there!' exclaimed I, in amazement, 'and when do you mean to dig it up?' 'Dig it up?' said he, with rather a puzzled air 'I do not know that I shall ever dig it up! You remember, my dear,' turning with a complaisant air to his admiring wife, 'I buried it under the apple-tree, opposite your boudoir window,' then, with increasing animation, 'You know it was that spring when the Persian cat littened in my sermon box It's curious how time flies! It must be six or eight years

since I buried that Pynson' *Habent et sua fata libelli*,
as the Latin grammar has it

LADY CHARLOTTE LOCKER'S DEATH

It was after our last visit to Rome (1866-67) that Lady Charlotte's health began perceptibly to fail, but it was in the spring of 1872 that her decline grew more decided and our anxiety deepened. Her mode of life was straitened, she became a confirmed invalid, and, though she said very little to me, and less to others, I saw that she was preparing for the 'great change,' and with a serene mind.* The crisis came while we were in Victoria Street: she had a much more violent seizure, and died two days afterwards, on April 26, 1872. She was buried at Kensal Green.

I will say nothing here of her winning manners, her genial spirit, of her fresh and sparkling wit. She was not a worse woman for being a witty one. I never knew a sweeter temper or more dignity of character united to so much real humility. The garment of piety did not obscure the vesture of daily life, for she walked gaily among us, the unassuming servant of God. Her conversation was a human delight, her extreme loveliness a perpetual surprise.

There was an enlarged humanity about Charlotte.

* Cowper, the poet, said 'It is well for those who can stand on the mountain top of life, and, while gazing down with some thing akin to pleasure at the green valleys through which they have passed, can stretch their wings in joyful expectation of a flight into eternity.'

She never forgot those who had depended upon her, and all such instinctively felt she was their friend, as well as the friend of human nature. Hers was the memory of the heart

She saw things and she saw people as they really were, and yet to her nobody appeared base. She found large redeeming qualities in every one, for all who came within her influence could not but exhibit themselves under their most favourable aspects. She got much happiness through this appreciation of the good qualities of those immediately about her. She drew out the best that was in them, and then unconsciously formed an estimate which was nearly always a just one. There are not so very many monsters in the world: there is a fair proportion of good in most people. Some favoured beings are born with a sweetness which naturally impels people to love them, and that through no effort of their own.

*Glad hearts without reproach or blot
Who do God's work and know it not.*

Of such was my dear Charlotte

Her thoughts were for her fellow-creatures—for her suffering fellow-creatures. As I have said, she was the friend of the unfriended poor. This went on to the end of her beneficent life. Her last faltering words uttered only a few minutes before that seizure from which she never rallied, referred to her anxiety about a poor girl, Kate Gibbs, who was in a decline.

There is a memorial window to Lady Charlotte in Hallingbury Church. It is within sight of the pew

where she had so often offered up her prayers, and thanksgivings.

The following lines are on a monument erected in Dunfermline Abbey.

Her worth, her wit, her loving smile,
Were with me but a little while
She came, she went—yet, tho' that voice
Is hushed that made the heart rejoice,
And tho' the grave is dark and chill,
Her memory is fragrant still—
She stands on the Eternal Hill
Here pause, kind soul, whoe'er you be,
And weep for her, and pray for me

RE MARRIAGE

In the autumn of 1873 I renewed the slight acquaintance I had made the previous year with Sir Curtis and Lady Lampson, and it ended in my becoming engaged to Hannah Jane, their only daughter. We were married at Rowfant on July 6, 1874, by Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster. Amongst those present at the wedding were William Mitchell, my best man, my brother Arthur, Alfred Tennyson, Wilsford and Lady Anne Blunt, and Annie Thackeray.

I believe Janie's married life has not been an unhappy one. But this is small credit to me—it is mainly due to her absolute uprightness, her affectionate nature, and—long, long, may she retain them!—her never failing animal spirits. However, I am not going to praise the living

A young friend of mine has a favourite cat. It grew old, extremely old, but it retained its vivacity to the last. It ran after its own tail only ten minutes before it died. What an example to the whole human race! It has been observed that those whom the gods love die young, and there never was a truer saying, so I hope all of you will remember this tale of a cat, and 'preserve a lamb's young heart among the full grown flock.'

THE SHAKESPEARE FOLIO

I will tell you another story about a book.

The Shakespeare folio of 1623 is the most important volume in all Shakespearean literature, for besides being the first authorised edition, it contains *editiones principes* of no less than twenty plays. It is not really a scarce book—one or two copies come into the market every season. But in a perfect and fine state it is a very rare book, not above four or five really satisfactory copies having turned up since the beginning of the century, for it is almost invariably defective in the first two leaves, viz the title which has the portrait, and the leaf with Ben Jonson's verses. The rarest leaf of all is the verses, probably because it is nearly blank, and therefore has been less cared for. I know of one or two copies that have the title, more or less damaged, without the verses, I know of several which have neither, but I only know of one copy (of which more anon) which has the verses and no title. The page with the verses is, I repeat, the most difficult page to get

Some years ago I was offered a splendid example of this folio Shakespeare (1623), it was one of the tallest, largest, and cleanest copies in existence, but it lacked the verses. The owner guaranteed that if I would buy it he would before very long get me the missing leaf, and it was upon this assurance that I closed with him.

Since that time five or six copies have been sold. One was to all intents and purposes perfect, and ultimately fetched (I think) either 1,000*l* or 1,200*l*, others had no title and no verses. I heard of several which had neither, and one which had a rag of a title and no verses. But none had the verses without the title. A book so defective might, if it turned up at all, be got for 150*l*, or less, and this would have been my opportunity, for the possession of it would have enabled me to make my own copy perfect. One day—a day to be well remembered—I heard that a bucolic, Mr Zachary Dene, living in the West of England ‘an illiterate booby,’ had such a copy. Just then the possession of the Ben Jonson leaf was the absorbing ambition of my book-collecting soul, so this was indeed news, and at once set me scheming. I had no sort of acquaintance with Mr Dene, but after inquiry I found that the brother (a great man) of one of my friends was his neighbour, and knew him well. I immediately got my friend to write to his big brother, and it ended in the owner of the precious book very civilly proposing either to send it to London, or that I should run down and see it at his house. I should have much preferred the former course—very much preferred it—but I hardly liked the responsibility of having the book in my possession, so I

determined to go and see it. I own I was encouraged to take this trouble by hearing that Mr Dene was exceedingly needy—that half his farms were thrown on his hands, and that he did not know which way to turn in his extremity. This news was delightful.

When I left London it was a dark, chill morning, deluged by angry storm gusts and a threatening sky—

With low hanging clouds that drop themselves in rain
To shake their fleeces on the earth again,

much at my place. Like many another landowner, I am suffering from bad times, but I have taken the bull by the horns and sent away all my men servants—I've only two or three maids.' 'Dear me!' said I, 'I'm very, very sorry.' However—though it sounds brutal to say so—this was about the best news I had heard yet, and I began to think that the folio (1623) was as much mine as if it were safe in my portmanteau. I required this consolation, for it was raining hard. I was getting very cold indeed, and beginning to be exceedingly damp.

Mr Dunc then expressed a hope that I took an interest in heraldic archaeology, that for himself he did not care for novels—'story books, you know' (this was indirect, but it was his first allusion to Shakespeare), and when I mentioned the name of Walter Scott, he strained the privilege of country squires to be unlettered, for he had not read a line of him! Here was a good fellow! Of course I happened to be 'interested in heraldic archaeology—particularly so,' and if he had not been quite so dripping, I could have hugged him. At this point a gate barred our path, which I had to descend from the lofty gig to open, and from that time to the end of our drive, some two miles farther on, I had nothing but gates to open! I had to clamber up and down in the rain and mud to open gates—the mud was everywhere, sloppy meadows, watery expanses, a universe of slush. And these abominable gates followed each other in the most senseless manner, there was a gate about every three hundred yards or so. All this would have been

simply intolerable but for the certainty which I now felt as to the successful issue of my expedition

At last we arrived at his house. It was an interesting, a noble mansion, a good deal obscured by ivy, the nimble luxuriance of which had almost reached the tops of the tall chimneys. There was a spacious cortile, an arched cloister, and the ruins of a beautiful mediæval wall. This was tumbledown, like everything else, and no wonder, seeing that all the owner could do was to keep his roof weather tight. The rain had ceased, the sun was in the sky, and the breezy rooks were garrulous on the tall tree-tops. The door into the yard was open, but there was no one to greet us, so down he jumped, telling me to carry my portmanteau into the house, where I should 'find somebody,' while he looked after the 'trap.' In I went, and soon found myself in the presence of Mrs. Dene, a refined and amiable person with a French *tournure* and a pretty, appealing French accent, a certain timidity of manner, but an appreciation of the echoes from our outer world. We got on famously. If she had been young, beautiful, and bewitching, I could not have exerted myself more.

She told me *en l'écrit* everything about herself, her narrow joys, and her chilling sorrows. And after dinner, also *en l'écrit* for her husband, grimy Gibson told me that he was, based himself in getting wood up from the shed—I had the whole history of how she had been wooed, and why she had been won. I fancy it had been a question of single-blessedness or that it washed him on, and that harmony had carried the

day Poor soul! she had not had so sympathetic a listener for many a long day, perhaps not since the lovemaking time, even if then Her life, beyond the superintendence of certain domestic trivialities, must have been a very uneventful one.

Goethe says that women value order more than freedom I have observed that they resent neglect more than positive ill usage The only one of her husbands that the wife of Bath really cared for was the fifth, who, on her well thumped ribs, left tokens of his love in black and blue

We dined—a hospitable board The good fellow actually offered me Madeira from his cellar, but I would have none of it, and preferred his unsophisticated cowslip Our *pièce de résistance* was a pasty composed of some of the lately mentioned rooks and a juicy pudding They encouraged me to eat in the spirit, if not in the letter of

This judging a good this cowslip a bad thing
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in

The meal finished, we adjourned to the drawing room, an apartment telling a tale of vanished statchiness, and fairly comfortable, the rest of the house was a lengthy series of lumber rooms Bellerophon was entertained for several days by Prætus before the latter's ideas of hospitality permitted him to approach business anyhow; I toasted my toes at the fire, sipped my coffee, braced myself for the all important moment, and determined to make the plunge It had come—now or never! It was curious, as I got nearer to the

inevitable, and sanguine as I felt too, how nervous I became. My spirits had gradually fallen, like wind at sundown, but it was necessary to begin with something so I observed 'I think you must now show me your very interesting book—your Shakespeare.' The sound of the great enchanter's name, uttered for the first time inside these walls, seemed to my highly strung nerves to vibrate, and linger, and echo, and pass away into space with a strange significance. Mr Dene responded with alacrity, passed into the adjoining room, and speedily returned with the envied volume under his

which yours has I really think I ought to show my magnanimity—take out my title, and make you a handsome present of it!" He laughed with a brutal frankness. "Or perhaps," continued I waggishly, "you might cut out your verses and give them to me." Then, the ice being broken, I went on, and spoke gravely, earnestly. I said that his copy was fatally, almost irretrievably damaged, that he would never be able to get that most important leaf of all—the title—and that he had much better sell his verses, from a printer's point of view the least important leaf in the whole volume. But he interrupted me at once. He said that nothing would persuade him to injure his book. "Not," said I, rendered desperate—"not if I gave you an *exact facsimile* of that leaf and 80*l* into the bargain?" At this his wife nearly jumped out of her chair, out of her linsey woolsey gown, out of her skin! I saw at once I had an ally in his wife. "No," said he, slapping down his coffee cup on Hemming and Condell's dedication—his precious folio was open at that page—"I won't spoil my book for any one!" "Spoil your book? Why, you blockhead," shouted I, "your precious book is utterly spoiled already. It is cropped, it is incomplete, and can never be perfected unless you pay some 200*l* or 300*l* for the missing leaf!" This was the substance of what I said, but clothed in the most polished and courteous language.

Well, anyhow, at this point I was completely *au bout de mon latin*. I braced myself up, and it seemed to me that Mr Denham was up, and it seemed to me that Mr Denham was determined to be ignorant and obstinate idiot, and no wonder! It was never! It was the tenantless, and that he had to

cut and carry his firewood. However, with dulness and a sound digestion a man may endure much. I saw there was nothing more to be done—that I had better be off. But no! then—then began the misery. They insisted on my remaining two nights. I protested I had to yield, and to smile and talk, and to make myself agreeable. I had to listen to Crispinus's long winded histories of his antiquarian exploits. He had published an account of a certain dreadful ruin, which he exhibited to me, and with me went through its elevations and all its measurements. There was St Nynyan's from the east, and St Nynyan's from the west, and from the N N W and from the W by N, and from all the points of the compass. Then we had the crypt, and the clerestory, and the Lady Chapel. Then came the heraldry. 'Ah!' says Mrs Dene sportively, dropping her head a little on one side, 'if you are to be up the genealogical tree together, I shall beg to say good night.' The thing dragged on. I heard his voice—I smiled—my thoughts wandered—I was absent, but, alas! without being anywhere else.* I appeared cheerful, but I nearly died of it—and I had brought it all upon myself! At last—

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day—

I escaped to a penitential pillow

A martyrdom awaited me in the guise of a very bleak chamber, small and low, there was no fire in the grate, but in its stead a powerful down draught of icy air mingled with smoke, and through the ill joinery of

* 'Dieu me fait quelquefois la grâce d'être ne pas les écouter'

THE PHILOBIBLON

I have been for many years a member of the Philobiblon. It is a small and select breakfasting society, and it has an object. Half a dozen times during the London season we meet at each other's houses and admire each other's illuminated books and ancient manuscripts. On these occasions I have seen and handled the most priceless volumes, bindings glowing with the arms of Mazann or the cypher of Mary Queen of Scots, or the skilled needles of those apparently overworked virgins, the nuns of Little Gidding—books so rare that the individual copy was almost the species. The mere remembrance of such treasures must have a benign influence on the soul of the true book lover, indeed, it can emolliently affect the nervous system of people who have no real sensibility. However, I may remark that it is a mistake to suppose that your book collector is much of a reader. Your true bibliophile rarely reads anything—he contemplates, he examines bindings, criticises illustrations, and scrutinises title-pages or pagination. He does not read, but still, when he shall have passed away into bookless ether, at least let the lingering scholar drop a flower, or flyleaf, on the turf where his once book-collecting body is laid.

These books and manuscripts are the ostensible interest of our meetings, but there is another and a more pressing, a far deeper interest, of which I will speak to you presently.

The Prince Consort was our patron, and he was

succeeded by the Duc d'Aumale, who, while he lived in England, entertained the Society most royally, and with a captivating *bonhomie*. Among our thirty five members are, or were, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Albany, Robert Curzon the Dukes of Hamilton and Newcastle, Richard Ford, Evelyn Shirley, Deans Stanley and Milman, Stirling Maxwell, H Hucks Gibbs, Silvain Van de Weyer (and his widow after him),* Bishop Wilberforce, 'Big Huggins, Lords Ellesmere, Acton, Dufferin, Salisbury, and Houghton, Henry Ruffe, and Haldebrand Buggins

The last is the widely known vinegar merchant and virtuoso, and he would thereby be well qualified for membership but for his bearing and conversation, which are noisy and arrogant—so much so that the man and his manners have become almost ridiculous

I do not think I ever remember a Philobiblon break fast at which Mr Buggins did not very much assist. He is now exceedingly old, but he has yet to learn that an occasional absence has a charm

During the first year of my membership we happened to be breakfasting, I think, with Lord Powis. I was seated between Messrs. Ruffe and Buggins, and I com

* Van de Weyer was much regarded by the Society, and with reason, so when he died his wife was elected in his place. Her name appears in vol. xiv among the list of members. Vicomte de Tharon, of the Affaires Etrangères told me that in the French war with England a French commanding officer had blown up his ship (and himself) to prevent its being taken, and that his Government had recognised his heroism by entering his sister's (his only surviving relative) name in the place in the French Navy List which his name had occupied, where it remained till her death.

plained to the former of the way in which the guests were packed 'Seven or eight lords huddled together, and we two or three ignoble ones' (ignoble because untitled) 'left out in the cold' 'Oh!' says Ruffe, in a grave and nervous whisper, 'that's not it—that isn't it Haven't you observed as we walked in to break fast how everybody tries to get away from that brute Buggins?—that's how it is that we get "packed," as you facetiously put it I assure you there is no sort of notion of exclusiveness, *altre!*'

Ruffe may have been right, but, as a new member, this extreme unpopularity of Mr Buggins had not come entirely home to me, for we are much too polite a society to even hint at such a thing However, certainly on reflection I called to mind and it sank pretty deep into my soul, that hitherto, for the few times that I had breakfasted, somehow or other I had always been seated in Mr Buggins's pocket!

Since that morning in Berkeley Square I have greatly hardened my heart, have frantically struggled, and have generally succeeded in escaping from Mr Buggins It requires alertness, added to considerable presence of mind, to do this decently and decisively However, it is practicable, for providentially we have two much valued members, both of distinguished rank, one of whom is exceedingly inert, while the other is as meek as he is long suffering, and I observe that the unconscious Mr Buggins almost invariably sits by one or other I can assure you that the fifteen seconds of time during which we are passing from the library to the dining room is an ordeal When the company is

assembled and seated, the first thing that everybody does is to glance round the table furtively, to find out which of the party have fallen a prey to Mr Buggins

Now you know the supreme interest of our breakfasts the might and main, the hammer and tongs struggle to escape from Mr Buggins

Perhaps Ruffe expressed himself intemperately when he called Buggins 'a brute,' but, poor fellow! he had suffered. He is large and unwieldy, added to that, he has terrific attacks of gout, and after one of these he is completely at the mercy of this uncouth person. He does his best to escape. He hobbles—for his heart is good, could he go faster than he could?—he hobbles, but sometimes he is headed whereas I can slip through and away like a lizard.

Hildebrand Buggins is an extraordinary animal, *seul de son espèce*. He is entirely destitute of social tact, he curiously combines the foibles of youth with the frailties of age, he hawls, he brags, he domineers, he grossly exaggerates about his biddings, his pictures, his china—the prices he has paid for them—and his exploits generally. His flights of fancy are not calculated mendacity—they are merely a mental mirage.

Mr Buggins's philobiblical ego is enormously developed.

The Duc d'Aumale, for instance, will be unaffectedly exhibiting a copy of that very rare volume, Frans Rabelais's '*Plaisante et joyeuse Histoyre du grand geant Gargantua*,' on vellum, bound by Antoine Padeloup, perhaps with the arms of Renault César Louis de Chorseul, duc de Prashin, in gold, on the side, which he

has just had the astounding good fortune to secure in Paris, or The Hague, or on a bookstall in Pekin Well, above the gentle *susurrus* of polite conversation you hear Mr Buggins's detestable *staccato*, 'Yes, sir, I've two copies of that book, and mine are taller and finer. One of them is with the cancelled leaves, which apparently your Royal Highness's don't possess,' &c. The Duke is not the least annoyed, and talks of 'ce cher Buggins,' but his Royal Highness does not sit next to him at breakfast.

If I were asked whether Buggins was always disagreeable, I should say he is always as disagreeable as the special circumstances admit of. You see, he would go out of his way (if he had any such to go out of) to be unpleasant. Perhaps there are people in the world more annoying than Mr Buggins, who more need our prayers, but they are not Philobibbons.

Is it fair to gibbet anybody as a social scarecrow? Is it kindly to be merciless to the absurd? Certainly not. And now, my children, I tremble, for is it not well known that a man never betrays his own character more completely than when he laughs at that of somebody else? However, I hope I hardly ever laugh at any one unless I like them—just a little.

My dear children, let me whisper in your ears: make up your minds that there is no such person as Mr Hildebrand Buggins.

MR. DOO

'On the 15th instant, at his residence in Eaton Square, deeply regretted by all who knew him, John Doo, Esq., F.S.A., F.G.S., F.R.G.S., J.P., in the 80th year of his age. Friends are requested, &c

A propos of this announcement, I must tell you another long story of a little book, a volume of extraordinary rarity, and of which at one time I greatly coveted the possession. It had the scarce title page without the date, there is only one other copy known with this peculiarity, and that copy is locked up at Sion College.

This little book is curiously connected in my mind with the above named Mr. Doo, a consequential old gentleman whom I used frequently to meet at the club. I fancy I see him. He would stand before the fire with a pinch of snuff between his finger and thumb, his coat tails and the 'Art Journal' in the other hand. He had a slow, a deliberate cough, a pug nose, and long hairy ears—ears as long and as hairy as the ears of a jackass—which he was. He had eyes with scarlet rims, and a prodigious quantity of white whiskers, but there was nothing venerable about Mr. Doo.* To look at him, it seemed impossible that he could ever have been dandled in a fond mother's embraces, but people do change considerably. Mr. Doo was a patron of the fine arts, a person whose conversation was pompous and empty—in fact, so extremely tiresome that his fellow creatures, myself included, gave him the widest possible

* I extracted from *Patchwork*

berth He had once beguiled me into seeing his collection in Eaton Square, and had often pressed me to go there again, or as he phrased it, to 'overhaul his portfolios'

One day, while he was holding forth on art revival and the decay of literature, and I was meditating how it would be possible to give him the slip, he mentioned the title of the rare little book at Sion College. I instantly pricked up my ears. But when he casually let drop that he possessed a copy of it and without the date on the title, I was indeed surprised, and at once became interested in everything concerning him—his collection, his conversation, and even his cough! I am ashamed, too, to confess it, but from that moment I was a deal more attentive to him than I had hitherto been. I sought him out and listened respectfully while he expatiated on what was exploded, enlarged on what was trivial, and bragged of his influence in the art world. I stultified myself by defending him behind his back. After this, when we met, our talk somehow always got round to the rare little book.

One day—it was a memorable day for me—Mr Doo cleared his throat, and said, in his usual humdrum tones 'I have been thinking about that shabby little book of mine. It is tossing about somewhere in my town house, I begin to think it's quite wrong for me to keep the little fellow all to myself—it's much more in your way now' and then he paid me one or two rancid compliments about my 'Lynxes' which I should be ashamed to detail here, and which I am more ashamed to have half swallowed than

I ought to have suspected that Mr Doo was acting a

long, long history about each, and all to his own glorification. At first I listened with interest, and then with politeness and patience, but, as has been well remarked, tediousness has a peculiar power of propagating itself, and I began to be very stupid, for there was no end to the stories and no mention of the precious little book. It was then that, to my horror, he brought out his 'folios.' These were a caution to snakes!—heaps and heaps of seventeenth-century prints, worn-out impressions after Goltzius and the schools of M. Angelo and Rubens—the sort of rubbish one used to see exposed for sale in an old umbrella in the New Cut. I feigned as deep an interest as I could, but my nerves were fast giving way under the strain. I was very weary. I began to suffer from a queer sensation, as if I were being nibbled to death by ducks—in other words, I had an acute attack of the fidgets and should have liked to kick Doo's shins under the table. Twelve o'clock had struck—one o'clock had struck, I wished old Doo at the deuce, and began to perceive an ominous something in his manner that made me suspect he was beginning to have much the same sort of feeling about myself. It was getting on for two o'clock, I was bored through and through, and, as we turned over the last Goltzius, I yawned cavernously in his face, and murmured something about its being 'time to go,' and of 'an appointment at the Zoological Gardens.' I thanked him, I spoke with effusion of his 'extreme kindness,' I begged he would excuse me. 'I must be off—due at the Monkey House at two o'clock.' Not a word about my precious little volume! 'But you have

not yet seen my folio of *I verdinogens*. 'Great creator, Everdingen, *ma's cum I stone errare*—eh?' said Doo. 'Oh, hang your *I verdinogens*!' I mentally ejaculated. 'Where's my book?' Not a word was uttered about it. I again said, 'I fear I must go and for the twentieth time I glanced at all the corners of all the tables. I did it, and yet I knew it was quite useless. And old Doo saw me doing it. In vain I sought it for it was not there. We shook hands. I moved to go—I went but as I grasped the handle of the door I turned round and, with a cadaverous smile a smile so sickly that the hand of death was upon it, I said "By the bye, Mr Doo (sprightlyly, just as if it was occurring to me for the first time), I haven't seen that little book of yours." "Oh"—oh says Doo in his exasperatingly deliberate way—"the book eh? Yes I've been considering about that little fellow. He's a gem and really—I don't know—but the fact is, you see I've been thinking I ought to consult my relatives (mind, he was not far from eighty years of age) 'before I proceed further in that matter. Good morning'.

I never felt in such a rage in my life. I nearly bawled out, 'You and your relations may go to glory, sir, for aught I care and be blest to you!' I was furious—I had been so completely bamboozled and made such a fool of. But I stifled my wrath, I kept silence, though it was a pain and grief to me, got out of the room and out of the house as quickly as I could and banged the door behind me.

I banged the door with such a slam
It sounded like a wooden d——n *

All this occurred three years ago, and even now I am in doubt as to the exact object of that miserable old man; but I am inclined to think that from beginning to end it was an artfully devised plot to humiliate me, a scheme carried out with deliberate malice and consummate cunning. I doubt if he ever had the book at all. However, I shall go to the sale of his library.

The whole affair, like unto Gil Blas's legacy, is only another instance of the deplorable uncertainty of human hopes and expectations.

Unfortunate old man! I do not say that he was a humbug and a traitor, but he had that order of mind that inclines its possessor to villainous courses. I suppose he could not help it †

THE BARBARIANS

I have paid many a pleasant visit in my day, some to smart people in smart houses, one or two to Lord and Lady Tadcaster at Babram, formerly Babritham, near Bosworth, the land of Robert Burton and George Eliot, but Burton and George Eliot are prophet and

* Poor Sgararelle and his 'Ah mes gages! mes gages! tout le monde est content, il n'y a que moi seul de malheureux.' My book! my book! my book!

† This sketch appeared in *Patchwork*. That work was issued to the public on a Wednesday, and, curiously enough, old Deo died on the Friday following. My friends pretend that he read it and instantly took to his bed.

prophetess about whom Babram does not mightily concern itself. I have been to them at The Hut

The Tadcasters are addicted to the turf, and their surroundings somewhat, and not unpleasantly, savour of that fancy. I made their acquaintance at Doncaster. Lady Tadcaster was a Blois, and I venture to assert that she is still divinely beautiful. 'Sensuellement, c'est une chose surprenante que sa beauté.' She is connected with the Cavendishes, Cecils, &c.

Babram Hall is stately and imposing, and the demesne is perfection. We know that God Almighty planted the first garden, those of Babram were laid out by a Reverend Sir Hilary Jinks—brilliant parterres, somewhat in the Dutch style, and enchanting lawns. Lady Tadcaster has a passion for her flowers—a passion that Lenôtre would have respected—and the flowers requite her affection. The park is very fine. There is a scarcity of water that would satisfy even a Dutchman.

These, however, were not my principal attractions to Babram. My attractions were Lady Tadcaster herself and the interesting library. You see, I unhesitatingly place the fair Lady first.

Among many important and desirable volumes—quaint Bibles, patristic folios, choice old county histories, and solemn jest books—are one or two of Shakespeare's quartos of extraordinary rarity, *inestimable* (can you conceive it?)—they have the four Shakespeare folios, the 'Sonnets' (1609), 'Romeo and Juliet' (1597), 'Richard II' (1598), 'Richard III' (1597), 'Midsummer Night's Dream' (Fisher, 1600), and the 'Hamlet' of 1604—to say nothing of Anthony Man

day's 'Banquet of Daintie Conceits' (1558) and Edmund Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' first edition

Now, in cold blood, I ask myself why, in the name of all that's wonderful, have I not appropriated a few of these little old books? Why? oh, why? They would never have been missed, and there would have been some *chique* in adding the 'Hamlet' of 1604 to one's starved little treasure house at home—that is to say, if it had been stolen!

In those days we used to sit a good deal in the library, where the beautiful old bindings are in perfect harmony with all that female taste and refinement can devise for the adornment of such a room. However, during the talk, which now and again indicated a slackening of mental activity (there are such *lacunæ* in the most refined circles), 'poor old Bibliophile' could not help sometimes saying to himself (the gay and frivolous scene before him glittering, as it were, through the passing grimness of the thought), 'By Jupiter' and all this time there are those disregarded quartos within a few yards of all *our* heads!

You now know why I specially speak of Babram. Yes, it is those priceless books—and a pair of beautiful blue eyes. I would call them eyes of *watchet* hue if I were quite sure what 'watchet' means. Would that we had a Latour or a Cosway to do justice to the eyes!

The power that she has o'er me lies,
Not in her BOOKS, but in her eyes

As a child of the epoch, Lady Tadcaster is graciously exclusive and captivatingly matter of fact, her style is

so excellent that it seems something very like impertinence to praise her

Did I write the following lines in her visitors' book?
If so, it must have been a long, long time ago

A WORD THAT MAKES US LINGER

Fare hostess mine who raised the latch
And welcomed me beneath your thutch,
Who makes me here forget the pain
And all the pleasures of Cockaigne
Now, pen in hand and pierced with woe
I'll write one word before I go—
A word that dies upon my lips
While thus you kiss your finger tips.
When 'Black-eyed Sue' was rowed to land
That word she cried, and waved her hand—
Her lily hand!

It seems absurd
But I *can* write that dreadful word

There is a good deal that is exhilarating in the society of the 'Barbarian.' I could be eloquent about it. The men are so manly, the women so womanly and both are so good looking, so plucky, and so natural—they are nearly always that. They cultivate what John Dryden calls 'the sweet civilities of life, which make life so smooth and which, like grace and beauty, beget love at first sight.' It is these that open the door and let the stranger in.

of one, or, it may be, even two generations of an assured position. I must not be thought ungrateful if I now confess that unadulterated barbarism has its drawbacks and (I brace my resolution to say so) its drearier side.

The truth is that there is more than the probability of the Barbarians missing nearly everything that is finest in literature and art, and possibly in life itself. This is a discredit, seeing that they have abundance of capabilities and opportunities, and, if they would but determine it, a luxury of leisure.

With tastes and instincts that are excellent, they do themselves scant justice, for they give themselves no time for that which is the outcome of simple living—and of that only. Not that they are indolent, on the contrary, there is a self reliance, an energy about them that is remarkable. They dress, and dance, and shoot, and ride, and please themselves, they are passionately fond of pleasure, new frocks, love letters, and many other good things gush forth at their feet in increasing streams. And no wonder they indulge. They are often inconsequent and capricious, but not specially selfish or insincere, but in everyday life they are apt to be governed by the humour of the moment, and to be influenced by the chance sympathy of any one who

they would part, heroically part, with their diamond shoe-buckles, and take cheerfully to primitive shoe-ties

I suppose they think that they discharge their duty to their fellow-creatures by simply existing that intellectual pursuits are no special concern of theirs, that such properly belong to the working classes — Darwin, G Stephenson, C Dickens, Iaraday, Wordsworth, Hallam, &c — for the working classes to cultivate, and for them to enjoy

It is thus they spend their careless hours Time flies, my pretty one! These precious hours are very sweet to thee, make the most of them Now, even now, as thou twinest that brown curl on thy finger—see! it grows grey

Dear children, our life is a shadow dance. I say this and yet my common sense keeps telling me that while we are here we should be content to do our best for ourselves as well as for our fellow-creatures to do our duty without worrying about the great hereafter But as I get older the magnitude of the unknown oppresses me, overpowers me, and this, perhaps, may account for the rather fleeting view I take of life, and may have unduly influenced these remarks How should I feel, and what should I do, if I were young again young and active and buoyant as those about me?

All as the seems at work
The bees are stirring birds are on the wing
And I the while the sole employ th'ng
Not honey make nor pair, nor build, nor sing

SOCIETY

Dear children, I told you in a former chapter how much pleasure I found in the company of the Barbarian, but writing as I now do, far away in the Royal forest woods I venture to hint that the sort of existence these attractive savages make for themselves is not altogether satisfying. One values the privilege of *entrée*, but it must be indulged in with moderation, for they lose it that do buy it with overmuch care.

The more estimable of the people who compose smart society (what will it be called in the next generation?) are courteous, obliging and hospitable. I admire their simple manners and good breeding, their frank self-reliance and tempered reserve, their graceful negligence, sometimes a certain freemasonry of refined clownishness—a tone which cannot be acquired, and which is the inheritance of a privileged class that, for many a long day, has not been disturbed by the feeling of social insecurity, and has breathed an atmosphere of more or less refinement.

I especially recognise this agreeable negligence, this freedom of demeanour, in royal personages. I observed its dawn in the young princes and princesses (the Queen's children) as they grew up. Its possession is small credit, for by reason of their being placed in such an exalted condition they can be perfectly unaffected, and say exactly what they choose without jeopardising their status, they can afford to be merciful to the absurd and indulgent to even the presuming.

Consider what an advantage it gives a royal, or even a titled converser, to be sure of a deferential and appreciative audience! He can talk when he pleases, and change the subject when he so decrees it. He can skulk behind his title.

At a state ball at Buckingham Palace I was struck with the demeanour of the Shah of Persia. He sat enthroned, and gazed at the dancers as at an anthill, he looked material and stolid enough, and his manner and gloomy stare gave one the idea of indolent indifference, but it was indifference engendered by a supreme will, the result of power that had never been challenged.

However, to return, I see in these exclusives who consider themselves of the '*haute volée, ce qu'il y a de mieux au monde*' (they ignore some three-quarters of the Peerage because it does not happen to be in their set), the same weakness that is to be discovered in all coteries. They think they have the monopoly of every thing which is of any real importance, that those who are not in their sacrosanct circle are nowhere. They may be wrong, but when people who have a powerful position have made up their minds, it becomes embarrassing.

As regards the least gifted and most trifling, if they ever reflect, if they are ever mindful of the outside world, it is with a careless curiosity, perhaps with a good-natured contempt, and yet, if you took your brainless Alcibiades, or rapid Lady Clara, away from their special babblement, their futile pleasures, and the fineries and impertinences of life, you would discover

they had just as much to say for themselves as, and not more than, any other gables. Their little lives are rounded by the vision of eligible lovers, becoming costumes, luxurious upholstery, and all the other exigencies of a frivolous existence, and from that, as time overtakes them, they pass easily and by slow degrees to small scandal, conventional prayers, and a serene or acrimonious nothingness.*

Consider the opulence of their surroundings and the penury of their talk! It is indeed small, it is humiliating—the iniquities of a cook or a governess, the naming of a thoroughbred, social *tracasseries*, poor political intrigues, the last *on dit*, or the general question of the distractions of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

Like Mary Wollstonecraft's baby,† they are passionately fond of material enjoyments, and they pursue them (without always overtaking them) with an ostentatious candour which, in people of less assured position, would be thought almost shocking.

On the other hand, there are your *bourgeois* acquaintance, some of whom may have become suddenly opulent, and are pretty sure not to have been improved thereby. The wealth of these people is apt to rot into luxury and extravagance. Material enjoyment is much more expensive than intellectual—reading costs little, thinking and conversation cost nothing at all. Yes,

* An old, old woman who was asked how she contrived to get through her day, replied: "Well, you see, I coughs a lot, and I scolds a lot, and I prays a lot, and it all helps to pass the time."

† Mary Wollstonecraft said of her baby: "Besides looking at me, there are three other things that do'g't her—to ride in a coach, to look at a scarlet waistcoat, and to hear loud music."

matter is more expensive than mind, so I cannot help contrasting such people, to their disadvantage, with persons of birth and breeding, and maybe even larger possessions, who conduct themselves with dignity, moderation, and decency. Such are greatly to be admired.

There is something almost ludicrous in the arrogance of many of the suddenly enriched. Pride was not made for Adam's posterity, especially placed as they are in a corner of a fussy and very inferior planet.

My children, I have been speaking of the delightful characteristics of persons of rank and fashion, and I will add that these are the qualities which their satellites are apt to imitate, distort, and even defile. Persons not naturally belonging to exclusive circles, but who obtain admittance to them and habitually haunt them, are apt to develop into what have been brutally called toadies and flunkys. These are men and women not necessarily base, but upon whom Nature has bestowed an abnormally flexible spine.

Who fetch and carry nonsense for my lord

These people are often affectionate, sometimes intelligent, not seldom cultivated and agreeable, and not to be despised. However, they are not to be admired, much less to be imitated. I have known many such people. And there will ever be a certain demand for the parasite, who begins by being tolerated, then grows useful, and often ends by becoming contemptibly indispensable. The 'Rambler' says that few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without

corruption. Such is poor human nature! 'Fuge magna . . . dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici; expertus metuit.' There is force in these words of warning, coming to us as they do across the ages, and uttered as they were by a satirist whose father had been a serf. I would have my children lay them to heart. However, I think the tone of criticism on this subject usually indulged in by people not the best qualified to judge is crude and misleading.

I know people who are under no special obligation to the aristocracy of their country, but who are curiously dependent on them. For example, there is S——, a kindly, a domestic fellow—a tame cat—and, in what he calls his own set, rather looked up to than not. Quite lately he and I were spending the evening at Mrs. R——'s, whom we all like so well. There were eight or ten guests, but not one of them had any social vogue, and, as they kept arriving, S—— became languid—more languid—almost plaintive. This continued and increased till Lady G—— arrived—not the young and clever, observe you, but the aged and dull. However, with this addition to our party S—— soon got back all his sprightliness. He was completely braced up by the serene vacuity, in itself almost regal, of kindly old Lady G——.

It had been the entire absence of patrician oxygen in our social atmosphere which had disturbed him. Mrs. R—— was hurt, and spoke to me about it. 'Didn't you notice him?' 'Yes,' said I, 'indeed I did, and he hanged to him!' 'I like you for that,' quoth she, 'but just now I pointed out the idiotic way he was

going on to Molly F——, and she was so taken up with that pretty new lilac *négligé* of hers that she hadn't noticed it. Is that because she is so stupid?' 'No,' I replied, 'I think it is because you and I are more sensitive—may I say, more in sympathy with S——?'

A worldling, a boudoir Diogenes,* has observed that it is advisable to associate with the highest, not because the highest are the best, but because, if you become disgusted with them, you can at any time descend, but that if you begin with the lower, woe unto you, for the ascent is wellnigh impossible. In the grand theatre of human life a box ticket carries one all over the house.

Our anstocracy is fast becoming a plutocracy, and we know that each section of society has its besetting virtues and its characteristic frailties, but in the great essentials the various ranks are more alike than the observer who spends his time in contemplating the surface of things would imagine. However, all are not equally pleasant to live with.

I dare say nearly all I have been saying here has been said before, and much better said, but it is the result of my personal experience, and I repeat it because I would have my children retain their independence of character, and at the same time keep clear of cant. Traditional class prejudice is the bondage of unreason.

* The Rev Caleb Cotton, author of *Laien*

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

'Abra was ready when I called her name,
And, tho' I called another, Abra came'

I will here describe a ridiculous misfortune that happened to me about fifteen years ago, and record my obligations to my guardian angel

I was calling on some friends in Pentonville (I do not care to reveal the exact address) It was in June, and they were not at home, however, as I had come a long distance, and really wished to see them, I asked the servant to let me wait their return This hand maid was past her giddy youth, but had not nearly arrived at middle age She was of haughty eye and serene countenance Some people might have called her comely, some attractive I found her anything but cordial, in fact, she had a slightly chilling manner, as if she was not overjoyed to see me, and would not break her heart if she never saw me again However, in I walked, and was taken to a drawing room on the ground floor with French windows (open) to the garden.

The apartment was gorgeously furnished—gold wall paper, sumptuous hangings, and an aggressive crimson and orange carpet It was quite new, of the kind which, I think, is called 'velvet pile.' There were books on the inlaid tables—depressing books, books of beauty, illuminated volumes of devotion, views in the Holy Land, and gems from our poets, all elaborately bound. Humming birds were stifling under glass shades, there were ginecrack ornaments, frail, carved ivory absurdities,

only waiting for someone to smash them, and magnificent paper knives, smelling bottles, and all the rest of it, in velvet cases. This was not cosy, not even home like, for there was no inkstand in the room, and no writing materials *

I resented this. Fifteen years ago—alas! I was fifteen years younger than I am now—rhymes were more often trotting in my head. It happened that such became the case as I sat waiting for my friends, and I felt if I did not at once secure them they might be lost to me and for ever. I had no pencil, and only the back of a letter. So, rather cautiously—for I felt ashamed of what I was doing—I opened the door and stole across the passage to the library. There I found pens and a gigantic glass inkstand. I had never seen the form before, and I am not ambitious of beholding it again. I bore it across the hall as far as the centre of the drawing room, then, all of a sudden, without any warning, the lower portion (till that moment I had supposed the bloated monster to be one piece of glass) detached itself from that which I held in my hand, and to which it had hitherto clung corroded, and fell to the floor, rolling over and over along the wretched crimson and orange velvet pile, and emptying its ample contents as it rolled.

* However, I am bound to say that there was compensation, for a garden chair was drawn to the open window, also a small table, on which a fan and a few freshly gathered roses were laid. A pair of pearl tinted kid gloves, lying light as fallen leaves, and an open book, were on the chair, just as the fair owner had left them. She had actually been reading that delightful prose idyll of 'Old Cheeseman'!

Can you conceive my feelings? I spun round the room in an agony I tore at the bell, then at the other bell, then at both the bells, then I dashed into the library, and rang the bells there, and then back again to the drawing room. The maid who had admitted me came up almost immediately, looking as calm as possible, and when she saw the mischief she seemed all at once to rise to the gravity of the occasion. She did not say a word, she did not even look dismayed, but in answer to my frenzied appeal she smiled, and vanished. 'In the twinkling of a bedpost,' however, she was back again with a pail of hot water, soap, sponge, &c, and was soon mopping up the copious stains with a damp flannel, kneeling, and looking beautiful as she knelt.

Then did I throw myself into an easy chair, exhausted with excitement, and, I may say, agony of mind, and I swore to myself 'Good heavens, if this blessed creature should really help me in this frightful imbroglio I will give her a sovereign. It will be cheap at a sovereign. Yes, she shall have her 20s !'

Well, what with sponging and dabbing, the great black stain began gradually to wax fainter, and my spirit revived in proportion, and all the while this angelic being spoke so cheerfully, and had altogether
~ a delightful air, that I longed to assure her how
- ly I respected her

confess it—I began to revolve in my mind whether ten shillings might not be a sufficient recompense, for, after all, she had not been much more than ten minutes about the whole affair. Well, the scrubbing went on, then she took to her brush, and in certainly less than twenty minutes the stains had entirely disappeared and my guardian angel rose to her feet and asked me, with a quiet little smile, as though it were all the most natural thing in the world, if I should like to have a cup of tea. I accepted her pious offer with joy and gratitude, and there I sat me down, and gazed complacently at the again gorgeous crimson and orange velvet pile, and sipped my tea, and by the time I had finished it (and my rhyme) my esteemed friends made their appearance.

You may suppose that at first I felt a little uncomfortable, especially so when, in something less than ten seconds, my good and demonstrative friend bawled to his fascinating wife who had become at once occupied with her roses, 'Millicent! Millicent! look here! Now, isn't this too bad? Just look at my carpet!' My soul died within me. I had my back to him. He was not far from the window—he seemed close to the spot where the catastrophe had happened. 'Yes,' said he, 'they will leave the windows open, and your brute of a pug has brought all this filthy gravel in on his paws.' I breathed again, and feeling constrained to say something I observed, with a sickly smile, 'So our friend Edgar is very particular about his carpet, eh?' 'Particular!' says the little woman, 'I should think he was particular—and awfully so just now, for

this is a *new* purchase, don't you know; it was only laid down yesterday. You can't conceive how awfully fidgety Edgar is about his carpets—it's perfectly ghastly! Won't you have some tea?' All this tumbled out of her pretty mouth with enviable ingenuousness, of which she alone had the secret. But it was not reassuring. I lost heart, I became completely demoralised. I am ashamed to say I made a hurried excuse, bolted out of the room, and out of the house, without telling my friends a word of what had occurred. On my honour, I had intended to tell them, but could not muster up courage to begin, indeed, they never gave me the chance.

As I journeyed home I speculated whether that dreadful stain, like the crimson traces of a foul murder, might not reappear next day, or—horrid thought!—whether my beloved parlourmaid might not betray me. I feared she might do so, therefore, and before I went to bed, I wrote my friends a penitential, I might almost say a pitiful, letter, giving a full and true account of what had happened. I threw myself 'on their mercy. I posted this letter—I posted it myself—but——

I do not say that anybody is bound to reply to a letter, unless it is greatly to his interest to do so.

I have almost forgotten to say that I presented my guardian angel with a handsome donation of five shillings! This is the end of a true story

MRS. BRANAGHAN

Four or five years ago Frank Grant and I were on our way to Great Russell Street, to call upon Miss Sylvia Robinson, the Euterpe of Bloomsbury. Perhaps you never heard of that forgotten district for it is remote and out of fashion, as it is dingy and desolate, indeed, our genteel novelists make use of humdrum old Bloomsbury when they want to point a moral of social degradation. The man who is completely undone, the man who has married his cook, is relegated to that *bourgeois* region. However, as Miss Sylvia is its muse, and her mission is to delight us, I had put on my best hat the more completely to do her honour.

Great Russell is a very long street, and it began to rain hard while we had still some distance to go, so out of consideration to my hat we ran a few undignified paces, and then, as it came on still heavier, I took refuge on a doorstep which afforded a narrow verge of shelter, while Grant made the best of his way to the maiden's bower.

Whilst I was leaning with my back against the front door an errand boy arrived from the chemists, and in answer to his summons a strapping, short nosed, black browed hussy of a servant girl suddenly opened it behind me, which caused me to stagger backwards on to the mat. The girl took no sort of notice of me, received the physic from the boy, automatically slammed the street-door on his retreating form, whisked past me, and flitted down the kitchen stairs. This was all done

before you could say Sylvia Robinson, and thus, to my surprise, and, let me say, perplexity, I found myself completely sheltered from the storm, but standing in the hall of an entirely strange house!

Then, immediately, and ere I could make any arrangement for absence of body, let alone presence of mind, a rather tall, ample, and majestic-looking lady emerged from the 'front parlour' and sailed into the passage.

She looked about forty, she was dressed in a light coloured and voluminous dressing, or rather tea robe, her hair, although no doubt it had been scrupulously *coiffé*, was curiously dishevelled, almost standing on end. I have seen children's dolls, neglected dolls (dolls which, after being subjected to the most frightful ill usage, have been thrust away into an untidy nursery-cupboard), peeping out with just such heads of hair as had this lady. Madame Mohl, of the Rue du Bac, had such.

This startling apparition made me a sweeping curtsy, and when I began, in abject fashion, to apologise for the way in which I, an entire stranger, found myself in her house, she exclaimed, 'Oh! never mind, sir, I'm delighted to see you' (with a slight Irish accent) 'It's raining hard, would you like to sit awhile?' I said I could not think of such a thing, that I could not possibly trespass further on her indulgence. But the gracious lady insisted, and in less than no time I found myself seated by her side in the dining room.

I was bewildered, I could not make it out. I thought she might be a little eccentric. I did not

know what to think I am not naturally bashful, but I behaved as if I had left my tongue in the hall, where I should have left my umbrella—if I had brought one. However, I concealed my trepidation, and she soon began to tell me about herself, her ailments, her prolonged agonies — neuralgia, or some other obscure malady. Poor soul! seated in that unlovely chamber, it seemed to do her good to talk to me—to pour her tale of suffering into my ear. I think I was not a bad listener, for her kindness and courtesy had quite won me.

It seemed she was a lonely spirit hungering for human fellowship, and that she had made up her mind that I, for one short half hour at least, was harmless, possibly sympathetic. *Enfin!*

After a while I again proposed to relieve her of my presence, but she would have none of it, and reiterated and insisted that she was delighted to see me. She even, kind lady that she was, asked me if I would take anything. I was overcome by her hospitable offers, but I must confess that the situation was a novel one—so strange, indeed, that all my old landmarks of convention seemed fast crumbling away. I declined the tea, and fell to talking of the prints on the walls. We brightened up, we discussed, we even argued—we took sides. She was for Jones, I was for Brown*. However, at last, saying, and indeed feeling, that I must not trespass further on her great kindness, and Sunday hat in hand, I made her a bow—my most deferential salutation. But before going out I mustered up courage—or rather,

* At that time there were two accomplished painters so named.

alone, so for lack of better occupation I fell to talk with the custodian of the ground, a civil fellow. He spoke with pardonable complacency of the many distinguished people who had been buried within its precincts, amongst others, of that good and illustrious man, Michael Faraday, the blacksmith's son, the book binder's apprentice, the humble-minded seeker after truth, the greatest experimentalist the world has yet seen. 'And then,' said he, 'we have another that used to be a deal talked about. You've heard, I suppose, of Tom Sayers, the fightin' man?' This interested me. I *had* heard of Tom, and before I left the ground I found my way to his last resting place. It was not difficult to identify, for, although the inscription was almost effaced by time and weather, and the imagery was fast mouldering away, the grave was recognisable by a rather coarsely chiselled bas relief which claimed to be the portrait of Tom himself, and by the sculptured effigy of his favourite mastiff, Lion.

I should have liked, there and then, to have sent for a monumental sculptor and had the inscription recut, but the custodian told me this was impossible. Litigation as to the possession of the grave was in progress, and while that went on the stones could not be interfered with. In fact, a battle royal was at that very moment raging over Fighting Tom's remains.

I have no idea what kind of an animal Thomas may have really been in familiar and pacific life, but I had seen enough of him to recognise a remarkable simplicity and steadfastness, and the sight of those weather worn effigies carried my thoughts back to a

memorable spring morning some twenty years ago, and to a merry 'mill' in a Hampshire meadow, near a stream, not half a mile from Farnborough railway station.

In imagination I am again at the London Bridge terminus,¹ with a 'there and back' ticket in my pocket. The hour is about four in the morning. There is a motley crowd, a huge gathering. There are butchers from Newgate Market, fish porters from Billingsgate, bringing their vernacular with them, there are pugilists and poets, statesmen and publicans, dandies, men of letters, and even divines, elbowing each other in the semi-darkness.

We have taken our seats. There is considerable delay, but at last a bell rings, there is a snort, and then the monster train glides slowly out of the dimly lighted shed. Once beyond the station we quicken up. Away we tear in a gale of our own creation—a Faust flight on the devil's mantle, over the roofs of the houses, through market gardens and, leaving the steepled city behind us, we are soon hissing and snorting through the quiet country, then before very long we find ourselves in a willow fringed and sunny little field.

For several months I had been confined to London pavement and the dead timber of the official desk. How well I remember the strange delightfulness of the green trees, the fresh grass, cool beneath my feet, and the gracious April air as it played upon my face! A lark is soaring and singing far above our heads, rejoicing in his glorious privacy of light, yokels and coster mongers are clambering over fences and leaping dikes.

¹ In those days the station for Farnborough.

And there, the observed of all observers, is the veteran Tom Oliver, superintending the erection of a twenty four foot arena

Sayers was the first to make his appearance in the ring but when his opponent, Heenan, threw his hat within the ropes followed it, and stripped, there was a murmur of admiration. He was at once recognised as the most magnificent athlete that had ever been seen in such a place. He was five inches taller than Sayers—who strictly speaking, was only a middle-weight—some two or three stone heavier, and (no small matter) he was eight years younger, while his length of reach was remarkable for even so tall a man.

Then, shall I ever forget the look of perfect self possession and calm courage, mingled with curiosity, with which Sayers faced gazed up and smiled at, his terrible antagonist? He had never set eyes on him before. Having lost the toss, he was obliged to accept the lower ground. But there he stood his enormous shoulders shining in the sun, in his well known and faultless attitude tapping the ground lightly with his left foot his arms well down, his head thrown back, ready for a shoot or a jump, and a smile of confidence on his open but not classical countenance.

Still—and no wonder—there was a pretty general opinion among outsiders, expressed in the flowery but forcible vernacular of the 'fancy, that the match was 'a horse to a hen'—that 'Heenan would knock Sayers into a cocked hat in ten minutes'—for how was Sayers to get at him? I could not but feel the force of this opinion, and that Bob Brett's observation was an apposite one.

'Well, Tom may beat him, but may I, etc., if he can eat him!' However, as it turned out, Sayers had no difficulty in getting over Heenan's guard, for he punished him frightfully *

I recollect my strange tremor as the men stood up, advanced, shook hands, and took up their positions. The fight began about half past seven and finished soon after ten. I am not going to describe it. Has it not been already described in the racy columns of our revered old chronicler, 'Bell's Life'? We have had enough of the 'rib-benders' and 'pile-drivers' I will say, however, that never in the annals of the ring were courage, science, temper, judgment, and staying qualities combined and displayed in such a marvellous measure as by Tom Sayers on this memorable day. He fulfilled to the uttermost *Lavy's facere et pati fortiter*. At the beginning of the encounter Heenan was both out generalled and out fought, but as early as the fourth round Sayers had his right arm completely disabled, and from that time he defended himself and attacked his gigantic adversary with only his left. The battle ended in a disgraceful scene of riot and blackguardism, especially among the backers of Sayers, who, as soon as they saw that their money was in extreme peril, broke into the ring. It ended by the umpire wisely deciding that it was a draw.

* He was more remarkable as a fighter than as a sparrer. I have seen boxers quicker than Sayers. Nat Langham and Ned Donally were quicker, and so was Charley Buller, but in force of hitting, either with right or left, and in his extraordinary skill of timing his man he had no equal. Like Entellus, he defended himself by the movement of his body.

Volenti non fit injuria may be barbarous Latin, but it is sound sense. A boxing match is a voluntary exhibition of pluck and endurance, there is no malice, and it proves to the uttermost the stuff of which a man is made. There was something in this great fight which the whole nation recognised, for it appealed to a very universal sympathy. It affected all classes, in a way that boys and men always will be affected when they hear of the exploits of a Peterborough or a Grenville. It was magnetic—and why should it not continue to move us? Though, when I recall this battle, and Heenan's face, out of which all that was human had been pommelled, I cry, 'Heaven forbid that the prize ring should ever be revived in all its hideous and loathsome degradation!'

So long as manly sentiments and sheer English pluck are valued, so long shall the name of Thomas Sayers, the Polydeuces of our country, be held in honour.

Dear reader one of these days make a pilgrimage to Highgate climb its steep ascent, and enter the rueful looking, the lonely burial ground. The custodian will be pleased to see you, he will greet you as he did me, and pilot you to the green resting place of Michael Faraday, of whom a distinguished man of science well said 'He was too good a man for me to estimate him, and he was too great a philosopher for me to understand him thoroughly. Michael Faraday had the true spirit of a philosopher and a Christian. He was indeed, one of England's worthiest sons, so it will do you no harm to muse awhile beside his grave.

Then, if by chance you should come upon another grave—a monument of mouldering stones, a forlorn *hic*

jacet (it will not be far to seek, you will surely recognise it), you may at once pass on. You need not stay, but at least have a kindly thought for the plucky Englishman who lies buried there.

The grass on Tom's grave is also very green, and you will be as like to see the lark soaring, and to hear him rejoicing at heaven's gate, from the one grave as from the other.

Alas, poor Tom! Like most of his calling, he died a young man. I happened to meet him on Hampstead Heath shortly after the battle, and not very long before his death. He was walking alone where John Keats had once liked to walk, in

A melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless.

We saluted as we passed, and I had the honour of grasping his hand—that fist which had so often administered his terrible blow, ‘the auctioneer’.

Heenan died much about the same time as Sayers. There is a spice of romance in the story of the gallant Benicia Boy. He was the husband of Ada Menken, a handsome actress with dark blue eyes—glorious eyes. She was the ‘Infelicia’ whose love poems Mr. Dickens introduced to the reading public in 1868.

I remember seeing Ada at Astley's Amphitheatre in ‘Mazeppa,’ and, from what I have heard, I am inclined to think that, like some other splendid women, she may have been a handful as well as an armful.

NINE MINUTES AND A HALF

The fashion of women walking about unattended is a feature of the present day, and I hope it is a sign of that higher civilisation which is nothing more than the progressive development of our faculties. This license has made prodigious strides during the last forty years. I can recall when Belgravian virgins were first permitted to pay their Belgravian visits alone, and Sydney Smith insisted, in consequence, that—at least in that Arcadian quarter—all the women were brave and all the men were virtuous.

Let us be thankful that in these latter days an audience would recognise very little point in such a scene as that in Vanbrugh's 'Relapse' where, on the arrival of Tom Fashion at his house, the Knight bawls out, 'Let loose the watchdog, and lock up Miss Hoyden'*

Years ago, as a young man, travelling by railway I occasionally had an opposite neighbour in the shape of a young lady, and if I chanced to address her, she would look scared—perhaps sidle away to the other end of the seat, and feign to look out of the window. It is different now. As an elderly gentleman, I find that if I now hazard a remark under precisely similar circumstances, my young lady jumps up from her comfortably padded corner, comes and seats herself beside me, and

* According to the printed copies of *The Relapse* and *A Trip to Scarborough*, this is not strictly correct, but I have read somewhere that Mr Gatty, who impersonated the knight, so gave it with applause.

makes herself very agreeable for the remainder of the journey All this she does—and yet, am I altogether satisfied?

I have given a slight outline of some years of my life, and with this preamble I now venture to give you a more detailed account of nine minutes and a half of it

Not so very long ago I took a train at Three Bridges to go to Rowfant, and, perhaps because at the moment I was especially under the influence of my beneficent *daimon*, I contented myself with a third-class ticket

There were no elbow rests in the carriage but, as it turned out, there was something a good deal better—there was a young lady This maiden did not look distinguished, but she had the greatest of natural attractions—she had youth! However, it seemed to me that, except for her little kitten face, she hadn't very much else to boast of She wore, perched on the top of her head, a self asserting straw hat, trimmed with light blue ribbon, and round her neck was a double row of rather aggressive light blue glass beads, a trumpery ornament that must have but meagrely ministered to her vanity She looked as if she might be the daughter of a small shopkeeper in a small country town, and so, as it turned out, she was.

When I entered the carriage this young lady was reading a letter, and, without peeping over her shoulder, I could have almost told what it was all about, for her countenance betrayed every passing emotion it expressed lively satisfaction and sorrowful concern, it was pleased, indignant, sentimental, and tender by turns. It was delightful to watch her I never saw a more

transparent face. Her changing feelings were faithfully reflected as in a mirror.

The train started and the engine snorted. My companion had dropped her railway ticket—it was lying at her feet—so I picked it up and ceremoniously presented it to her. It was then, for the first time, that she seemed to be aware of my existence. She thanked me, but with a bashful gravity. Not discouraged by this, I hazarded a remark or two about the weather. These were acknowledged in monosyllabic fashion. But we were more in sympathy when I spoke of the country, for then all at once she woke up, she became communicative—the words began to tumble out of her little mouth. She told me of her home, of her parents. She had four brothers and sisters—only four—she wished she had a dozen! She told me her Christian name. What could her godfather and godmother be thinking of? It was ‘Pomona’!—and it was ‘too ludicrous.’ She enlightened me as to which was her favourite name, though she and Fanny Privett didn’t ‘a bit agree about names.’* She even asked me which was my favourite colour. I should state that all this was done with an appealing, an infantine simplicity, but with a mixture of frankness and bashfulness difficult to conceive of.

Miss Pomona further informed me that quite lately, while climbing a stile, she had sprained her ankle. Upon this I assumed my most paternal air. I said

* She quoted this lady as if I knew all about her. I presume she was her bosom friend, such a one as was Miss Anna Howe to Clarissa.

that her companion could hardly have been sufficiently attentive at the stiles, for, if he had been so, she would have been spared that sorrow

This at once set her off, she became confidential, extremely so. She bridled—she had not climbed that stile with a ‘young man’ *Her* young man—or rather the young man, one of the many who just then appeared to be making life a burden to her, and who, I suspected, was the writer of the letter—was not what she altogether cared for. She rather disliked him than otherwise, she was not quite sure she should have anything more to say to him. He was a ‘tall, dark, military young man, of old family’ He was Irish. Fanny Privett always said it was much better to have nothing to say to Irishmen. What did I think?

She described their last interview, she described it gravely, minutely. And she was tender, almost tearful, as she did so, for it appeared that she had been cool and sarcastic, and even now she slightly projected her pretty under lip and jerked her head about at the recollection of each telling point of their conversation. She was irresistible when she did that. It was this mixture of contrasting feelings that made her so fascinating, and it was evident that she had more than a sneaking kindness for her young Milesian—that she was proud of him of his tallness, of his darkness, also of his ancient lineage.

‘*J’aime encore a retrouver mon cœur*’ I was satisfied to be vanquished by this damsel. Her childlike candour, her sprightly simplicity, and her naive self betrayal captivated me, as did also the many-coloured

—or seemed so. But save myself I would, and it struck me there was only one way of doing so, and that that was to fly! I resolved, but I hesitated—I lingered on my unfulfilled resolve. However, knowing that time was everything, and procrastination would be fatal, and mustering up all my courage, I slowly and with great apparent difficulty raised myself from my chair. I bent myself nearly double, my right hand pressed just below the spot where my waistcoat ends. Every eye seemed to be upon me, but I got clear of my chair, and staggered away between the narrow tables to the door. By worse luck I had to pass Sir Bonamy, and as I caught his cold, inquiring gaze fixed upon me I made a rueful face. However, by that time I was close to the principal entrance, and, once there, I leaped into a cab and drove home, with no better escort than an uneasy conscience. Strange to say, I was so much affected by the dramatic force of my impersonation that I kept my hand where I had placed it till I reached my own door!

I arrived just in time for a much better repast than that from which I had severed myself.

Anatomists insist that the heart is very near the stomach, and singularly dependent upon it. Whether or no, this was my first and last charity breakfast, and it only shows how necessary it is for a man to be on guard in London. It also shows how innocent I

I may add that next morning, impelled by nptings of a weak compunction, I sent a guinea to the Patagonians, and in due course received a long list of the society's benefactors, in which my name

(quite wrongly spelt, and therefore unrecognisable) duly figured. Altogether it was an unfortunate affair

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET

It is a distinction to be invited.

I used to be acquainted with Mr W E Frost, the accomplished and unassuming Academician. As a youngster I had often seen his pictures exhibited—undraped nymphs engaged in doing nothing in particular, compromises between Stothard and Etty, but really not much like either. As nymphs they were perfectly well-conducted young persons, their nudity being one of their attractions.

*Induitur, formosa est exuitur,
Ipsa forma est*

As Frost got into years he lost vogue, grew exceedingly deaf, and exhibited only fitfully. However, he solaced an enforced leisure, which practically was a solitude, by hunting up old prints, and he showed his excellent taste by making an almost complete collection of book plates after Stothard—that admirable Stothard! It was these that had encouraged me to seek his acquaintance. We met several times, and he gave me many valuable hints, for which, in spite of his extreme hardness of hearing, I succeeded in making him aware that I was grateful.

A year or two after my first meeting with Frost I received a card to dine at the annual banquet of the

Royal Academy on May 3, 1873 As Sir Francis Grant, the president, was my distant connection, I thought I might be indebted to him for the honour, and joyfully accepted the invitation

When the day and hour arrived I found, a little to my surprise, that my name was between a knife and fork on Frost's dexter hand. Our chairs were in a corner near the door, as far from the President as could well be

There is no doubt that Frost was exceedingly deaf, but still, for the sake of his own great obligingness and the incomparable Thomas Stothard, I was satisfied to be where I found myself—between Frost and a gap—though now and then I looked wistfully (a humble foible) at my friends and acquaintances gathered around Frank Grant.

Many months after this dinner I fell in with Quintin Carver, the Academician. Among other matters he spoke of Frost as being seriously out of health, and asked me if I had seen him lately. He went on to say that perhaps it would interest me to know that, at one of the Royal Academy meetings, the diffident, deaf, and, to all practical intents and purposes, dumb Frost had got on his legs and proposed that I should be invited to the next dinner, and, said Carver, 'you will be gratified to hear that there was not a single dissentient voice, his motion was carried *nem con*.' Carver is a candid fellow, and he showed by his voice, and manner that he thought this an extraordinary circumstance—extraordinary that Frost, a very retiring man, should have proposed me or anybody else, but

more extraordinary still that his motion in my favour should have been so unanimously carried.

When I heard Carver say this, I remembered how dull and silent I had been at dinner, how little attention I had paid the good Frost, and I thought to myself, Poor painter! but for you I should never have assisted at that banquet. At least let me hope you were aware that I did not know to whom I was indebted for my invitation.

The next day I called on Frost,* but he was ill. A few days afterwards I again called, and he was worse, and then he died. So I was never able to make my peace with my conscience by thanking him.

Whenever I pass through Fitzroy Street I look up at a window of No. 46, and the shadow of an unpleasant thought oppresses me.

Now was not Frost a kind fellow? I only wish that he could have known that I thought so, and that I was really pleased to sit by him at dinner, and to talk about Stothard. I like his memory none the worse that he never told me how it all came about.

I have a long letter from Frost, dated January 1876, in which he gives reasons for his retirement as an active Royal Academician—all health and all fortune.

I fill up a place which may be better supplied
When I have made it empty

* On these visits to Frost I would sometimes pass 7 Duckingham Street—the house with a tablet to the memory of John Flaxman who had once lived and worked there. My first sight of that tablet had been a surprise and a pleasure. It seemed to give sunshine to an otherwise shady place.

is the burden of it, it is written under great depression of spirit.

I trust that his last days were not embittered by poverty, that, at any rate, he had enough for the exigencies of his self-imposed obscurity.

In 1885 I was again invited to the dinner, but Sir Curtis Lampson had died hardly three weeks before so I declined. I think that good fellow Leighton may have proposed me this second time, and I hope there were not so very many dissentient voices, but I shall know all about that when next I see the Academician Carver.

TRAVELLING FIFTY YEARS AGONE

In the good old coaching days there was an idea that our stage-coachmen were reputable in proportion to the number of miles they drove us, and there was something in it certainly our interest in them, and I hope theirs in us was usually increased by the length of the time that we continued in company. This remark is *à propos* of what I shall say later on.

Are the 'Bull and Mouth' (Boulogne harbour), the 'Spread Eagle, the Swan-with Two Necks' (ricks), and 'Green Man and Still' yet in existence? In Greenwich Hospital days, when I went back to school I was obliged to journey up to one or other of these queer places of entertainment to meet the mail, and at a very early hour. On looking back, it would seem that these mornings were almost invariably misty and raw, and sometimes nearly pitch-dark. I often felt

cold and squeamish, and sometimes, for what seemed hours, had nothing to do but grope about the deserted innyard, where one or two deserted coaches were standing and a 'helper' might now and then pass with a horn lantern. Feeble lights the while would flicker and disappear in the ghostly galleries above. Very occasionally a tinkling wagon, fresh from the country, and perhaps covered with snow, came rumbling in. At last—and it was a long-deferred at last—the morning began to break, the house woke up, and I was able to distinguish all which till then had been dim and uncertain and mysterious.

I have a recollection of many expeditions made as long ago as when George or Billy the Fourth, was King, made no matter whither—to Brundisium or to Birmingham, of the humours of the road, and the conveyances and inns. I have more than once travelled in that commodious vehicle which had a round sort of basket behind the body, and comfortably accommodated six full sized passengers.

What an agreeable and edifying companion was the stage-coachman! How complete his winter costume, how sufficing, how garish his summer!—a wonderful coat, hat, cravat, and bright flowers in his buttonhole. So decorated, he tooled along his four bloods with glancing harness and ring snaffles, their hoofs clattering merrily along the road, and entertained the occupant of the box seat—a throne to which I very seldom aspired—with appropriate talk of Sir 'Vincent' Cotton, Dick Drackenbury, and many another hero and highflier. Let me recall his tone of superiority when, in hovering

And as to my sister so mild and so dear
 She has lain in the churchyard full many a year *

There is just a something in Hogarth's Country Innyard that reminds me of it all.

I have a remembrance of the Thames below Woolwich, and of certain queer old bankside alehouses, the resort of smugglers and, we were assured and convinced, of pirates, also of a pair of below bridge watermen who now and again pulled me and one or two others in a clinker built wherry, or rather skiff, with a buff bow and flared rowlocks, to and fro between Greenwich Hospital Redriffe, and London Bridge, that being the only means of public conveyance excepting the three-horsed coach. We used to skim along in mid stream if the tide was favourable, but hugged the shore when it was adverse. The Pool required careful navigation. I have often shot the most critical arch of *old* London Bridge.

We knew a good deal about our two watermen and their domestic concerns. We had been acquainted ever since they had been out of their time. They had an interesting way of dealing with the letter *t* they sometimes used it as though it were a *u*. At that time the 'Venus' was an important river steamer they always called her the 'Venus' and referred to her as a 'wessel.' The man who pulled stroke had come in second for Doggett's coat and badge. In winter he worked as a pilot, and in rough weather wore a *fantail* or sou wester.

Here I return to the thought which prompted the opening paragraph of this reminiscence.

Last week I got into an omnibus at Liverpool Street railway station, and had not long been seated before I cheerfully observed to the conductor that the fare all the way to Charing Cross was only a penny, that I had never done the entire journey before, but that I was going to do it to-day, and that I had thought I should make a good thing out of him! His reply was not gratifying 'That's nothin', why, I've an old bloke as goes it every day,' and it was delivered in so callous and languid a manner that it set me thinking out the moral of the situation. It was merely this. In the eyes of that conductor there was nothing remarkable about me, *I was an old bloke* who represented a very hardly earned penny, and that only. Yes, suppose every one of the thousands who entered that omnibus had given the man as much extra trouble as I had done by my unnecessary remark, why—his life would have been a burden to him. How slender was our interest in each other! What on earth could he possibly care about his passengers!

I should be curious to know the extent to which the London and General Omnibus Company had profited by my patronage. I should have thought that my extra weight, the pausing to pick me up, the getting quit of me, the effort of getting under way again, and all the wear and tear, must have deteriorated that 'bus and those two horses to the extent of much more than a penny.

I ought not to have made the remark. I might as well have asked a ticket collector on the Underground Railway, say at Baker Street station, for his views on bimetallism or the doctrine of free will.

entirely the artist has depended on the humanity of his characters he has not taken refuge in elaborate upholstery or *à la mode* toilets to hide the poverty of a jest. The piece depends on its Hogarthian quality. I am very fond of it. And in this I am not singular, for my housemaids gaze at it, leaning on their early brooms, and they giggle as they gaze. It amuses my children. Oliver laughs aloud, and cries, 'What is the story about, papa?' My excellent and dear old sister, seventy four years old July 3 next, and just come back from the Antipodes, is in ecstasies over it, and she goes so far as to wish she could have heard the story. Now, what does all this enjoyment mean? Surely there are seasons when even the mirth that resembles the crackling of thorns under a pot may be salutary. I ask the question because I have been told by superior people that my 'Decent Story' is not a 'nice' thing to hang up. P says he would like to turn it with its face to the wall. Q (a lady moralist), to whom I had said it was worth its weight in gold, advises me by all means to sell it.

I am a rusty old poet, so, by way of trying to satisfy everybody, I have written under the title three abortive but well intentioned lines, and they run thus

In a roomy old house that I wot of there's *one* room
Where merry folk meet and they call it the *fun* room
—This story he's telling is 'Grouse in the gun room'

Is the pleasure that I and mine experience in this print within the limits of becoming mirth? Is it a harmless pleasure, or has the fiend anything to say to it?

Where is the ghost of old Gillray? I wish we could ask him something about it. He would be certain to know. If the Divine Ruler of the universe permitted the fiend to incite the gifted Gillray (Heaven bless him!) to invent this naive little conversation piece—an invention worthy of Honoré Daumier—I do not see why, after all, there may not be a beneficent intention at the root of the matter

SILVIO'S COMPLAINT

This is a tentative essay—an attempt at an attempt. I call it tentative because I do not know how far the feelings which impel me to write it can be understood by even a very small minority of mankind.

It may be that my pen is swayed by a unique idiosyncrasy. Anyhow, I crave your indulgence and will state my position.

I am prosperously married. I have a rich young, and affectionate helpmate. She has excellent abilities, and, being sincerely religious, it is not necessary for me to say she has irreproachable principles. She is not a vegetarian, she is not a Plymouth Sister, she does not even wear the divided skirt. Indeed, she is just such a woman as the poet was thinking of when he exclaimed, 'A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.' On the other hand, I am poor, and old, and testy, and no longer comely to look upon. As regards my own virtues, you will be the more able to gauge them when you have

read these few pages Marcus Aurelius was a better man than I am, but somehow I have a much better wife

After this preamble you may be surprised to learn that I am not satisfied—that I want less than I have got, and yet, Heaven be praised! that I still want something

I want a possible 'she,' and I want to be let alone

'There are times when solitude would be a paradise. Where is the man who really cares for the caressing voice of the adoring one if he has a grain of cinder in his eye? It is for this reason that I am yearning for a creature who would be willing to be my devoted friend, content to yield me everything and to expect nothing, and who would set herself to fulfil the duty of making me happy in my own way. My legitimate helpmate expresses solicitude at seasons when I do not care for solicitude being expressed. For instance, when I am going out for the day, her parting injunctions invariably are—she has always been a timid creature—'Now, mind how you get in and out of trains, and pray take care of mad dogs and thunderstorms'

To speak plainly, I am in search of a self-denying creature—an animal who will talk and be lively when it pleases me, and be satisfied to be silent and subdued if I so desire it. I want a companion who will rejoice to be with me, but will remain out of the room, and cheerfully so, when—from what shall I call it?—when from a nervous excitable organisation, I may have just kicked her out of it

Such a being could make herself attractive in a

thousand different ways She could do so by showing an interest in all that concerns me—a regard for my comforts, especially my *small* comforts.

She should lend a greedy ear when I dilate—as I fain would *occasionally dilate*—on my fancies, my caprices, and my foibles. She should not seldom express astonishment at the amount of knowledge I have accumulated, at the consideration in which I am held, and if she praises me with an air as if she cannot possibly help praising me, she may do so to my face. Hitherto my natural inclination has been to efface, I now wish to assert myself. The behaviour I describe would soon embolden me to brag of my achievements. I never brag now.

I want a good listener. I have conversed with women who, the while that I did so, regarded me with ecstacy, and yet, a moment afterwards, I found that they had not the remotest idea of what I had been saying to them! The woman I seek must be a really good listener. Then there should be something timid and tentative in her bearing and movements. I shall be pleased if she furtively watches me. She should especially do so, and with solicitude and concern, when she sees me moody or self-absorbed. I shall be flattered if she chooses those dishes which she may have observed that I prefer, or takes but little food when I am disinclined to eat.

I have long felt the want of a real companion. I shall need it the more as I grow old, and as the world drops away from me.* How I shall value a long suffer-

* Oh, my crutch! Is it not spring when the cuckoo passes

ing soul like the person I am attempting to portray ! I should become exceedingly attached to her ; and I do not despair of finding such a being.

However, I am not a conceited jackass—*senem reverendum esse docet*, so I moderate my pretensions. I do not the least insist that this companion of mine should be rich. I do not expect her to have any great affluence of charms, much less that *grata protervitas* which is irresistible to both young and old. I can hardly hope that one who would regard me as I have described would be very youthful, indeed, I have lately experienced a sharp lesson in this respect. I had selected quite a young lady, not pretty, but interesting, whom I hoped to educate for the position. Not very long after our correspondence began I discovered that she showed my letters to her mother.

I speak with sincerity, and acknowledge that I may have to be content with a ‘half worn’ woman—*nec bella nec puella*. However, there is one thing which is absolutely necessary. This precious soul, whoever a wherever she may be, must not only be devoted to me, but she must be *really* a vassal to my poetry. It move her to tender thoughts, and occasionally to emotional transport.

This necessity is an anxious consideration, and it is embarrassing, because there are very few people

through the air, when the foam sparkles on the sea? The flowers are they not shining? The young corn, is it not springing?

Ah, my crutch! The young maidens no longer love me

Ah, my crutch! The sight of thy handle makes me wroth

LLYWARCH ILEN, Bard of Argoed.

' who have been deeply affected by my verse. Hitherto I have not been spoilt in that respect.

It is possible that the companion I am in search of will have had her disappointments, her trials. Likely enough she may have led a life of dependence, and therefore of prolonged self-denial. If so, she will probably be a grateful being. The friend I seek ought to be a very grateful being.

No woman can be extremely attractive without some personal vanity. Let my possible 'she' be vain to that degree. She need not be pretty, but I wish her to be interesting looking. She may be weak, but she must not be stupid, sensitive, but not exacting, impulsive, but not too negligent, and not opinionated, excepting in her opinion of me.

It is also important that, if ever she should desire to improve the occasion, she should do so by example. She must *never* do it by precept—understand this, and her religious opinions should be in complete harmony with my own. We ought to find mutual comfort and support in theological conversation and discussion. She must not be a prude, and she should always know the day of the month.

I am now sixty years old. I think I should prefer that this amiable friend did not live under my roof, for sometimes I should like to be quit of her altogether. However, she might abide in my immediate neighbourhood, perhaps with a querulous grandmother. My dear wife will advise and help me in this matter.

I am told that Felix Carroll, the lyric poet, who is threescore years and ten, has a consolation of the nature

I describe, indeed, that in his case there has been a succession of them. He finds it exhausting to be amiable every day to the same human being. A flower out of place is a weed—so his present adorer lives near at hand, with a fat valetudinarian aunt. She writes to him continually. There is a confiding softness and whispering charm in her punctual letters. She knows a good deal of Felix Carroll's poetry by heart, she treasures his autograph, she is sentimental or sportive over his spectacles and lampshade. She is tolerant when he is testy. She is devoted to his wife. She goes to him every day, sometimes twice whether it be wet or fine, whether she be ill or well. She sits at his feet, or, if he wills it, she ebbs noiselessly away. Felix Carroll's life is sheltered from disturbing episodes: wild roses fill his hedgerows, and fragrant woodbine clammers everywhere, his woods are vocal with rooks and pairing birds, the clamour of the great city comes mellowed from afar, he can say as another has said

Thoughts which at Hyde Park Corner I forgot
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grove.

He finds Tusculan repose in a creeper-covered combination of rusticity and refinement. In summer he loafs, and invites his soul in shady walks, shadowy verandahs, cool alcoves, and a wealth of mignonette, jasmine, stephanotis. In winter, he has a perfectly regulated temperature, cheerful fires, a complete system of hot water piping and, of course, the most modern appliances. With these and all the latest periodicals and papers, and, to crown all, with the radiant reflex of his companion's youth, his old age is lapped in simple

luxury, he is handsomely hedged about, lighted up, tucked in, and provided for. He secures comfort by being comfortable. Can any arrangement be more satisfactory?

I am not acquainted with the Chinese language, but I have read that it possesses a word which has three different meanings—at least, they seem different to me—a towel, a comb, and a woman! What a language! What a people! I have heard it maintained that woman is a fair defect of Nature, and that she is at the core of all our troubles, that she is a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable commodity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill. *Cherchez la femme!* It may be so. I suppose it always will be said to be so, but I do not believe it. Such notions are shocking to me. Woman is a beautiful romantic animal, to be adored and doated upon. I honour woman, and have resolved that my happiness shall be cradled in the smiles of a devoted woman.

Montaigne had such a friend (Marie de Gournay), so had V. Hugo in Juliette Drouet, so had——. But need I run through the names of all the men illustrious in imaginative literature who have been so courted and consoled? Biography is rich with them, and why, I say,—why should I be left out?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go
To mingle sweet discourse with homage sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

I hope the spirit of this paper will not be misunderstood. It is pure fun, and those who know me will recognise that the person most quizzed is myself.

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MR. THACKERAY

I HAD a sincere regard for Thackeray. I well remember his striking personality—striking to those who had the ability to recognise it—the look of the man, the latent power, and the occasional keenness of his remarks on men and their actions, as if he saw through and through them. Thackeray drew many unto him, for he had engaging as well as fine qualities. He was open handed and kind hearted. He had not an overweening opinion of his literary consequence, and he was generous as regarded the people whom the world chose to call his rivals.

I made Thackeray's acquaintance at the British Embassy, Paris. Events are liable to get confused in the refracting medium of one's memory but I think it was about 1852 or 1853. From that time to the end of his life we often found ourselves together, and were always good friends.

Thackeray, though he was not so subtle a critic as some of the present day (1883), was an excellent judge of poetry, and when Tennyson's 'Grandmother' first appeared in 'Once a Week' he was greatly struck by it.

may suppose after that I did not trouble George with any more of my poems.'

He once pointed out to me an illustration in the 'Comic Almanac'—'The Marriage Breakfast, or, the Happiest Day of my Life'—an old gentleman in barnacles, his arms folded, with difficulty keeping back his tears. This figure, something like the late Mr. John Forster, gave Thackeray infinite delight.

He also much admired the work of John Leech. 'Leech is the sort of man who appears once in a century.'

Thackeray had hardly any personal acquaintance with Hood. I think he only met him once, at a City feast. He told me that Hood was a 'pallid, thin melancholy looking man.' He did not care for a great deal that Hood wrote, but just at the time when Thackeray's 'Roundabout Paper,' 'On a Joke by Thomas Hood,' appeared, he said to me 'What a vigorous fellow Hood is, what a swing there is in his verse!' I agreed with him, and then said something about Thackeray's own poetry. 'Yes,' he replied—'yes, I have a waxpenny talent (or gift), and so have you, ours is small beer, but, you see, it is the right tap.' He said other things about my verses, both to me and behind my back, which I am pleased to remember, but not pleased to repeat.

I will now give a reminiscence of Thackeray which certainly, for my own sake, I mention with reluctance; but I wish to give you a true idea of the man, and it will show you he was very sensitive. I happened to meet him as I was leaving the Travellers' Club. I was

now I think I could point out the particular flagstone on which the dear fellow was standing, as he gazed down on me through his spectacles with that dreamy expression of his which his friends knew so well. He said 'What do you think of the last number?' (Number 2 or 3 of 'The Newcomes') He himself was evidently not quite satisfied with it. 'I like it immensely' was my cordial rejoinder. A word or two more passed respecting the illustrations, which had been sharply criticised, and just as we parted I was tactless idiot enough to add, 'But my dear fellow, perhaps there may be some kind people who will say that *you* did the cuts and Doyle the letterpress'. On this Thackeray's jaw dropped, and he exclaimed bitterly, 'Oh! really, that's your opinion, is it?' I saw at once what a mistake I had made, but I could only reply, 'I spoke in fun, pure fun, you know perfectly well how much I admire your writings, and also Doyle's cuts'. But Thackeray would have none of it, and turned wrathfully away in the direction of Pimlico. However, his wrath, I presume, died away in the large and charitable air of the Green Park, for when I met him the day after he was as amiable as ever.

The fact is, I had so exalted an opinion of Thackeray and of his writings that it seemed impossible such a demigod should care for aught anybody said, whereas, like Tennyson, he felt everything that everybody said.

I remember another, a more agreeable meeting, in Pall Mall, close to Marlborough House. He was on his way to Kensington across the Green Park. He told me that I must not turn with him, as there were some

rhymes trotting in his head, and he wanted to finish them. I quite understood the situation, and he continued his solitary walk. When we met a few days afterwards, he said 'I finished those verses, and they are very nearly being very good. I call them *Miss Katharine's Lantern*, I did them for Dickens's daughter.

He spoke with a lisp, as if his teeth were defective, and ended by, 'I am now on my way from the dentist.' You will remember that towards the end of that little poem he refers to his toothless condition.

I admire Thackeray's style, and the pathetic quality in his writings, in this he never faltered. I like his sardonic melancholy. Thackeray, in a passing mood, might quite well have said 'Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn, and he alone is blest who neer was born.'

He shows knowledge of human nature and much acquaintance with life—not a wide acquaintance, but complete within its limits. The vernacular of his Fokers and his Fred Bayhams is classical, and so is their slang.

Some years ago I met a man somewhere—I forget where, or who he was—who told me that in past times he used to pay annual visits to Paris, that he often looked into Calzadilla's reading room (now defunct), and there was to be seen a very tall young man, with black hair and spectacles, who used to *errer autour de la chambre*, with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders up to his ears, in a s' very, restless, uncomfortable sort of way. This young man occasionally

would take up a paper, glance at it, and then fling it back on the table, over the heads of the readers. He often saw this man, who never addressed any one, and whom no one ever spoke to, and my informant wondered, in a languid sort of way, who the deuce he could be. One day he happened to enter Frascati's. The first person he saw there was the tall spectacled man, prowling about, standing behind the punters—observing, not playing. He did not seem to speak to any one. And now my informant became interested to know who on earth the man could be.

Some time after this, on a Sunday, he was walking in Hyde Park, and met his very tall spectacled hero, still alone, his black hair beginning to be grizzled. From time to time during the next six or eight years he encountered the same man in the Park and in the streets, once or twice with a man even taller than himself—an amiable, handsome, and complacent looking giant, and now my informant was seized with a consuming curiosity to know who in Heaven's name, this person could possibly be.

One afternoon long afterwards, he chanced to be in King Street, Covent Garden, and as he passed the Garrick Club (the original house) his spectacled *incognito*, grown portly and almost white, came sedately forth. Here was an opportunity. He saw him descend the *perron* and well away, then in he slipped and says he to the porter. 'Can you kindly tell me who that very tall white-haired gentleman is who has just left the club?'

When every one knows how a story will end, the

story is ended. It is not necessary, dear children, that I should tell you what that porter said.

You may gather from this little account that though at times and seasons Thackeray enjoyed society, and was always valued by it, he was not what is called a very social being. Tennyson in this respect is some thing like him.

Some people thank God that they do not set store by the smaller refinements and civilisations of life. Let me tell them that they are thanking God for a very small mercy. Such boons gave Thackeray a keen satisfaction. He was a man of sensibility—he delighted in luxuriously furnished and well lighted rooms, good music, excellent wines and cookery, exhilarating talk, gay and airy gossip, pretty women and their toilettes, and refined and noble manners, *le bon goût, le ris, l'aimable liberté*. The amenities of life and the traditions stimulated his imagination.

On the other hand, his writings show how he equally enjoyed Bohemianism, and how diverted he could be by those happy-go-lucky fellows of the Ioker and Ired Bayham type.

Thackeray expanded in the society of such people, and with them he was excellent company. But, if I am not much mistaken the man Thackeray was melancholy—he had known tribulation, he had suffered. He was not a light hearted wag or a gay natured rover, but a sorrowing man. He could make you a jest, or propound some jovial or outrageous sentiment, and imply, 'let us be festive,' but the jollity rarely came. However, I ought to say that though Thackeray was not

cheerily, he was at times grotesquely humorous. In deed, he had a weakness for buffoonery. I have seen him pirouette, wave his arm majestically, and declaim in burlesque—an intentionally awkward imitation of the ridiculous manner that is sometimes met with in French opera.

I remember calling in Palace Gardens, and, while talking with all gravity to Thackeray's daughters, I noticed that they seemed more than necessarily amused. On looking round, I discovered that their father had put on my hat, and, having picked my pocket of my handkerchief, was strutting about, flourishing it in the old Lord Cardigan style. As I was thin faced and he as a hatter once remarked of Thomas Bruce, was 'a gent. as could carry a large body o' 'at,' you may suppose he looked sufficiently funny.

Thackeray could be very amusing about the malice of kind and the perfidy of honest people, but still, in everyday life, and in spite of his *flair de cynique*, he was naturally inclined to believe that gossip false which ought not to be true.

One day I happened to speak with admiration of Sydney Smith, and Thackeray looked surprised, and said, 'Ah, Sydney! he was a poor creature, a very poor creature.' He said it twice, and I think he was about to give his reasons for holding so crushing an opinion, when some idiot came up, and, to my very great regret, carried him off. I hope the time may come and place be appointed when certain small mysteries connected with our sojourn here below may be made plain, if so,

I shall indeed be glad to know why Thackeray did not approve of the plucky, the buoyant, the inimitable Sydney Smith

During the last three or four years of Thackeray's life he suffered from bad health, depressing bad health. He lived with his daughters and his intimates, and almost entirely gave up general society—and he was a wise man to do so. My dear reader, whoever you are, think of this illustrious man with tenderness, think of his upright nature, of his affectionate heart, his domestic affliction. These are enough—you need not trouble for his genius

Dear Thackeray! his happiness and his comfort were fragile charges to be entrusted to any one. His dutiful and gifted daughters were their best guardians.

Most of us have some sort of belief some ideal as to the end and object of life. Thackeray was a good man. He had a strong sense of religion. He recognised that the human soul requires such a sanctuary and would starve without it. It was Thackeray who spoke sorrowfully of his little Beth Newcome as going prayerless to bed.

I knew Thackeray for years, and had very many talks with him—and this is all I have to tell you about him. What a wonderful fellow was James Boswell!

GEORGE FLIOT AND MR. G. H. LEWIS

Nature had disguised George Fliot's apparently stoical, yet really vehement and sensitive, spirit, and

her soaring genius, in a homely and insignificant form. Her countenance was equine—she was rather like a horse, and her head had been intended for a much longer body—she was not a tall woman. She wore her hair in not pleasing, out of fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding her ears, and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone. You will see her at her very best in the portrait by Sir Frederic Burton. To my mind George Eliot was a plain woman.

She had a measured way of conversing, restrained, but impressive. When I happened to call she was nearly always seated in the chimney corner on a low chair, and she bent forward when she spoke. As she often discussed abstract subjects, she might have been thought pedantic, especially as her language was sprinkled with a scientific terminology, but I do not think she was a bit of a pedant. Then though she had a very gentle voice and manner, there was, every now and then, just a suspicion of meek satire in her talk.

Her sentences unwound themselves very neatly and completely, leaving the impression of past reflection and present readiness, she spoke exceedingly well, but not with all the simplicity and *verve*, the happy *abandon* of certain practised women of the world, however, it was in a way that was far more interesting. I have been told she was most agreeable *en tête-à-tête*, that when surrounded by admirers she was apt to become oratorical—a different woman. She did not strike me as witty or markedly humorous, she was too much in

earnest: she spoke as if with a sense of responsibility, and one cannot be exactly captivating when one is doing that. Madame de Sablé might have said of her, '*elle s'écouta en parlant.*' She was a good listener.

I ought to say that during all the time I knew her, George Eliot appeared to be suffering from feeble health, and without doubt this affected her whole bearing.

When we first became acquainted we were told that she and Lewes had been married in Germany, and that they were reluctant to move out of their own immediate circle, or to enlarge it; however, when I ventured to ask them to dine with me, to meet Arthur and Augusta Stanley, they came.

The Stanleys appreciated the dinner, they did not think Mr. Lewes attractive, but they were interested in *her*. I think they and I afterwards met both Mr. Lewes and George Eliot at Lord Mount-Temple's, and at Jowett's, but these subsequent meetings did not deepen Arthur's first favourable impression, and then he was considerably taken aback when he found that Mrs. Lewes was in no way Mr. Lewes's wife.

I saw George Eliot only two or three times after Lewes's death: on the first occasion she was shrouded with much weed, so I talked to her with bated breath, hardly venturing to initiate a subject, however, as I was leaving the room, I chanced to say something about Mrs. Langtry, just then sailing with supreme dominion on the buoyant wings of her beauty; upon this George Eliot pricked up her ears, and asked about her. I said that I had lately met Mrs. Langtry at Mrs. Milais's, and had had an amiable little letter from

her about some verses which afterwards got into the *World*. On this George Eliot became more and much more interested, and laughed, and asked me to repeat the lines.

This was one of the few occasions on which I had seen George Eliot entirely alone, it enabled me to know her better, and it made me feel sorry that she had not more sprightly and natural people about her—indeed, that she did not breathe a more healthy atmosphere, for unless Du Maurier sang, or W. K. Clifford talked, or Vivier, the horn blower, gave one of his impersonations, her *réunions* had somewhat of the solemnity of religious functions, with the religion cut out. Her intimates were mostly composed of her admirers, of scientific people, *littérateurs*, and the disciples of that grotesque sophist, Auguste Comte.

Sir Charles Bowen, the distinguished judge, told me that he had known George Eliot during the last twelve or fifteen years of her life. He knew her very well, and often went to see her. Bowen thought her exceedingly agreeable, and Bowen is an excellent judge. She once confided to him a manuscript of considerable length, the skeleton of, or memoranda for, a novel which had a legal *dénouement*. Bowen read it carefully, and felt that it would not do, that it was too thin, and he wrote and told her so. She did not resent this frankly expressed opinion, for when next he saw her she referred to the manuscript, and said she had made up her mind not to use it, and I believe she never did.

She told a friend of mine that, when she was arranging for a new novel, she first sketched in the characters,

and then they gradually and naturally fell into certain positions in life and evolved the story. George Eliot had this questionable advantage over novelists like Bulwer and Miss Braddon her stories, as stories, are not so artfully constructed that the reader is apt to sacrifice appreciation of the beauty of the thoughts and style in eager pursuit of the agonising plot.

At Keir, many years ago, I met Mrs Norton,* after wards Lady Stirling Maxwell, she told me that she had reviewed 'Adam Bede' in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and that she thought it the finest of George Eliot's novels. She especially spoke of the first volume. I agreed with her that, if the third volume † had been equal to the first, the work might take rank with the best by Walter Scott, which nearly always improve as they advance. George Eliot has none of Scott's animal spirits, but, like Scott her humour is the humour of truth, and not of exaggeration. George Eliot is most happy in describing the middle class.

Mr Lewes was very clever, acute and vivacious, with an essentially all round intelligence, a ready man, able to turn the talent that was in him to full and immediate account.

* Mrs. Norton at the same time told me what now (1883) seems almost incredible that she had seen Benjamin D Israel in St James's Street in black velvet trousers, lace ruffles and with high scarlet heels to his boots. He tried that sort of thing for a short time, found it was not a success, and he discontinued it. Mrs. Norton mentioned this not as a proof of his curious ignorance and want of taste, but of his good sense. May not Mrs. Norton have exaggerated?

† Shakespeare even could not make the fifth act of *Julius Cæsar* so interesting as the third.

else, but I ventured to say his doing so was a proof that he thought a good deal of him. Lockhart's amused and simple unconsciousness pleased me exceedingly.*

When I attended Mr Lewes's funeral in Highgate Cemetery, we were a very small party in the mortuary chapel, not more than twelve persons. I never before had seen so many out and out rationalists in so confined a space. A brief discourse was delivered by a Unitarian clergyman, who half apologised for suggesting the possible immortality of some of our souls.

George Eliot's funeral was also at Highgate, snow and slush, and a bitter wind blowing, but still there was a remarkable gathering from all parts of England. I took Tyndall there, and brought him back, and had great pleasure in the philosopher and his conversation. He is full of imagination and I may say of affection.

George Eliot's more transcendental friends never forgave her for marrying. In a morally immoral manner they washed their virtuous hands of her. I could not help thinking it was the most natural thing for the poor woman to do. She was a heavily laden but interesting derelict, tossing among the breakers, without oars or rudder, and all at once the brave Cross arrives, throws her a rope, and gallantly tows her into harbour.

I am sure that she was very sensitive, and must have had many a painful half hour as the helpmate of Mr

* Lockhart was a very agreeable companion: a diverting and interesting paper might be written about him, his writings, his adventures, his faculty for friendship, his breezy rhetoric, and his marvellous practical jokes. An account of one of these last will be found among my papers. Mrs. Ruid, his beloved sister, is more than worthy of him.

he did not care to stop and talk, perhaps he did not know many members, and there were few in the room at that hour. He had forgotten me. He used to eat his sandwich standing at the centre table, or striding about.

After that I was often in company with Dickens. I once heard him make a speech at Covent Garden Theatre, on Administrative Reform, there was no gush or rhetoric, it was a most telling speech. I saw him and Mr Charles Knight (the publisher, my father's old friend) and other amateurs act Lord Lytton's play, 'Not so bad as we seem,' they seemed pretty bad. I heard Dickens read two or three times.

I met him at Charles Knight's house, and at Lord Houghton's. It was there that I ventured to talk of the Greenwich Hospital bazaar and the Odd Fellows' dinner, and he remembered all about them.

A long time afterwards, probably in 1869 I met him at the house of my hospitable acquaintance, Mr Routledge, the publisher, in Russell Square, at a banquet to Mr Longfellow, and then Dickens was very friendly, his hearty manner was exceedingly attractive. In March, 1870 we again met at a very pleasant dinner given by my friend Colonel Hamley at the Army and Navy Club. Mr Secretary Walpole, Motley, afterwards United States Minister in London, and Russell Sturgis completed the party. I sat by Dickens. He was remarkably agreeable, his conversation was so affluent, so delightfully alive so unaffected. When Dickens was in congenial company—and he had the happy faculty of making it congenial to himself—he talked like a demon.

of delightfulness. At this repast Motley, who was very fond of Dickens, poked a good deal of pleasant fun at him, especially about his 'American Sketches,' pretending to be Mark Tapley, much to Dickens's joy, who gave it him back with interest. This was the more diverting as we knew how sensitive Motley usually was as regards America and the Americans, and certainly Dickens had tried him.

I recollect everything about that memorable banquet. I even recall a wonderful chicken *écharpe*, with bechamel sauce. We know the ingredients that compose a *plat*; the incantation that accompanies its preparation is the mystery.

A short time before or after this, Alfred Tennyson happening to be in London, and expressing a desire to see Dickens, I invited them to meet at dinner. Just then, however, Dickens was engaged on his readings, and was obliged to decline. About the same time I had been talking to Arthur Stanley of the burials in the Abbey, and he told me that there were certain people who he sincerely hoped would survive him, as, if not, however much their friends might desire it, he should be obliged to refuse them burial in the Abbey. The names of one or two distinguished people were mentioned, such as Carlyle and Mill. Then Dickens's name came up, and the Dean said, 'Oddly enough, I have only once met Dickens. I do not know him, I have read hardly any of his writings, I should like to meet Dickens.' To gratify this pious wish, I asked Dickens and his daughter to dine, to meet the Dean and Augusta. This was on February 2. As the Dean

MY CONFIDENCES

and the room, he whispered, 'We are late, I have
just finished "Pickwick."'

Dinner went off excellently. Arthur said he had
a delightful time, and had found Dickens 'most
agreeable.'

Afterwards dined *en garçon* with Dickens, Lady
Stanhope being out of town, and met the Stanhopes,
and Hamley, Darnley (his neighbour at Gad's Hill),
the composer, Strzelecki, and others whose
names I forget.

Dickens had much social tact, he was genial and
kind, he had a strong personality, he could say 'No,'
and should think he had infinitely greater pleasure in
saying 'Yes.' He was a jovial fellow, with a most
lively spirit, and apparently an exhaustless vitality. I
knew he was an adept at brewing stiff punch, but
not in his own libations. He favoured convivial
hospitality—indeed, he was the first person to preach
the deep spiritual significance of the Christmas goose
boiled the hot water and potatoes at picnics, was
expert at conjuring and otherwise amusing the young
people. Indeed, Dickens entered heart and soul into
everything he did, he was a keen man of business,
shrewd and practical. He told me that genuine ap-
preciation of his works was as fresh and precious to him
(1869) as it had been thirty years before, indeed,
as still so sensitive to neglect that, in a railway
age, if his opposite neighbour were reading one of
his novels, he did not dare to watch him, lest he should
see his book thrown aside with indifference.

His appearance was attractive, he was not con-

ventionally gentlemanlike looking—I should have been disappointed if he had been so—he was something better. I shall not quickly forget him at Macaulay's funeral, as he walked among the subdued looking clericals and stud men of mark, there was a stride in his gait and a roll, he had a seafaring complexion and air, and a huge white tie.

Dickens was fond of dress, he owned that he had the primeval savages' love for bright positive colours. I consoled him with the assurance that it was the poet side of his nature that was so gratified.

Dickens had, as indeed I have already remarked, a wonderfully animated countenance. There was an eager look in his bright eyes, and his manners were as free from *mauvaise honte* as from unseasonable familiarity. He told stories with real dramatic effect, he gave one at my table, as related by Rogers (who made story telling a fine art), of the English and French duellists who agreed to fight with pistols the candles being extinguished, in a small room. The brave but humane Englishman, unwilling to shed blood, gropes his way to the fireplace, and discharges his weapon up the chimney, when, lo and behold! whom should he bring down but the dastardly Frenchman, who had crept thither for safety! Dickens said that Rogers's postscript was not the worst part of the story—'When I tell that in Paris, I always put the Englishman up the chimney!' Dickens mimicked Rogers's calm, low pitched, drawling voice and dry biting manner very comically.

Dickens admired Smollett, he considered 'Humphrey

think in Lincolnshire—and he asked what sort of a neighbourhood they would have. She told him that there would not be a soul to speak to, excepting an old friend, a Mr Maddison, and there the talk ended. A year or two after this conversation, Mrs. B—— met Dickens in a crowded London drawing room, he smiled at her (I should have said she was a clever and remarkably handsome woman), then made his way to her, shook her warmly by the hand, and said, 'How's Tomkinson?'

A young poet, Mr Laman Blanchard, sent Dickens a metrical contribution for 'Household Words,' entitled 'Orient Pearls at random strung,' but Dickens returned them with 'Dear Blanchard, too much string, —Yours, C D' At or about the same time I sent 'the Editor' my little verses called 'Beggars' These were also declined, but politely You see I have full and sufficing reason for questioning Dickens's fine taste in literature

I think the last time I saw Dickens was late in May, 1870, at Arthur Stanley's. The party consisted of Lord and Lady Russell, the Clarendons, Nisbet Hamilton, Mary and Constance, Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, Arthur Helps, and other distinguished persons whose names I cannot recall.

In June, 1870, I was staying with Tennyson at Aldworth, and heard of Dickens's sudden death. I read the account of it in the *traveller*, and on my arrival at 91 Victoria Street I found a note waiting me from Arthur Stanley, thanking me for having made him acquainted with Charles Dickens 'while there was yet

time,' and adding that he was 'prepared to receive any communication from the family respecting the burial.' I at once sent his note on to Charles Dickens, junior, then at Gad's Hill, whom up to that time I had never seen. The family knew how anxious the public were that Dickens should be laid in Westminster Abbey; but the terms of the will were so binding that they had decided the funeral ought to be at Rochester. Indeed, I believe the grave was dug before my letter—which had got overlooked—was opened. However, young Mr Charles Dickens and Mr Forster came at once to London, saw Arthur, and received his assurance that the funeral could be as quietly and privately performed at Westminster Abbey as anywhere else. This decided them.

The morning of the funeral was very fine. Eleanor and I left 91 Victoria Street at twenty minutes past nine. As we reached the entrance to Dean's Yard, and as St. Stephen's clock chimed the half-hour, a hearse and mourning coaches swept round the Broad Sanctuary, they seemed to bring with them an unusual stillness, then, as they drove under the archway into Dean's Yard, the great bell began to toll. There was hardly a creature in the street or in the Abbey, that 'Temple of Silence and Reconciliation,' and no one but ourselves knew whose funeral had passed, or for whom the big bell was tolling. Later in the day we saw the coffin in the grave, covered with flowers, and then there was an immense crowd of excited and sympathetic mourners.

Dickens was a very good fellow, a delightful com-

panion, warm hearted, gay natured, with plenty of light in hand fun, and a great capacity for friendship. He was the devoted lifelong servant of the public, and in my opinion, to say the least of him, he was the most laughter-provoking writer that the world has ever known *

Character painting depends for its vitality on the amount of wisdom that it veils. The wit of Cervantes and Shakespeare veils a good deal there is not much wisdom in Dickens, but through the farcical oddity and cockney burlesque of Dick Swiveller we recognise a lovable human soul. Still, class characteristics and local peculiarities are always changing, so, in spite of the opulence of his fun, the vigour of his style, and the wonders and delights of his genius, a time may come when Dickens will have found a grave in short memories, when he will be as remote from the taste of the day as Jonson is in his comedies, or Pope in his 'Dunciad'. However, he will be read till the world, with its insatiable maw, will have got from him all that it wants to get—all that he has to give. I think Charles Dickens will continue a remarkable name in English literature—who knows for how many generations? Per

* There is a witty rogue who loved sack in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, before whom, as a humorous creation, Dickens's characters wax pale, however, Dickens's best, in one important respect, are at least as Shakespearian as those of any other English writer of the century. They are essentially *ideal*, but he puts so much vitality into them that we are able to accept them as real human beings. We can take a real interest in them, although, all the time, we know they can never have had a prototype in nature. We can conceive of a Major Pendennis, we may even have had the luck to know him, but can we ever hope to meet that ideal but delightfully human, Mr Wilkins Micawber?

haps, just now (1883), Thackeray may be a little in the ascendant, especially with the rising generation, but the fashion of things passes away, the ebb and flow of opinion as regards literature is one of its laws. So Dickens will again have his turn, and enjoy that impalpable reward which is vouchsafed to the ghosts of genius. Poor fellow! he was prosperous in his life, and I may say not unfortunate in the opportunity of his death for perhaps his powers were failing him, and it is said that he was aware of it. It would be sad indeed if Charles Dickens ever lost his hold on the affection of his readers, and should ever come to be talked of as we now speak of Tobias Smollett.

This is all I have to say about Charles Dickens, all I knew of him, and it is far too little. I have said nothing which will be an addition to Dickens literature, but still it may interest some of mine who come after me, and so I leave it.

In 1870 I was to have paid him a visit at Gad's Hill, but I was too late. I shall always think of him with affection for the immense delight his earlier books gave and give me, and with gratitude for his extreme kindness.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Tallyhoiser, the Norman, came over to England with William the Conqueror, and one morning in the New Forest, while a hunting with that monarch, the gallant fellow was lucky enough to kill three enormous wolves, so ever afterwards, in memory of that great achievement

he was called Troisloups, which name, in the course of centuries of change and corruption, has become Trollope.

This exploit is not mentioned by the novelist in his autobiography, but it is the account he gave of his name and ancestor when he himself was a very unlicked cub at Harrow. The late Sidney Herbert, at that time the *Nereus formosus* of the school, whose distinction it is not for common men to criticise, has the credit of having handed down the tradition.

Anthony Trollope, like his ancestor of old, was combative, and he was boisterous, but good naturedly so. He was abrupt in manners and speech, he was ebullient, and therefore he sometimes offended people. I suppose he was a wilful man, and we know that such men are always in the right, but he was a good fellow.

Some of Trollope's acquaintance used to wonder how so commonplace a person could have written such excellent novels, but I maintain that so honourable and interesting a man could not be commonplace.

Hirsute and taurine of aspect, he would glare at you from behind fierce spectacles. His ordinary tones had the penetrative capacity of two people quarrelling, and his voice would ring through and through you, and shake the windows in their frames, while all the time he was most amiably disposed towards you under his waistcoat. To me his *viso sciolto* and bluff geniality were very attractive, and so were his gusty denunciations, but most attractive of all was his unselfish nature. Literary men might make him their exemplar, as I make him my theme, for he may quite well have been

the most generous man of letters, of mark, since Walter Scott.

I used to encounter Trollope at the Cosmopolitan, at the Athenæum, and at the meetings of the Royal Literary Fund (where he was amusingly combative). I have dined with him, and he has dined with me. I hope we had a mutual regard. He gave me the bulky manuscript of his 'Small House at Allington,' which I much value. Bound in dark morocco it has the aspect of our Family Bible.

Trollope had a furious hatred of shams and toadyism, and he sometimes recognised and resented these weaknesses where they would hardly have been detected by an ordinary observer*. He could not be said to be quarrelsome, but he was crotchety. It would have been as well if sometimes he had borne in mind Talleyrand's advice, '*Surtout point de zèle*'.

Trollope told me that he was a great reader, omnivorous as regards old plays and other-day romances. However, unlike many bookworms, he was anything but a mere absorbent, for he was always giving out, always writing, and he could do it anywhere. Erasmus's '*Encomium*' was composed on horseback, and Trollope did some of the chapters of '*Barchester Towers*' on the 'knife board' of a bus. Fecundity in itself is a distinction, and he told me that he had written more books than any Englishman that had ever lived, but that if

* Le grand Prince de Ligue, after making strenuous but almost fruitless endeavours to create a piece of water in his domain, was told that a man had drowned himself in it. 'Bah!' exclaimed he, '*c'est au flatteur*'.

Mrs Oliphant (so much admired by Kinglake) survived him, she would soon surpass him. There was none of the sterility of genius about my friend Anthony.

It is a law of literature that every generation should be industrious in burying its own, especially novels. What has become of Smollett and Mackenzie—the cockpit of the ‘Thunder,’ or the sentimental Harley? Where is the shadowy Mr G. P. R. James, and where is that witty old ghost of the Silver Fork school, Mrs Gore? Is there anybody under sixty who has heard of ‘Tremaine’ or ‘Donforth’? Yet all these had vogue. I hold that the best of Trollope’s stories are excellent reading. He has admirable qualities as a writer of fiction, indeed he has helped to ameliorate the asperities of our middle-class existence. He gives us enough, sometimes more than enough, but still he has a happy tact of omission. Trollope’s chief excellence is in the portrayal of character, the dialogue is what people naturally use, it is even more than that—they could not well use any other. I am fond of his heroines,* they are affectionate and true, one knows pretty well what they are going to do next, one always feels safe with them. His young people are not discouraged by the tedium of *la grâce* or *benque*, or other equally mild amusements. They smile and dance and whisper themselves into each other’s hearts, and, what is so very agreeable about them, they are generally content to remain there. Trollope’s ideal of happiness has nothing in it of the unattainable. We know he had not the distinction of Thackeray, the exuberant genius of Dickens,

* Some people say they are not *ladies* but they satisfy me.

or the vivid and vehement force of Charles Reade, but not seldom he is worthy of their company, and his tone can compare favourably with that of any of his illustrious contemporaries, from Bulwer and Disraeli to the geniuses just mentioned. Trollope has a fund of common sense and hearty good nature. It is the tone of a gentleman of the middle class, who is able to esteem and do justice to all classes. A novelist should deal with fancies and feelings that are natural without being obvious, perhaps Trollope did not sufficiently recognise this distinction, however, he did his best, and thus I hope the intention of his being was achieved.

Classicism was defunct when Trollope began to write, and the novel of romance was moribund. The maiden in white and the wooer in steel—tourney and revel—buff jerkins and misericordes—sack, jesters, nuns and oubliettes—cowl and crucifix 'et tout le tremblement'—were all being huddled away. They are gone, as cashmere shawls have gone, but of course some of these days they will all come back again.

Trollope was a warm admirer of Thackeray, and he appreciated Miss Brontë, he said that one or two scenes in 'Jane Eyre'—for instance, that in which Rochester gives Jane the wine—were better than anything by almost anybody.

I told him that Mrs. Norton thought 'Adam Blair' a first rate novel, and he agreed. He insisted that 'Caleb Williams' is as bad as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. He did not much care for Dickens or Smollett, he cared less for Disraeli—"Vivian Grey" is his best. Strange to say, he did not think highly of the 'Bride of Lammer

moor' You see he was a better writer than critic. He considered the 'Antiquary' and 'Old Mortality' to be Scott's happiest, and that the last and 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Esmond' were the finest novels in our literature. He said nothing of Sterne, whose Toby Shandy is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature.

I think that a few of Trollope's excellent novels ought to live. I say this remembering that some of them are already beginning to fade away—to be forgotten, reputation seems as much an accident as popularity.

Not the worst part of a distinguished man's reputation is the esteem in which he is held by his friends, and in this Trollope was rich*. He indulged in no professional jealousies, indeed, he had none to indulge in. He only had much nobility of nature, he worked hard for well-nigh seventy years, and when the end was near he awaited it with becoming fortitude and resignation, and so gave up his honest ghost, which, as Montaigne says, proved what is at the bottom of the vessel. I think Trollope must have been able to sing his 'Nunc dimittis' without much faltering.

MR. LEIGH HUNT

There are not a few misty portraits hanging in the gallery of my failing memory. Mr Leigh Hunt's is one

* I remember that Thackeray spoke to me with delight of passages in *The Three Clerks*, and that I felt I was qualified to tell him that he was right in admiring them.

Mr Locker another cup of tea,' delivered in a suave, almost stately manner, and in silvery tones

I have observed that the surroundings of your especially interesting people are generally commonplace. Their intimates are nearly always dull fellows *. While saying this I am not in any way reflecting on the little Jacintha, who, if she had condescended, might have proved a very agreeable companion. She was not exactly pretty, but, as the gallant Frenchman said of somebody else, 'she had a particular sweet expression in some of her eyes'. Her tea was excellent. Mr Hunt was amused with my story of a Scot who said in praise of his wife's tea, 'Eh, sir, it takes a graat gnp o' the thurd watter

He told me a wonderful story of Charles Lamb and his smile. It appears that a certain Mr Thomas Allsop, the sentimental assassin, was speaking to Coleridge of the peculiar sweetness of Mr Charles Lamb's smile. 'And,' said he, 'there is still one man living a stock broker, who has that smile'. 'And,' added Allsop, 'to those who wish to see the only thing left on earth of Lamb, his best and most beautiful remain—His SMILE—I will indicate its possessor. It is Mr —, of Throgmorton Street, City.' † Leigh Hunt's concluding

* A man of original mind is best able to discover the latent good qualities in those about him, and he is more easily satisfied. Unimaginative people are the most quickly bored, and certainly most keen to resent the intellectual and other shortcomings of their acquaintances.

† [See *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge* (Moxon, 1836), vol i p. 36. Harman was the name of the lucky stockbroker.—ED.]

remark was 'How the original possessor of this apparently assignable security would have wished to feel Mr Allsop's bumps!'

When I got home I sent Mr Hunt some curious and rare tea, which Elgin had lately despatched from China, and he thanked me in a delightful letter. His hand writing was as beautiful as Tennyson's. After that I sent him a few flowers, then I went abroad, and never saw him again, for he died soon afterwards.

Leigh Hunt had a delicate palate for poetry, and, as far as an amateur like myself can judge, was its admirable critic. *Imagination and Fancy* is delightful reading, but I wish he had been a more downright, a more masculine writer. He had the less robust virtues, which are sometimes regarded as weaknesses. From among his poetical associates, men more gifted than himself, he appeals to us as a picturesque exotic, but I think Abou ben Adhem will not be soon forgotten.

Poor poet! I like to think of thee as I saw thee on those two or three occasions, and not engulfed in draggle-tailed impecuniosity.

And the thyme it is withered and rue is in prime

It is said that an author is the reverse of all other objects—that he magnifies at a distance and diminishes as you approach him. I have no right to say this of Mr Hunt, and it would not apply to him, but people said that he would have been a happier man if he had not introduced disturbing forces into his lyrical life,*

* We know that a poet filled the vestibule of his Gehenna with squalling children and a prose philosopher says, 'Avant de se marier il faut avoir au moins disséqué une femme'

that he had an incapacity for dealing with the ordinary affairs of existence, such as arithmetic and matrimony; but that he had a beautiful reliance on providence—which word in this connection I venture to spell with a little ‘p.’

My children may find some of Hunt’s letters to me in the correspondence edited by his son.

As I have spoken of Mr Joseph Severn, I will just add that he was a jaunty, fresh natured, irresponsible sort of elderly being, leading a facile, slipshod, dressing gowny, artistic existence in Piccadilly. Like his friend Hunt he was not rich, but he never seemed to be in actual want of anything, unless perhaps it might be a brush or a comb.

I afterwards knew him in Rome at the Palazzo Farnese, where he was British Consul. Then he was all that I have said, and more besides, for he had the opportunity of being, and was especially, amiable and obliging.

Mr Severn was the most buoyant of Britons, a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows. He had a prosperous laugh and coruscated with cheerfulness. Then he had a jovial way of grossly flattering one which did not seem to carry the slightest degradation with it. I remember as we walked to Leigh Hunt’s, he said, and with a certain fervour which at once raised it far above the region of banter, ‘Hunt asked a good deal about you and your *immortalities*’. Severn was especially amusing when he indulged in the melancholy looking back vein. ‘Ah! Mr Locker, our youth! that was the time when Hope and Fruition went hand in hand—*altri tempi, altri tempi*. What is left to us? Vain anxieties,

delusive hopes, unexpected issues!' The good Severn lived to be a deal over seventy, and, I believe, continued *cet adorable et devant jeune homme* to the very last.

Whilst I was in Rome Mr Severn introduced me to M and Mme. Valentine de Llanos, a kindly couple. He was a Spaniard, lean, silent, dusky, and literary, the author of *Don Estehan* and *Sandoval*. She was fat, blonde, and lymphatic, and both were elderly. *She was John Keats's sister!* I had a good deal of talk with her, or rather *at* her, for she was not very responsive. I was disappointed, for I remember that my sprightliness made her yawn, she seemed inert and had nothing to tell me of her wizard brother, of whom she spoke as of a mystery—with a vague admiration but a genuine affection. She was simple and natural—I believe she is a very worthy woman. She most kindly gave me one of her brother's letters addressed to herself which I now have, and which I believe may be found in Mr Buxton Forman's 'Life' of the poet.

The story of Keats's life and death is very interesting and very sad. No one had a truer and more self sacrificing friend than John Keats found in Joseph Severn. Wherever the poet John Keats shall be tenderly remembered, the name of Joseph Severn ought not to be forgotten. Mr George Richmond the R.A., has a beautiful little picture by Severn of the Roman Campagna.

ARTHUR STANLEY, DEAN OF
WESTMINSTER

I have spoken of Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, and I will now say a few words about his son Arthur, late Dean of Westminster. My acquaintance with Arthur began from the day after his engagement to Lady Augusta Bruce, and lasted to the end of his life. I was at his bedside when he died.

How shall I describe this illustrious man? He was thin, he was small, but, like Cæsar, he was not insignificant. Though his features were not strictly handsome, he had a refined, an intellectual, a most interesting countenance. He was endowed with high personal courage and a chivalrous nature. I should like to say a buoyant pluck, and there was an eager sweetness in his address that was very winning. Occasionally he had a dreamy expression. His intellectual alertness a little reminded me of Monsieur Thiers.

Arthur was pure minded and simple-mannered, and though he happened to be curiously indifferent to what is called small talk, his powers of conversation were remarkable. We constantly met, and in divers places, and he was a valued member of every society in which I found him.

Arthur was a thoroughly amiable man, and entirely destitute of personal or other vanity. He had the unmistakable air of good breeding. He was a man of the world and a courtier, in the very best sense of that word, but he was a courtier through circum-

stances and not by choice. His marriage had brought him much in communication with the Royal Family, who held him in honour, but, though loyal, and indeed devoted, I know he always had the courage of his opinions. He took an unflagging interest in public affairs, and did not fear opposition, or even abuse, when his sense of justice was aroused, as witness his manly support of Voysey, Mill, Colenso, and Pere Hyacinthe.

There is a peculiarity in some earnest minded and well meaning people, which I venture to call cussedness which peculiarity qualifies them for the *role* of religious martyrs, but there was nothing of this in Stanley.

He had a happy metrical gift, and a very picturesque sensibility, yet I think his poetical insight was limited. It is possible that he did not fully appreciate the difference between rhetoric, in which he was much skilled and pure poetry. I am not sure that he greatly valued poetry for its own sake. He was fond of it, and of art also, but chiefly where they entered the domain of and illustrated history, for he had a keen historical imagination, and was able to vivify the past without distorting it. I have heard good judges say that he was a master of historical narrative. I believe in his heart he preferred Southey to Burns, Scott to Wordsworth, and Macaulay to Keats. He much admired Shakespeare's 'Tired of all these, for restful death I cry'. One of his special admirations was Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he twice read me the account of Christian climbing to the Celestial Gate, after passing through Death's River.

Arthur had no soul for music its pathetic passions and harmonious despairs did not move him. However, as he was a good man, he was patient, for him it was not impertinent noise!

After his wife's death he became better acquainted with my daughter Eleanor, and more drawn to her. She was able to enter into his intellectual life, and grasp a new subject with intelligence, and he appreciated this. He was very kind to my child, and those who at that time were kind to her were very kind to me.* Though he was fond of having young people about him, he never seemed to regret that he was not a father.

Arthur Stanley's position as Dean of Westminster did not in itself require any special administrative capacity, but he more than once told me that he had serious responsibilities as regarded the finances of the Abbey, and that, from time to time, this weighed on his mind. Indeed, he confessed that he had moments of extreme anxiety as to how fiscal and official matters might be going and whether some day or other there might not be a catastrophe. I am certain he had no real ground for these tremors. Dr Bradley, his friend and successor at the Deanery, assures me that at Rugby he was not so very bad an accountant, and yet the following story is characteristic.

I was telling him the story of composer Hallé's cook, who had won a good round sum in a lottery with the number twenty three. Hallé, being glad to hear it, had asked how it was she happened to fix on so lucky a

* "Whoever loves Pisto cannot be altogether a stranger."

number 'I had a dream, sir,' said she, 'I dreamt of number seven, I dreamt of it three times, sir, and as three times seven makes twenty three, I chose that number' When I had concluded my story, I observed a wistful expression on Arthur's countenance, as if he were ready, nay, anxious to be amused, but could not, for the life of him, quite manage it Then suddenly—for he was very quick—his face brightened, and he said, but not without a shadow of dejection, 'Ah, yes I see, yes, I suppose three times seven is *not* twenty three'

Though they often met, and in a cordial way, I do not think Stanley had a deal of sympathy with Mr Gladstone. He complained that, much as he had seen of him, and often as he had talked with him and differed with him, he did not think he had ever influenced him in anything 'Yes,' said Arthur, recollecting himself, 'I influenced him in one matter, I told him he ought never to use the word *RELIABLE*, and I gave him my reasons. Some time afterwards I met Mr Gladstone in the street, and he said, as we parted "I have never used that wretched word *reliable* since you spoke to me about it.'

Arthur did not know one kind of porcelain from another, but he was much attracted by my two busts, in very old Dresden china, delicately coloured, of a baby boy and a baby girl They are the larger sized pair, well known from the modern copies, and are said to have been modelled at Meissen in honour of George III and his sister, who were children at the time. When he came to see me he would often take notice

of these busts, for he much admired them. A dealer once offered me 100*l* for the pair, but, much for love of Stanley, I would not accept it. Arthur had also a great fancy for my Joshua Reynolds's 'Strawberry Girl'. It is a good impression of the mezzotint engraving. He said it was a novel in three volumes, I suppose he meant that it arrested him as a work of imagination, and he was right.

I think it was in 1870 or 1871 that Charlotte and I spent a few weeks at Hastings (in Robertson Terrace). Augusta and Arthur came down from London to see us, and Lord and Lady Arthur Russell came at the same time. Augusta used to keep her husband very neat and trim, his black suit and boots being always carefully brushed. One afternoon he, Russell, and I made an expedition to Fairlight. The soil in those parts is a bright sandy clay, and that day it happened to be particularly wet and slippery. We had not got far before poor Arthur slid gently down on the flat of his back. Not long afterwards he again slipped and fell, this time face foremost. Then his goloshes got unfastened and full of clay and water and, as he was rather helpless, we aided in taking them off. All these misfortunes did not in the least impair Arthur Stanley's serenity, and hardly interrupted the flow of his delightful conversation. However, the figure he cut was indescribably funny. There is no greater leveller than *mud*. Arthur was a bright brown from the soles of his feet to the crown of his hat, and yet it did not discompose him. He walked complacently between Russell and myself, each of us carrying a golosh, which, with its

mud, was a considerable weight Augusta met us a short distance from home, and her mingled amazement and amusement and pride were very delightful

On this expedition he told us a story which I think he had read in Martineau's 'Society in America,' where it was given to illustrate the kind of quizzing which went on about the Germans. It was at the time that the political contest between Adams and Jackson was at its height

I quote from memory. A supporter of Adams complained that somebody had been telling the Pennsylvanians that Adams had married a daughter of George III, an untruth which, he averred would lose Adams every one of their votes. 'If that is the case,' said Miss Martineau, 'why do you not at once contradict it?' 'Oh!' replied the partisan, 'that would not be of the slightest use, you don't know these Germans—*the cattle*. They will believe anything, and *unbelieve nothing*. No, we must not contradict this wicked lie, we must allow that Adams *did* marry a daughter of George III, but we must swear that Jackson married *two* of his daughters!'

The second time that Stanley fell down he was in the middle of this story, and I never heard him tell it better

I have had five or six friends who have been so sympathetic that I have had no difficulty in forgiving them all their faults if they had any. I do not think I have ever been more drawn to any of them than to Arthur. Yet he never had any taste for sport, or the *ludi circenses*, or for much else that greatly interested

Arthur and Augusta were well—perhaps too well—mated, they had much mental and moral vigour, they abetted and stimulated each other, but the strain was perpetual, and she wore herself out.

When I first knew Augusta, she was bright and frolicsome, for she had her adorers, and though her best friends could not have said she was beautiful, if she had any foes, they would not have denied that she was charming. However, as time ran on, the ‘bow was too seldom unbent’ Referring to this, Arthur more than once said of her —

Where'er she chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Augusta was always sacrificing herself for those about her, and even for those afar off, and she never allowed any one to discover that she was doing so. She was compounded of superior clay, yet you were never given to understand that she thought herself a ‘superior woman’ She had an untamable energy, but nature at last gave way. Augusta had been my affectionate sister for nearly thirty years *

Her death was an irreparable blow to Arthur. She seemed to have woven herself into the very fabric of his life. May we hope that warp and woof are now reunited!

* She thought I made her sister happy. I am not going to conjecture how far her affection for me was a reflected affection.

My dear children, you will gradually find out how much of the affection which you inspire is *reflected*. Indeed, people who do not love you for anybody else's sake, may love you for their own

Had she defects? If so, it is only a proof that she was human, and these defects were so controlled, so kept under, that one could only surmise them. She gave one the impression that she was suppressing her self, except on rare occasions, she did not allow her individuality—her charm—free play, and this rather impaired the pleasure of free intercourse with her. I mention all this, not to exhibit but to prove how slight were, her defects. Perhaps her foibles were her extreme discretion and her extreme self repression, and these, as virtues, are not altogether to be despised.

‘In life nothing is better or more beautiful than when a man and woman dwell together in one house being one of heart.’ Ulysses might have said this of Arthur and Augusta for they led beneficent lives in their memorable abode, a house precious in the memory of all who knew and were capable of appreciating its inmates. ‘What shame or limit can there be to our affection for so dear a couple?’

MR CARLYLE

Although we had many friends in common, I seldom had speech with Mr Carlyle. *Vidi tantum* I first met him at Mr Thomas Erskine’s (of Linlathen), and afterwards at Louisa Lady Ashburton’s (Lochluchart). I saw him at his house, once or twice with Tennyson, who honoured his character and valued his opinion. He gave Eleanor his essays on ‘Johnson’ and on ‘Burns’. I met Mrs Carlyle two or three times, per

haps oftener, she must have been nearly fifty when I first saw her, as far as I recollect, she had a pair of bright eyes, but no other remains of beauty. I have seen her in a crimson gown, and I remember some babbler told me she was fond of smart clothes and smart people, as most intelligent people are. She was supposed not to utter when Carlyle was within hearing, but she gave me the impression that she might be keen and sarcastic. The following is all that I can now recollect of her conversation. Her husband had 'just returned from Paris, where he had been maddened by the ticking of a clock in his bedroom, 'instead of banishing it to the passage or tilting and so stopping it, as anybody else would have done, he dashed it down and broke it—so like him !'

Carlyle was a master of vituperation, and if he had merely spoken a good deal of what he has left behind him in writing it would not have appeared offensive, for often and often after a volley thereof delivered with a strong Dumfriesshire accent he would burst into a roar of laughter, partly at himself and partly at the situation—and this toned down the savagery. It was well remarked that he mixed so much that was picturesque and grotesque in his abuse, that it seemed more like an utterance in a vision than vulgar invective. He had many faults and they were not all pleasant ones, he was a man of many wants, he was extraordinarily tenacious and weakly unreasonable as to his personal comforts, and this became a terrible tyranny for those who lived with him. Then people did not appreciate his intellectual scorn or sinister and furious vaticinations

He abused his knack of caricature and power of saying bitter things, and was remarkable for the impartiality with which he exercised that power, he may have been scornful and perhaps envious, but remember he was a Scot, peasant born, peasant bred—and dyspeptic. It was unfortunate that his wife, by reason of her caustic temper, was not qualified to influence the softer side of his character.

How entirely out of place is all this acrid stricture! What is the use of it? What are the foibles and failings of half a century ago? We have enjoyed the writer, let us now think kindly of the man, and of his biographer, and be grateful for what they both have given us. Well may I say this, as you kind reader, will think, when you have read this paper to its end.

The Queen had never set eyes on Carlyle, Grote, or Browning, who were making her reign illustrious, till, as elderly subjects, they were presented to their elderly monarch at the Deanery. Eleanor was there when the first was presented, and she tells me that when Carlyle was brought forward, he almost immediately said, 'I ~~am~~ an old man and, with your Majesty's leave, I will sit down,' or words to that effect, and that he forthwith drew himself a chair, and sat down, and Her Majesty was fain to do likewise. Eleanor could only catch a few words of their conversation but she was amused by Carlyle's rugged tone and uncompromising manner (I take it that his predictions as regarded her dynasty were not assuring and far from palatable) also by Augusta's sweet words and nervous urbanity, and by the surprised dignity of Her Majesty.

This account of Carlyle and the Queen reminds me of a small dinner at Richmond at which Eleanor, and Tennyson, and Mr Gladstone were present.

At that time Tennyson was a political admirer of Mr Gladstone, but even then he had a vague apprehension as to what the grand old man might possibly be going to do next.

Eleanor drove back to London with these two eminent personages, and on her arrival at home she gave an amusing account of the drive, and of the many searching inquiries that Tennyson had addressed to Mr Gladstone on the most delicate matters of Cabinet policy, questions civil and religious, domestic and foreign.

The child, seated in her dark corner was greatly diverted with the simple and startlingly direct way in which Alfred put his questions, and the amiable and wary manner in which Mr Gladstone parried them. Mr Gladstone has always had a real respect and admiration for Tennyson, both as poet and man.

Mr Carlyle was a man of imperfect sympathies. I am told he did not care for art, and that he did not care for poetry or fiction, perhaps because he had failed in them. For aught I know, he may have been that inclement and identical Scot whom Charles Lamb would have been willing to consign to the most 'Caledonian corner in hell.' I should say that generally he was not quite understood. Let us try and think of him as a comic Ezekiel, and then we shall be better able to do him justice.

Carlyle may have been wanting in magnanimity, but

he was pure-minded and honest—a mystic with a great spiritual force, and, in spite of his style, a remarkable literary artist. He cannot help you to conclusions about many things, but he waylays and startles, he stimulates as only a genius can do. A fiery tongued delineator of men, he has the devouring eye and the unerring hand—and then what a power of pathos! His was a noble life lived nobly to a noble end, and they commit the crime who call him base.

What is my object in writing this paper? Is it to place before my children, and those who may come after them, the following letter addressed by Thomas Carlyle to 'Mr James Munro'? This letter is interesting in itself, but I think it will much more concern them when I tell them that 'James Munro' was not the real name of the writer of the letter to which that name was attached, the real writer was an insignificant person, a miserable poacher after the autographs of eminent men, and he wrote this letter in order that he might get a reply from Thomas Carlyle. The said writer is a person of whom, as he was then, I am now exceedingly ashamed, and I have gibbeted him on this page, as I wish that he should do penance for the sins of his early manhood.

This expiator well remembers his poignant regret when Mr Carlyle's letter, penetrated as it is with simple sincerity and good faith, reached him, for it was *then* that, for the first time, the gracelessness of his own letter came fully home to him.

Yes, this very inadequate paper is written to show my children what a sterling good man was Thomas

MR. HAYWARD AND MR. KINGLAKE

I have been reading a notice of Mr Abraham Hayward in this month's (March, 1884) 'Fortnightly' It does not give a very correct idea of the little man; at any rate, he is not my Mr Hayward I think the editor could have only known him slightly From that article, a stranger would judge that Hayward was a personage of prodigious importance, whereas he was merely a man of mark—not a man of great mark. He was not a genius, or a distinguished scholar, nor was he politically eminent, but he had an assured position in the great literary and social world His aspirations were not lofty, but still they must have been difficult of attainment. It was his desire to live with the great, and at the same time to be a thorough man of letters, and he succeeded in both ambitions We were acquainted, though not intimately, for some thirty years I will say a few words about him

I need not describe his personality—any day you like you may study his elderly effigy as cartooned in 'Vanities Fair' He was the Mr Flam of 'Mrs Perkins's Ball' Like that exquisite, he had curling locks, a neat little foot, a lip vermilion, and an Abra'm nose.

Most people have heard of Hayward's meritorious prose translation of 'Faust,'* and everybody has read his 'Art of Dining' and other articles, excellent within

* I do not know if it was Hayward who spoke of Goethe's 'scrutinising wisdom,' and said 'His was the most splendid specimen of cultivated intellect that ever manifested itself to the world'

their limits, in the 'Quarterly Review.' The best of these are light enough, but they are notable for their clear-cut vigour, critical acumen, and anecdotal brightness. Though Hayward was not so merciless as Croker, not so entirely given up to destructive criticism, he exemplified the saying that its exercise often robs the critic of the satisfaction of being pleased.

Hayward had a vigorous, but not an original, mind. He had little wit and less humour; but he had much mental energy, a great faculty in the use of his very powerful memory, a marked individuality, and last, not least, a passion for society. Then he had some fine qualities: he was a plucky little fellow, he showed this in his squabble with Ranelagh, and indeed in his many quarrels. He was honourable to his opponents, and faithful to his party and friends. Perhaps his most attached ally was poor Kinglake.*

* I call Kinglake poor because he is old, blind, and deaf, has survived most of his contemporaries, and because I like him, even with his deafness. The old are always surviving the young, and Kinglake, like the rest of us, has discovered that *vieillesse est encore le seul moyen qu'on ait trouvé de vivre*, but, old as he is, I am never for a quarter of an hour in his society without his telling me something worth carrying away. His voice is clear and low, not fitted to dominate a dinner party, but one recognised a peculiar, a personal charm even in his general utterances, as if they were more especially addressed to oneself, he has other gifts of a more serious and sterling character. He gave me a copy of *Eothen*, composed of the rough proof sheets, and a concluding chapter, never published, and wrote my name in it. *Eothen* is a delightful itinerary; it is humorous, with a Voltairian wit, and is the truthfullest of books of travel. Its author has considerable sensibility, but, at the same time, makes no pretence of more than he possesses. I much admire his *Quarterly Review* article on 'The Rights of Women.'

masterful. As I sat there I thought admiringly of the old pagan in antique story, and his 'Proserpine, I come.' I should have liked to say that it was to eternity we both, we all were hastening, that this life was only a short link in a very long chain.

It was just at this time that Hamley had seen and told him a funny anecdote, which Dicky Doyle had related only a few hours before his death (he predeceased Hayward some five or six weeks), and Hayward had growled out with feeble raucity, 'What the devil did Doyle mean by going about spoiling my stones?' The story was of Nelson and Lady Hamilton. When Hamley mentioned this to Kinglake, the latter remarked quite gravely, 'Ah! poor fellow, I'm glad to hear that. I feared he was losing his masterfulness, and that would indeed be a bad sign.'

During this illness, Kinglake was one of his ministering angels. Torrington was equally so; both were as benevolent as women, and as tender. Is it on such beneficent wings that saint and sinner are carried heavenward? At the end of my last visit, as I waved my hand at the door, I said, 'Wir heissen euch hoffen!' his reply was 'God bless you!' I think of this with pleasure.*

* Since writing the above I have heard that some time ago Hayward met his friend Gladstone (Mr Gladstone had a high opinion of Hayward, or acted as if he had) and Sir Andrew Clark at P. Ralli's, in Belgrave Square, and that after dinner there was a lively argument between Hayward and Clark as to a future state, in which Clark took the orthodox view. Ralli had said but little, and Gladstone had said nothing. This was the first time that Hayward and Clark had met, for on rising from the table

LADY WILLIAM RUSSELL

When Charlotte and I were in Rome, I think in 1866, we made the acquaintance of Lady William Russell, this ripened into a friendship which lasted till Charlotte died in 1872, and which I was more or less able to keep up and enjoy till Lady William's death in August 1874.

She had been Elizabeth Rawdon, niece to the first Marquis of Hastings, and was born about 1792. Lady William could quite well recall the time when Buona parte was a growing terror to Europe, when the name of Byron carried no significance with it, and when the square of Russell was only a cabbage garden, within easy reach of the entirely rural Islington.

Lady William had been a beauty. There was a tradition that her face would have been entirely faultless if she had had a more decided chin. However, as

each asked Ralli who the other was. Some little time afterwards, Hayward met Ralli in St. James's Street, and the former referred to the dinner, and showed Ralli a letter of I do not know how many pages on the subject of their discussion, that he had just received from Gladstone, and in which Gladstone took the orthodox side. It was an eloquent disquisition, and had been written in the full swing of a fierce parliamentary debate.

When Hayward fell ill, when he was dying, he sent for Sir Andrew Clark, but Clark was out of town, and could not go to him. Hayward expressed disappointment, and among his last words to his attached and devoted sister, who came to town to nurse him, were 'Tell Clark I die a believer.'

I do not know how far this account is correct, but as it is not discreditable to any concerned, for I am sure Ralli provided a dinner of an orthodox quality, I venture to give it.

compensation for that slight physical shortcoming, Nature had possessed her of a resolute character and a powerful understanding, a striking individuality. She was exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading, and took a keen interest in the most important questions that concern poor humanity. Her conversation was spirited, agreeable, and instructive, and she had an extensive knowledge of literature—indeed, altogether she was bountifully equipped.

When we were first introduced to Lady William, she was confined to her couch, she had just been cruelly knocked down by a *legno d'affilo*, while crossing the Piazza di Spagna to the Europa, which accident caused the dislocation of her hip joint, a grievous misfortune, for during the whole time that we knew her she was a confirmed invalid and a cripple. However, this calamity did not quench her spirit or fetter her intellectual ardour, she submitted to a prisoned existence with fortitude and even cheerfulness. When she was sufficiently recovered, and had moved to her house in South Audley Street,* she continued her studies, leading a life of apparently satisfied aspiration, and surrounding herself with and governing (she had a genius for command) a varied society of distinguished and pleasant people. For, though of advanced age, she retained a keen interest in many things, more especially in such as

* Her journey home accompanied by Lord Rosslyn, was painful and very exhausting. When they reached the hotel at Marseilles, he feared she was sinking—she lay silent and prostrate, at length she made a slight sign for him to approach his ear to her mouth. She whispered only one word, but that encouraged him to hope. It was 'Bonillabaisse.'

appertained to her *monde*—her politics, her books, her china, her pearls, her *causerie*, her religion, and her cats. not forgetting the babble of the great world about and beyond her. Lady William's rule was a despotism, but it was agreeable, for it was tempered by refined and cordial feeling, lion and lamb were content to converse amicably on her couches. We recognised her sovereignty, and she accepted our homage.

As Lady William had an imperious volition, she decreed that her acquaintances should share her enthusiasms.

Lady William never left South Audley Street after she had been conveyed thither, but she received every evening that she was equal to doing so. The woman was always ailing, but the hostess was rarely ill. I was often under her roof. I had a sincere regard for her, and also for her sons, Hastings, Arthur, and Odo. They were clever, and, what is better, they were high minded, amiable, and affectionate. They were attractive, either in isolation or association, for each was unlike the other, and all three were an interesting contrast to their mother.*

Lady William, at home and abroad, had always lived in the great world. She had a boundless pleasure in

* They were most dutiful children. The lovable and learned Arthur is still spared to his many friends, but the equally beloved Odo has passed away—gone—cut off in his prime! The Duke, whom I liked so cordially, is only buried, somewhere in the Bloomsbury district. He spends laborious days in an office (often gas lit, I am told) surrounded by myrmidons casting up columns of figures. *Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniarum*: as impecunious people, quoting a prudent man, are so fond of saying. [This note is no longer accurate. The three brothers are now all dead.—ED.]

As he entered the room his feet made a clump, clump, on the floor, as if he wore very heavy shoes, they looked like peasants' shoes. He wore loose nankeen trousers, while everybody else was attired in knee breeches—tights. &

'These nankeens were strapped over his feet, his coat was peculiar in cut, and while it was universally the fashion to wear a high cravat, he walked about with his throat bare. He always seized the first opportunity of sitting down

'I remember Lord Byron talked with pleasure of "Sandford and Merton," and said, "I wish Day had lived to make men of them!" He also praised Knolles's "History of the Turks"'

This is a meagre sketch of the poet, but it exhibits the intelligent girl as only half fascinated

Lady William went on to say that, though Lord Aberdeen, the 'Travelled Thane,' was not handsome, he in a way reminded her of Byron. I said that the eleventh Duke of Hamilton had reminded me of Byron's portraits. She could not see this, however, *I* did, and, curiously enough, they also remind me of a little engraved profile medallion of Beckford,* the author of 'Vathek' (1884)

Lady William thought Sir James Macintosh one of the most agreeable talkers she had ever met. I have heard my father express the same opinion, he used often to meet Macintosh at the Literary Club, but my father would have put Walter Scott (Walter Scott at

* Beckford was the Duke's grandfather

home—at Abbotsford) on a level with him. Lady William spoke of Lord Melbourne, Henry Luttrell, Dudley Ward, and Sydney Smith, as carrying weight by their conversational powers, also of Tom Moore, though not in the same degree—‘he was more like a clever little gnat singing about’ She said that Speaker Denison, and Lords Clarendon and Granville, most strikingly reminded her of what she had most admired in the talkers of the older generation

MAJOR G J WHYTE MELVILLE AND OTHERS¹

‘On December 5, 1878, killed by a fall from his horse while hunting with the V W H Hounds, near Tetbury, **GEORGE WHYTE MELVILLE**, late Coldstream Guards (soldier, sportsman, author), only son of the late John Whyte-Melville, of Bennock and Strathkynness, and Lady Catherine Whyte-Melville, aged 57, deeply mourned by his daughter and only child, the last of the race (In loving memory)

It is the sight of this notice in the ‘Times’ of December 4 1886, which recalls George Whyte Melville to my mind, so I place it at the head of a very brief and imperfect sketch that I wrote in 1883.

Read ‘Kate Coventry’ If you have not read it, you will be delighted with it, if you have already done so, you will not be sorry to read it again. Its author, Major George Whyte-Melville, was as worthy of his books as of his social popularity. He was one of the

pleasantest people I ever met, almost as good company as his friend George Payne, the owner of Musket, but of course in a different way *

I used often to meet Whyte-Melville in Fifeshire, and have dined in his company at Anthony Froude's (the historian) I sometimes saw him at Stirling Crawford's, Langton Hall ('Old Craw,' the owner of Sefton, who won the Derby in 1878, and Thebais, and the husband of the Duchess of Montrose), with whom, years ago, I spent some time in Italy, especially a memorable week in Venice I have met him at Market Harborough †

* George Payne, of Sulby, also had the social gift and faculty of quick reply, and he had much worldly experience, he may be said to have read the Book of Life very attentively, and other books a little, but, after all, none of them to much serious profit How ever, he fascinated all sorts and conditions of men, and women, and children—by his genial bearing—his generous spirit—his refined gaiety—his quaint sayings—the twinkle of his eye—his imperturbable countenance—his black and white linen cravat (the Payne tartan)—and by something beyond all these, something always felt but never describable How fragrant is the memory!

Payne was one of a party at a country house when the gratifying news arrived that Sir John Macgregor, who was very poor and very popular, had been appointed Lieutenant Governor of the Virgin Islands, atlases were immediately got out, but nobody could discover the whereabouts of those islands, however, Payne seemed pretty certain that they could not be in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Man

There are humourists still living who remember with keen amusement his billiard contests, *d'entrance*, with his old friend Admiral Rous, their method of contention, and of calculated exasperation, each to put the other off his play, so highly characteristic of both

† I was very fond of Crawford He gave me a beautiful Greek onyx, a scarabeus of Hercules floating on amphora. He was opulent of impulses, many of them most praiseworthy He was

If Whyte Melville had a weakness, it was a singular one. He appeared to undervalue his literary faculty, he held it cheap, he gave you to understand that it was of no importance, at most an amusement to while away an idle hour, or to replenish a lean purse, but if he really thought so, why did he assert that his objects in life were the pen and pigskin?

This notion of the smallness of his gift may have been fostered by his never having been a really needy man, he could always afford to hunt the fox, so the excitement of the *chasse aux pilotes de cent sous*, which stimulates most authors, was denied to him.

Whyte-Melville ignored literary society he almost exclusively cultivated the sporting, and I think he was wrong in so doing. I have always objected to cliques, and therefore it has especially pleased me to seek the society of pleasant people with various tastes, and wherever I could find them. I am very glad I have been so pleased, as otherwise I might not have known Fred Archer, the jockey, or Hanlan the sculler, whose *atatar* made an epoch and founded a tradition in the art of sculling, or Captain Webb, the swimmer, or Tom Sayers, the bruiser, or George Hazel, the pedestrian, who ran six hundred miles in $14\frac{1}{2}$ consecutive hours, or Mr. Brookes, who jumped six feet two inches high, or J. E. Barre, the tennis champion, or Grace, the cricketer, or Kentfield* or Roberts, the billiard exceedingly good looking his nose a very little on one side probably from a fall in the hunting field Crawford has gone from us, but I should like to meet him in another world, and should prefer him with his nose still a very little on one side.

* Kentfield is Brighton Salt-rickton I don't know was very pleasant,

players—not to speak of Pellegrini and Ada Menken, or Whyte-Melville himself

Any company cultivated exclusively is apt to become tiresome. I have known literary men whose talk was as wearing as an earache. I have encountered sportsmen who bored me to that degree that I could have jumped from a steeple to be quit of them. Still the conversation of intelligent literary or sporting men, like George Boyle* and George Payne, is delightful. I do not care so much for the sportsman's poet, who may be said to be inspired by a tenth muse, but his artist is very agreeable, as seen in the works of Stubbs, Sartorius, Aiken, and Ferneley†

The turf and covert sides are battlefields where man there I first learnt to 'go back game,' and met many good hazard strikers, from Lord Eglintoun, of tourney renown, to 'Ginger' Stubbs, the turfite. The latter, to the uninitiated eye, in his knowingly cut black cloth suit, and white neckcloth marvellously folded, looked like a clean shaved and rather austere ecclesiast. Nobody could fathom how Mr Stubbs lived. He used to say, 'I should be quite satisfied to have two thousand a year *clear*, and all my expenses paid, and then,—and this was much more interesting—nobody could fathom how he tied his cravat. It has been suggested that he lay at full length on his back while his

*He ironed it on. *Mrs. Ginger* was very pretty

* The Dean of Salisbury

† 'C'est beau comme *Le Cid*' was a fine literary compliment for a great nation to pay to one of its dramatists. My dear children, your grandfather has a celebrity—a small one. The other day I was looking at an atlas, and recognised a Cape Locker in the north-west corner of Australia lat. 21° 20' S., long 114° 41' E. This promontory was called after my father, I am not sure by what navigator, but I think by the distinguished Captain George F. Lyon, R.N. The names of certain of his friends, Lord Exmouth, John Wilson Croker, Sir John Barrow, &c., are given to certain out regions.

shorthorns now, when shorthorns are at their excessive price. He has a valuable herd, and he had a young bull said to be the most promising for its age in all England. It was understood that Allsopp (Lord Hindlip) desired to possess it, and that 5,000/ was its value.

One afternoon Sir Curtis arrived by his usual train from London, was cheery at dinner, afterwards played whist, and was especially keen over the game. He has wonderful spirits and when he won the ultimate rubber he could no longer contain himself, he sprang to his feet and shouted for joy, more like seventeen than seventy-one, then he said, gravely enough, 'Now I'll tell you all a piece of news—MY BULL'S DEAD !'

The splendid beast had been ailing. Pure-bred shorthorns are always delicate, however, no serious anxiety had been felt about him, but on Sir Curtis's return from London, his stock bailiff had intercepted him at the station, and had said, 'The bull is dead.'

Sir Curtis is now an old man, but still one of his chief characteristics is a manly cheerfulness, and with the manliness there is something tender and womanly—you see it in his countenance, in the delicate curves of his mouth, in the grave but frank and affectionate firmness of his eyes. He is seventy-eight years old, but he is still an excellent shot, and still very handsome. He reminds me of Lord Herbert of Lee. People have stopped him in the street under the impression that he

Sir Curtis Lampson. Norman Lampson inherits one or two of his father's most admirable qualities

(1890) Sir Curtis Lampson may be said to have been a distinguished member of the Athenæum Club, for the day before he died he was elected a member without ballot in consideration of his public services See 'National Dictionary of Biography,' &c.

MR. JAMES GIBBS

'I was born on January 10, 1804, in a court that was called Old Round Court It no longer exists It ought to have been called Roneval Court. As far as I can remember, it was nearly opposite Buckingham Street in the Strand, and it was pulled down to make way for King William Street, Agar Street, &c. There was a long narrow lane on the north side of St Martin's Church called Porridge Island, its real name was Church Lane, and at the end of this lane was a little narrow court, called Church Court, or Church Lane.

'My father was a Baptist he worked for Jackson, a bookbinder in Villiers Street, Strand My parents afterwards had lodgings in the neighbourhood. At the age of fourteen I was apprenticed to young Jackson. I was about twenty six when I married Mary Hillier, and about thirty two when I opened my shop (bookbinding and printselling) in May's Buildings

'I lived for about two years in May's Buildings I then moved to Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and was there for two or three more years. My second wife was

Anne Bennett Her mother nursed my first wife. From Lisle Street I removed to 8 Great Newport Street' *

This is the succinct account of himself that my old friend, James Gibbs, gave me on February 10, 1870. When I first knew him, about twenty five years ago, he still lived in that dingy, decaying, and disorderly centre, and he is there now. I made his acquaintance while collecting engravings by Hogarth, and at once found his company and conversation most exhilarating. Although we have had serious differences, we have been fairly good friends ever since.

I wish I could describe Gibbs's personal appearance. I have several photographs of him. I think the most satisfactory is that inserted at the end of the folio memoir of Captain Locker, which Gibbs inscribed, illustrated, and bound. He was short and thick set, had soft brown eyes, and a shock of hair, now white. He had many attractions, but he had many prejudices. He could not endure people who were bald, who stammered, or who were deaf, he himself is now very deaf. He despised footmen, clergymen, tailors, and teetotallers. He was not intemperate, but, like many another, he had a vague notion that tipping in some sort of way, pertained to good fellowship. You see he was ignorant, wrong headed, and had little toleration.

Gibbs's parents were Baptists, his father was a journeyman bookbinder, they rented a roomy but

* As a boy he remembered seeing Mrs. David Garrick walking on the Adelphi Terrace, a neat little old figure, dressed like one of Hogarth's dames in a blue gown caught up over a dark petticoat, and carrying a small basket on her arm.

dark and black beetley parlour kitchen in Old Round Court, and had a pet starling that whistled the 'Black Joke' The mother was comely, but had an imperious temper, and when under baleful influence, she would lose her self-control, and shy the furniture about. To use her own words of homely vigour, she combed her husband's head with a three-legged stool You see she did not hold with the poet who sings didactically that

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home

Gibbs says that he was spoilt by this mother of his, for when, as a child, he would not take his physic, to encourage him she would halve the senna tea with him. Gibbs's absorbing passion was 'collecting,' whether it were books or prints or cuttings, and this lust asserted itself early, for his mother told him that while he was yet a babe in arms, he would instinctively clutch at any print or drawing that came within his reach indeed he may be said to have been doing this and not much else, all his life As the boy grew older, and the taste developed, his not especially artistic father, by way of inducement, would now and again bring home an engraving with a 'Here, Jim, here's a nice dark one for you'

Gibbs's crowning triumph was an interleaved and profusely illustrated Bible, in more than sixty volumes folio, each so thick that he could hardly lift it from the counter It became the property of an American enthusiast, who evidently appreciated quantity at least as much as quality, or he may have felt with the Stoic

that *multitudo librorum* distracts the mind, and therefore piously restricted himself and his library to one work. I have often wondered what that American is now doing with his big Bible—does he ever look for any thing in it? Does he ever find it? Does not all lie buried in overpowering accumulation? I hope he finds solace in and room for it—if so, he must be living in one of the larger States. Gibbs, in his time, has illustrated a great number of books, amongst others, several copies of Chambers's 'Book of Days,' besides making enormous collections about 'barbers,' 'Jews,' the 'cries of London, and anything else that has taken his fancy. I fear he has ruthlessly sacrificed, mutilated, and broken up many a rare but probably imperfect work. The number of Bibles he has cut up or destroyed would have satisfied Mr. Tom Paine.

Uncompromising book-collectors have branded my poor friend as a book-goblin, a reptile who regards title-page and colophon as his natural prey, for in a sort of way he has sacrificed everything to this obscene passion. What were wife or children to him if it were the question of a portrait or a 'cutting' that would illustrate any thing? I mean what was their Sunday dinner to him? Gibbs was clever and original, frugal and hardworking and yet, after all, if he lives long enough, in all probability—and probability is the guide of life—he will die in the workhouse, and only because he has all his life been governed by crotchets, aversions, and passions.

I am anxious to give an idea of the man Gibbs, but it seems impossible. His aspect, the tones of his voice, his pronunciation, cynicism, sensibility, and irritability.

his extreme rudeness, his gusto, humour, simplicity, causticity, and vanity; the touch of unconscious poetry in his talk, and, to me, his exquisite attractiveness, all these should be rendered to make my sketch a finished portrait.

Gibbs was sceptical as regards revelations, but he had religious instincts. He felt, in a half-articulate manner, that certain mysteries which his natural intelligence (an intelligence that came from the Eternal) could not accept, had better be left alone.

I remember his saying to me quite gravely 'I wonder what the Almighty does with Himself how He gets through His day. It must all seem so flat. He can have no pleasant surprises.'


He was a Radical, fond of reading, and, as he hardly ever talked to educated people, he used a good many words without any idea as to their correct pronunciation, which sometimes was comical enough. There was much agreement, but also much *disputation*, in our talk. I remember our *discussing* the well worn subject of rich and poor; he did it in a crude, ignorant, and very *arroying* manner, but with a certain force, and I should have been irritated if throughout the argument he had not pronounced the name of Dives as if it were a rhyme to knives. He insisted that, if there were perfect harmony of taste and temperament between, say, one of our princesses and Calcraft's (the hangman) son, they ought to be encouraged to marry each other.

A very queer temper had Gibbs. Of an afternoon he drank his tea and read his book in the parlour behind the shop, but he left the glazed door of communication

open, in case a customer should come in, as very occasionally one would. I've been told that, if any one arrived whose looks he did not like, he would call out in a not conciliatory voice, 'I don't know what you want, but I've not got it in stock,' and then would go on with his tea and his book.

He attracted many and different people unto him.

Gibbs had several distinguished patrons. I introduced him to Thackeray, and to Lady Lovaine, afterwards Duchess of Northumberland (Mr Henry Drummond's daughter). Rogers the poet had bought of him, so had Mario de Candia, the singer. He also had a very valuable customer, a dentist, who was mad about old drawings. This man's name was Hall (not a bad name for a tooth drawer). I used to tell Gibbs that Hall lost quite as much as he gained by his drawings! Hall would give almost any price Gibbs chose to ask, provided the works came out of a celebrated collection, if they had the stamp, such as 'B W' (Benjamin West), or 'M' (Marquette) or 'P S' (Paul Sandby) in the corner, and even if they had only the mark of a former collector. But such drawings as these are not plentiful and Gibbs had none of them.

One day he was expecting his dentist, and had baited the counter with a folio of old drawings, when all at once it occurred to him, 'Why should not I manufacture a mark?' No sooner thought of than done, he stuck one of his brass bookbinding tools into the flame of the candle to blacken it, and then stamped it in the corner of each of the drawings. It was a little twiddle like this , nothing more! He had just finished

the last Cuyp or Rembrandt, and actually had the stamp in his hand, when Hall glided in. Gibbs, nothing abashed, pushed the folio towards him with an air of triumph. 'The Snake collection!' He boasted that by this artifice he had made a hundred per cent more than he would otherwise have done. The amateur often called, as often asked him for drawings out of 'that Snake collection' and Gibbs occasionally humoured him. Gibbs was a needy man, and referring to himself and others, would often say, 'It's hard for an empty sack to stand upright.' However, in this instance he entirely justified his conduct, maintaining that the drawings were worth much more than he got for them—in fact, that he had been Hall's benefactor.

There is a romance in all our lives. Gibbs has given me delightful accounts of his first meeting with Mary Hillier. As an artisan it was his custom to buy a chop of mutton and take it to the public house where he got his beer, and cook it at the bar fire. One summer day he was returning from such a frugal meal, when his future wife suddenly appeared before him. She had just come out of the door of the poor lodging house where she was general servant. She was dressed in a gay-coloured cotton frock, and had a flower stuck in her bosom, and, said Gibbs—and the way he said it made it an original remark—'I could have lighted my pipe at her eyes!' He was intoxicated on the spot, what with her frock and her flower she seemed like a being from another world. From that moment he was in a heaven of content. She was his first and only love. Mary was good and virtuous, she had the gift of innocence, in

deed she was passionately virginal • but the modesty of an attractive young woman in her rank of life is often sorely wounded, and apt to become bloomless.

Gibbs has often spoken to me of their courtship, their meetings at the cannie hour at e'en, of the few simple presents that he bought for her, and of which he and she were so proud, of the very many scrapbooks he made for her—of their wedding in the early summer of 1830, and honeymoon of twenty four hours. He told me of the drive to Dulwich, at that time a quiet little village, with his reluctant and consenting bride, his delicious Mary, of the sweet sense of possession, the feeling of rest from hard manual labour, the feeling of liberty, the incomparable day and its deep tranquillity—a day that saw nature and human nature in complete harmony. He described the cosy nooks and well-to-do homesteads the bye-lanes and their green hedges that wound on and vanished, but were still present to the imagination, the loitering men and women, chubby children and lazy dogs, cattle in the sleepy meadows, the fresh grass and trees the flowers wherewith the

skill in folding his unclean napkin into twenty different shapes, and then ended it all by sneering at Gibbs's modest orders and abusing him for his niggardliness, and this, too, before his angel bride. Poor people are very sensitive to such insults. Gibbs partially relieved his feelings (probably she did not require consolation) by entering a good pastrycook's shop and devouring four twopenny 'three-corners,' however, he still writhes under the recollection of that waiter *

I fear that all was not quite so rosy after marriage, Gibbs, with sensibility and much real kindness, carefully concealed, had a cranky temper, he was difficult to live with, and the wife and weans instinct was never strong

* Gibbs's grudge against waiters made him appreciate the follow log. It appears that there is a *pipe and pewter* room attached to some of the old fashioned public houses where clubs meet. These societies are *free and easys*. The tradesmen of the neighbourhood consort there of a night. They 'blow clouds,' tinkle, gossip, prose, and warble songs, and there is a strict etiquette as regards the waiter. One of the party volunteers a song, the vice chairman bawls out, 'Silence, gentlemen, pray silence, Mr So and so is about to favour us with a song—your 'ealth, sir,' then there is a 'Hear, hear,' and banging of tumblers; but perhaps, just before the songster begins, one of the party starts on his legs and says, 'Mr Vice, perhaps you are not aware, sir, that there is a waiter in the apartment, sir?' On which the Vice looks suspiciously about him, and calls out sternly 'Waiter I leave the apartment sir, instantly.' Whereupon the wretched waiter tucks his not over clean napkin under his arm, and shuffles out of the room. Then begins the *fol de rol fol*, but not till then.

Apropos of waiters, Percy Fitzgerald, in his interesting memoirs, speaks of an entry in the visitors' book at the George Hotel, Lichfield, perchance written by himself —

I came for change and rest
The waiter took the change,
And the landlord took the rest

small box packed with hay, containing a little old earthenware mug of the most primitive manufacture, decorated in colours with a picture of a country inn, and the sign, 'The Bird in the Hand' You may suppose I was much pleased with her little present If the next Sunday happened to be her Sunday out and a bright day, she need not have suffered from the glare It has not been my lot to share the same dog's-eared hymnal with so many lasses that I do not feel a little sentimental about this poor girl *

Two or three of the nearest relations came up to me in the churchyard as I stood looking down at the coffin, before and while the earth was shovelled in, and said, as if it were a small mercy, 'It's a nice dry grave' † Each said this with what was probably a *congenital* stodginess, nobody said anything more. Gibbs had but little sympathy with any of his people, the *adscripti glebæ*, their hidebound natures, and inconclusive grumbling troubled him. He was or had been one of them, and yet he clung to me. Poor fellow! I wish I had the pen of Charles Lamb, whose works he so much admired, to describe him. He was sad, and yet somehow he was almost comical. I have known people who mourned ^{glebe,} ^{ally,} he jested ruefully Like all persons quite unlike ^{he} ^{he} was stricken with remorse, contrition there were no ^{been} kinder As we sat in the room clothes, there was ^{is} ^{is} mug and a much valued clock were ^{simul} ^{newly} imported and very heavy handed say —

Content and sweet ^{ain} face. She had those very points that
They smile with ^{ious.}
The happiest of fol ^a fine and private place,
For who are so happy ^{banks} do there embrace

with the corpse, waiting for the undertaker to screw down the coffin, he said, 'She might have married a younger man—I don't forget that I thought I should have been able to make something of her, more of her than I did I thought she was a flower, but she was only a weed' He then got up, softly approached the coffin, gazed at her poor withered face, and kissed it, and looking up sadly said, 'I don't think I shall ever marry again' At that time he must have been about sixty He was perfectly plain spoken He is the 'J G' of my 'To Postumus,' and though he has changed since those lines were written, they do not jar as I now read them

Their midday repast—the funeral baked meats—was interesting, for it exhibited the family in their bare, simple, almost pitiful rusticity They did their best to be hospitable a boiled leg of mutton, enormous and of a peculiar pallor, after that, a very ruddy cheese cut into little squares, without bread, and with no plates, and the beer in a jug, with one glass tumbler passed from hand to hand A russet-coated episode!

• About 1858, I offered to take Gibbs abroad for a week's holiday He had never travelled, and he was sufficiently intelligent to jump at his opportunity—*un voyage à sure, et Paris au bout!* I have long forgotten the ridiculous circumstances connected with our visit, but there were plenty of them Among the people whom we went to see was Capet, the celebrated bibliopagist Gibbs was much struck with his work *à petits fers*, as well he might be In fact, Capet considerably extended his lookbinding horizon He was interested

approve of the poet who remarked to much persecuted bunny —

*Farmer I and landlord thou—
I for thee must sow and plough*

However, all this must soon be an Arcadia where there will be more necessity for a staff than a crook it is already a valetudinarian's pastoral. And yet, though I do not expect to realise the delight with liberty which belonged to butterfly hours, superfluous joys having slipped away, I hope to have as much peace as an average terrestrial sojourner has any right to expect, with perhaps now and again a thrill of sexagenarian rapture.

Then there are my precious drawings and rare books, also those very few writers to whom I can again and again return. They still hold me by their vivid truth their earnestness, their serene beauty. And have not I my children and my grandchildren shooting up about me, or near me, and becoming more interesting and—although they do not know it—growing dearer every day? They open their mouths and the prettiest pearls drop from their lips. Dear ones! I could fill pages with your amusing and edifying little remarks.

Then my friends and my affectionate acquaintance! Some of the most valued are not even mentioned, and it would still require Niccolò Pisano's pulpit to hold this dwindling company. And though hereafter shall see but little of them, I hope that something of the sweeter part of friendship will remain to me—

the certain knowledge that the feeling thrives in spite of separation.

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

I think I have understood what friendship means, though I have but ill cultivated it. I have not asked much of my fellow-creatures, and they have requited me more than I have given. My fellow-creatures have been very kind to me. I could go some way with the old Roman when he said .

In all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.

However, I have run away from them, and it is not their business to follow me. I am grateful for their toleration.*

Why am I satisfied to forego my social London? Am I sick of it? Has it had enough of me? I do not know, but somehow, age and health duly considered, I seem to have had enough. It might jar. The streets and sights, the great wave of life, the "indescribable attractiveness, are still there, but there are also a good many well-meaning but harassing people. (The divine wisdom of democracies! 'We are all descended from apes! Hell yawns for us!')

* On the other hand, very occasionally my acquaintances have been wanting in manners to me or mine, probably from infirmity of temper, or an ignorance of how to behave, and instead of frankly forgiving them, I have nursed a passive recollection of their behaviour. People who wish to be comfortable in this world should learn to learn to forgive a great deal.

&c.) To me the questions of What is life? What does it all mean? are daily becoming more importunate, and this is what London—intellectual, superficial London, with all its fascinations—cannot aid me to solve. And, besides all this, I have a duty elsewhere.* The names of my younger children are Godfrey and Dorothy, Oliver and Maud, and with these darlings I have their mother—dear always, dearest of all, happiest of the happy—'whose hours dance away with down upon their feet.' Long long may they continue to do so! My dear wife, who has been indulgent to my many shortcomings, light hearted under crosses of my own creating, who has ever been so faithful a wife, the dutiful daughter of a most worthy father! If any love me, they ought indeed to love Janie

There are drawbacks to age. It brings its weariness with it, and it encourages the contempt of the less thoughtful, so I think that the best possessions that an old man can hope for are the respect and affection of his family, and it behoves him to make himself as little disagreeable as possible. And now—and I say it again—this old age is immediately in front of me.

I do not know that there is a great deal to be said for this world, or our sojourn here upon it, but it has pleased God so to place us, and it must please me also. I ask you What is human life? Is not it a maimed happiness—care and weariness, weariness and care,

* But a trouble did importune
And perplex him night and morn,
With the burden of a fortune
Unto which he was not born.

with the baseless expectation, the strange cozenage of a brighter to-morrow? At best it is but a froward child, that must be played with and humoured, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over

Then there is the tenure, which is precarious, and its end, which is certain, the foreboding of disaster which might be irreparable, too much misery, too much sin, the conflict of creeds, and only a clouded hope. And yet, strange to say, the greatest real good that has come to me has come in the guise of sorrow and tribulation—a veiled blessing

I love the past, am wistful as to the future, and as for the present, if I had robust health and high spirits, it might be more enjoyable, but perhaps only a little more so

As it is, I have a craving for that repose which never comes, that peace which does not seem compatible with our condition here on earth. We groan, waiting for the redemption of our body. The desire for rest grows upon me. It never comes, and those I most love seem most lovingly to conspire against me

- * "I am so far resigned to my lot that I feel small pain at the thought of having to part from what has been called the pleasant habit of existence, the sweet fable of life. I would not care to live my wasted life over again, and so to prolong my span. Strange to say, I have but little wish to be younger. I submit with a chill at my heart. I humbly submit because it is the Divine Will and my appointed destiny. I dread the increase of infirmities that will make me a burden to

those around me, those dear to me. No! let me slip away as quietly and comfortably as I can. Let the end come, if peace come with it.

I am not a very old man—I am still nearer sixty than seventy, and still active, yet I often feel, and have an inclination to act, like a being about to take wing into another state of existence.

I have grieved for those who have passed away, but do not grieve when I go. Be occupied be cheerful, be gay, nourish a tender recollection. Do not grieve, or only for a very little while. Children, love one another—that will be your best remembrance of me.

On the first pages of this Apology I have spoken of a Moral, have wished I could point an edifying one—and have not I done so? *However, try and think kindly of Pierrot.* You must take him for what he is, and was, and remember 'que ce pauvre Pierrot serait content s'il avait l'art de vous plaire'. As he looks around him and above him, he feels that the *sum/aliquid manes* is no chumera of antiquity, no fantasy of the present—but it is a mystery. 'We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.' 'We are in God's hands, brother'—let us trust in God.

It is time that I should bring this memoir to a close, it is already five times as long as I originally intended it to be.

There will be nothing to record in the future, for while I sit and listen to the spectral voices, the far away music of the past, do not I see signs that the end is not far off—signs on earth, and the gathering in of the heavens?

I know that all things *come to an end* Now and again, during a passing sickness, a shadowy hand seems stretched forth, and then withdrawn I am only waiting for it to beckon me away And yet I, even I, may, after all, be surprised when it comes

FAREWELL, DEAR PEOPLE

MR. LOCKER'S GREAT GRANDFATHER AND GRANDFATHER

FROM NICHOLSS 'LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,' VOL. V

JOHN LOCKER, Esq., barrister at law, Commissioner of Bankrupts, and clerk of the companies of Leather sellers and Clockmakers, was the son of Mr Locker, a scrivener in the Old Jewry. He is styled by Dr Ward, 'a gentleman much esteemed for his knowledge of polite literature,' and by Dr Johnson, 'a gentleman eminent for curiosity and literature.' He was remarkable for his skill in the Greek language, particularly the *modern*, of which he became master by accident. Coming home late one evening, he was addressed in modern Greek by a poor Greek priest, a man of literature, from the Archipelago, who had lost his way in the streets of London. He took him to his house, where he and Dr Mead jointly maintained him for some years, and by him was perfected in that language so as to write it fluently, and had translated a part, if not the whole, of one of Congreve's comedies into Greek. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Dr Stillingfleet.

and died a widower, much respected, May 29, 1760, aged sixty seven. In the preface to the complete edition of Bacon's works by Dr Birch and Mr Mallet, in five volumes, 4to, 1765, the advantages of that edition above all the preceding ones are said to be 'chiefly owing to two gentlemen, now deceased—Robert Stephens, Esq, Historiographer Royal, and John Locker, Esq, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries—both of whom had made a particular study of Lord Bacon's writings, and a great object of their industry the correcting from original or authentic manuscripts and the earliest and best editions whatever of his works had been already published, and adding to them such as could be recovered that had never seen the light' Mr Stephens dying in November 1732, his papers came into the hands of Mr Locker, whose death prevented the world from enjoying the fruits of his labours, though he had actually finished his correction of the fourth volume of Mr Blackburne's edition, containing the law tracts, letters, &c. After his decease his collections, including those of Mr Stephens, were purchased by Dr. Birch.

WILLIAM LOCKER, Esq, eldest son of Mr John Locker, entered early into the Royal Navy The spotless excellence of this gentleman's character would alone entitle him to the notice of the biographer While distinguished by good natural parts, by the highest sense of honour, by an enlarged intercourse with the world, and by that inartificial politeness which had been contracted in the highest society, his conduct

uniformly displayed the innocence of a child, and the humility as well as the piety of a saint. His personal courage was equaled only by his kindness, and his general benevolence only by the warmth of his private friendships. As a son, a father, a brother, and a master, he stood unrivalled. Such were the excellences by which his private station was adorned. Nor was his professional life less admirable. It is difficult to say whether his prudence, his bravery, his humanity, his zeal for the service, or his discipline, were the most remarkable. This is the uniform account given by those who had the happiness to serve with him, for not a word ever fell from himself on these subjects. His virtues, if we may venture so to say, receive their last polish from his perfect modesty. He was appointed a lieutenant in 1756, and holding that station on board the 'Experiment' in 1758, was wounded in a very gallant action with the 'Télémaque'. He was appointed a master and a commander in 1763, a post captain in 1768, in the American war commanded the 'Lowestoffe' on the Jamaica station, and had with him at that time young *Nelson*, the future gallant 'hero of the Nile,' to whom he had the honour of being nautical tutor. In February 1793 (being then Commodore at the Nore) he succeeded Captain James Ferguson as Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital. He married Lucy, daughter of William Parry, Esq., by whom he left three sons and two daughters. Of the sons, (1) William is a captain of a troop of dragoons, (2) John, Deputy Judge-Advocate in the Island of Malia, and (3) Edward, just now returned from the

East Indies, where he has for some years been secretary to Sir Edward Pellew, our admiral on that station. The daughters are Lucy and Eliza, both of whom are unmarried.

This noble-hearted officer died at Greenwich December 26, 1800, at the age of seventy, and his funeral was attended by his sons, his noble pupil, Lord Nelson, and two old private friends.

Bred as it were in the lap of literature, under the immediate superintendence of his father and of Mr Stillingfleet, it is not at all surprising that he imbibed an early attachment to literature, which he retained to the close of his life. The Lieutenant Governor had a good collection of books and pictures, and among the latter, particularly, a considerable number of portraits of naval officers, many of whom, with honest exultation, he generally styled his 'younkers.' A good portrait of him, from a painting by Abbott, was engraved soon after his death by Heath, at the expense of the family, as a private plate, to be presented to his intimates in lieu of the customary gift of mourning rings—an example worthy of imitation, and infinitely to be preferred in every case where the person deceased has acquired a right to be perpetuated.

charms, she was accomplished in a degree which rendered her society highly attractive. She had accompanied her father to the West Indies, where he held the chief command, and during that period she had abundant occasions of showing the sweetness of her disposition and the steadiness of her resolution. Her father was an admiral of the old *régime*, and I believe it sometimes required all her discretion to steer her light bark amidst the stormy seas she had to navigate.

My father was no ordinary character. One of the most remarkable features of his mind was simplicity. He was the most natural person I ever knew, and this gave a very agreeable tone to all he said and did. I verily believe he hated nothing but *hypocrisy*. He was blessed, moreover, with a sound understanding, an intrepid spirit, a benevolent heart. From his father, who was a man of distinguished learning and from his mother, who (as a Stillingfleet) inherited much of the same spirit, he derived a taste for literature which, though thwarted by the rough duties of a sea life, was never quenched, and afterwards broke forth amidst the leisure of more gentle associations on shore. He had been taken from a public school too early to secure a classical education, but such was the diligence with which he repaired this defect, that few men of his profession could be found so well acquainted with books and their authors. In the retirement of his later years he was enabled to cultivate this taste with every advantage, and numbered among his familiar friends some of the most eminent persons of his own time. Saturday was devoted to receiving men of literature and science

at his table On these occasions we were always permitted to be present, and looked forward with delight to this weekly festival, which contributed essentially to our improvement as well as to our amusement He lost no opportunity of affording us instruction All departments of literature had attractions for him and, without the science of a proficient he had a genuine love of knowledge, wherever it was to be found He was a great reader I think Shakespeare was his favourite amusement, and he read his plays with a native eloquence and feeling which sometimes drew tears from our eyes, and still oftener from his own

He always considered himself a fortunate man in his naval career, although he persevered through a long and arduous course of service before he attained the honours of his profession Having greatly distinguished himself in boarding a French man of war, his conduct at length attracted the notice of Sir Edward Hawke, to whom he ascribed all his subsequent success My father often said that it was that great officer who first weaned him from the vulgar habits of a cockpit, and he considered him as the founder of the more gentlemanly spirit which has gradually been gaining ground in the navy At the period when he first went to sea, a man-of-war was characterised by the coarseness so graphically described in the novels of Smollett. Tobacco and a check shirt were associated with lace and a cockade, and the manners of a British admiral partook of the language and demeanour of a boatswain's mate My father accompanied his distinguished patron to the Mediterranean in the year 1757, when he was

grave, yet the desire to behold once more the hero whom he still regarded with the affection of a parent, occupied his thoughts during the last days of his life. But this wish was not gratified. He never saw him again. Nelson when informed of his death, hastened to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains, and though on that occasion I was deeply engaged with my own sorrows, I could not be insensible to the unequivocal proofs of grateful attachment which he then showed to his early patron.

The principles of my father's character are perhaps better understood by viewing him in the retirement of domestic life than in his professional relations, for it is only in private that the more delicate traits of disposition are to be observed. There is a certain exterior, worn by most men in their intercourse with the world, which produces a general resemblance, but this is thrown aside upon their return home, and the nicer peculiarities of character, hidden from the public eye, are disclosed without reserve in the bosom of their own families. Thus it was with my father. The playfulness of his disposition never appeared to such advantage as at his own fireside, and though the warmth of his benevolence, which beamed on his venerable countenance, diffused itself wherever he came, it glowed with peculiar ardour towards those more closely connected with him. He was no party man. Though cordially attached to his Church and King, he was neither a bigot in religion nor in politics. He had great reluctance to controversy, and enjoyed the friendship of men of worth of all parties. His father, indeed, was a staunch Jacobite, and he thus

inherited Tory principles. He used to relate that, when a boy, he was often sent with presents to relieve the poor Highlanders confined in the Tower after the Rebellion of 1745. One of these poor fellows (who deserved a better fate) gave him his leathern belt as a keepsake a few days before his execution, and in treasuring up this simple relic he fostered the political opinions with which it was associated. With all this partiality, he reprobated the heartless ingratitude of Prince Charles and among the honourable distinctions of his late sovereign's character, he most of all admired his tenderness to the last of the Stuarts.

The remembrance of any considerable act of kindness became a part of my father's constitution. It cost him no effort to retain it in his memory. He never seemed to feel the *burden* of an obligation, and it arose to his mind whenever he had an opportunity to requite it. The child, the friend, nay, even the dog of any one to whom he was obliged, was sure to receive some acknowledgment. I shall never forget a visit to the tomb of his naval patron in the little village of Swatheling, which called up all his gratitude at the distance of twenty years. A rough old admiral, who accompanied us, struggled hard to hide his emotion, but my father gave free course to his feelings, while the tears stole down their rugged cheeks in sympathy.

Good breeding is said to be the daughter of good nature. There was an unaffected cordiality in my father's hospitality, a frank familiarity towards an old friend, a respect and tenderness to women of all ranks and ages and complexions, which marked the generous

your honour pleases' was the established reply. A word from my father soon produced the beverage, at the approach of which the old sailor was seen to slide a quid into his cuff and prepare for action. 'Does your honour remember when we were up the Mississippi, in the "Nautilus" sloop of war?' 'Ay, my old friend, I shall never forget it, 'twas a happy trip—the poor Indians won all our hearts.' 'Ah' but, your honour, there was worse company than they in the woods there. Mayhap you recollect the great black snake that clung about the sergeant of Marmes, and had wellnigh throttled him? 'I do I do, and the poor fellow was obliged to beat its head to pieces aganst his own thigh. I remember it as though it was but yesterday.' 'And the rattlesnake, too, that your honour killed with your cane, five-and forty feet?' 'Avast Boswell!' cried my father, 'mind your reckoning there, 'twas but twelve, you rogue, and that's long enough in all conscience.' These scenes were highly amusing to our occasional visitors and are still remembered with delight by those of his familiar friends who yet survive him.

If benevolence was the striking feature of his disposition, religion was the guide of his conduct, the anchor of his hope, the stay of all his confidence. There was an habitual energy in his private devotions which proved the firm hold which Christianity had obtained over his mind. Whether in reading or in conversation, at the name of God he instantly uncovered his head, by a spontaneous movement of religious feeling. Nothing but illness ever kept him from church. His example there was a silent reproof to the idle and indifferent. I

see him still, in imagination, kneeling, unconscious of all around him, absorbed in earnest prayer, and though his features were concealed, the agitation of his venerable head indicated the fervour of his supplications. The recollection has often quickened my own indolence.

Such was the man whose memory was endeared to all who knew his worth, affording us a beautiful example of a true old English officer.

December 26, 1822

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Selected and Edited by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, LL D

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